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VI

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME VI.

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
A Friendly Friend I Am (From the Greek)	*Phocylides*	458
Aaron Burr's Return to His Country	*Dr. John Robert Irelan*	444
Abraham Lincoln	*Tom Taylor*	146
Actions and Motives (From an Address delivered before a Court of Justice)	*David Paul Brown*	212
Adoration of God, The (From the Gatha of Zoroaster)		90
Advice to the Young	*E. H. Chapin*	282
After the Battle	*E. A. Johnston*	152
After the Battle	*Lucy Hamilton Hooper*	144
Agamemnon Returns Home after Ten Years' Absence at Troy (From the Italian of Count Vittorio Alfieri)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	257
Agbarus' Letter to Jesus (From the Greek)	*Eusebius Pamphilus*	445
Alexandrian Museum, The	*John William Draper, LL.D.*	365
Alexis (From the Latin of Virgil)	*Trans. John Conington*	439
Alpine Heights (From the German of Krummacher)	*Trans. Charles T. Brooks*	310
Ambition	*William Habington*	412
America	*Samuel F. Smith*	151
American Flag, The	*Joseph Rodman Drake*	130
Ancients' Conception of the World, The (From the Latin of Pliny the Elder)	*Trans. John Bostock*	438
Anecdote of Louis XIV., An (From the French of Madame de Sevigne)	*Trans. Sarah J. Hale*	72
Angler's Wish, The	*Izaak Walton*	49
Anthem, The	*George Ledlie*	83
Appomattox Court-House (From "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant")	*Ulysses Simpson Grant*	258
Arab Tradition of the Horse, An	*Lew Wallace*	437
Art of the Future, The	*Rudyard Kipling*	469
Author, The	*Thomas Blacklock*	89
Autumn	*Howard Spurgeon*	90
Aztec Mother to Her Daughter, An	*Trans. Bernardino de Sahagun*	198
Baby Bell	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	179
Baby Louise	*Margaret Eytinge*	62
Banish Care (From the Tezcucan Nahuatlac Dialect of Nezahualcoyoti)	*Trans. William H. Prescott*	201
Barbara Frietchie	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	132
Battle-Hymn of the Republic	*Julia Ward Howe*	149
Battle of the Store, The (From "The Outcast and Other Poems")	*J. W. Watson*	125
Battle-Song (From the Greek)	*Callinus*	458
Beacon, The	*Paul Moon James*	375
Beauty	*Lord Edward Thurlow*	292
Beauty of Creation, The (From the Persian)	*Jami, Poet of the Suff Creed*	470
Belief of Mankind in the Moral Order of the World, The (From the German of Christian Charles Josias Bunsen)	*Trans. Anon.*	291
Birth of Wainamoinen (From the "Kalevala" of Finland)	*Trans. Professor John A. Porter*	462
Bivouac of the Dead, The	*Theodore O'Hara*	
Blue and the Gray, The	*F. M. Finch*	56
Books	*Sir Thomas Overbury*	413
Boston at the Close of the Last Century (From the French of Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt's "Travels" from 1795 to 1797)	*Trans. H. Neuman*	77
British Soldier in China, The	*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle*	313
Brother, Come Home!	*Catherine H. Esling*	411
Brummell, George, and the Prince of Wales	*Captain Jesse*	24
Build on High Ground	*John Armstrong*	87
Candid Friend, The	*George Canning*	412
Captivity	*James I. of Scotland*	126
Capture of Troy, The (From the Latin of Virgil)	*Trans. Henry Howard (Earl of Surrey)*	413

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VI.

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Carfington Blundell, Esq.	*Theodore Edward Hook*	193
Cataract of Niagara, The (From the French of François Auguste Chateaubriand)	*Trans. from "Le Genie du Christianisme"*	57
Catiline's Address to His Soldiers (From the Latin of Caius Crispus Sallust)	*Trans. Rev. John Selby Watson, M. A.*	261
Chapman's Homer	*John Keats*	158
Character of Napoleon (From the French of Louis Adolphe Thiers)	*Trans. D. F. Campbell*	181
Children of the Poor (From "Night-Sides of City Life")	*T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.*	333
Children Require Sleep (From the French of Jean Jacques Rousseau)	*Trans. Catherine H. Russell*	281
Choral Song (From the Greek)	*Arion*	460
Civil War	*Charles Dawson Shanly*	140
Close of Spring, The	*Charlotte Smith*	315
Collection of Tithes, The	*Henry Grattan*	216
Combat in the Presence of the King of Arragon, A. D. 1403, A (From the French of Enguerrand de Monstrelet)	*Trans. Thomas Johnes*	247
Come with Old Khayyam (From the Persian of Khayyam)	*Trans. Edward Fitzgerald*	464
Confucius (Surname K'ung)	*Friedrich Max Müller*	279
Conquered Banner, The	*Abram J. Ryan*	154
Conversation	*John S. Hart, LL. D.*	435
Courting by Proxy	*Sir David Brewster*	436
Creation	*Sir Richard Blackmore*	79
Creation (From the "Kalevala" of Finland)	*Trans. Professor John A. Porter*	461
Criticism on Aristotle (From the German of Martin Luther)	*Trans. C. A. Buchheim, Ph. D.*	202
Cry to Arms, A	*Henry Timrod (South Carolina)*	145
Day-Dreams	*J. A. Allen*	374
Days of Kamehameha I.	*Governor Keknanaoa*	382
Death (From the German of Glück)	*Trans. Anonymous*	127
Death of Margaret (Selected from "Faust." From the German of Johann Goethe)	*Trans. A. Swanwick*	254
Death of Mary Queen of Scots	*Henry Glassford Bell*	287
Death of the Araucan Chief (From the Spanish of Don Alonzo de Ercilla y Zuniga)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	186
Death of Zerbino, The (From the Italian of Lodovico Ariosto)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	64
Decorating the Soldiers' Graves	*Minot J. Savage*	379
Dejanira Laments the Death of Hercules (From the Latin of Ovid)	*Trans. John Francis Byrne*	127
Depravity of Mankind, The (From the Greek of Polybius)	*Trans. Mr. Hampton*	438
Destruction of the Alexandrian Library, Order for, by Calif Omar	*Trans. Henry Christmas, M. A.*	124
Developments of Rationalism	*William Edward Hartpole Lecky*	267
Disarmed	*Laura C. Redden*	416
Don Garzia	*Samuel Rogers*	185
Dove and the Stranger, The (From the Russian of Dmitriev)	*Trans. John Bowring*	373
Dream, The	*John Donne*	265
Drifting	*Garnet Walch*	449
Driving Home the Cows	*Kate Putnam Osgood*	144
Duty of Clergyman, The (From the French of General Juginac)	*Trans. John Candler*	448
Dying Words	*Margaret L. Carson*	86
Earth (From the Greek of Orpheus)	*Trans. Thos. Taylor*	448
Economy of Nature, The	*Edward Jesse*	164
Effect of Luxury, The (From the Original of Saa de Miranda of Portugal)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	49
Effects of Inflation in the Days of the Revolution	*Benjamin Rush*	381
Egyptian Mythology	*William Darlington*	382
Enchanted Palace of Cyprus, The (From the Italian of Angelo Politiano)	*Trans. W. Parr Greswell*	252
English Food	*James Anthony Froude*	41
Epigram	*Samuel Bishop*	167
Episode of Life in Washington, An (From "Through One Administration")	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	51
Epitaph	*Trans. John Candler*	448
Eulogy of Confucius	*Tzetze*	280
Evening Star, The	*John Leyden*	171
Execution of Inez de Castro, The (From the Original of Luis de Camoëns, of Portugal)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	369
Executions in Greece (From the French of Edmond François Valentine About's "Travels in Greece in the Year 1852")	*Trans. Anonymous*	174
Exile's Hymn, The (From the Spanish)	*Jose Maria Heredia*	446

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VI.

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Fabiola	*Nicholas Wiseman, LL. D. (Cardinal Wiseman)*	235
Family in Primitive Greece and Italy, The (From the German of Theodore Mommsen)	*Trans. George Robertson*	249
Family of Michael Arout, The (From the French of Emile Souvestre)	*Trans. Anon.*	316
Fancy's Picture of War	*Joseph Warton*	87
Farewell Address to His Fellow-Countrymen	*Jose A. Paez*	456
Farewell (From the Songs of the Servian People)	*Vuk Stefanovitch Karajitch*	449
Farewell Hawaiian	*Queen Kamehameha*	443
Farmer Brown (From "Beautiful Snow, and Other Poems")	*J. W. Watson*	283
First Settler's Story (From "Farm Festivals")	*Will Carleton*	346
Florence Vane	*Philip Pendleton Cooke*	415
Flowers	*Thomas Blacklock*	412
Fragment of a Sermon, A (From the Bohemian)	*John Huss*	447
Framers of the Constitution, The	*President James Madison*	450
Friends	*Katherine Philips*	415
Friendship	*Richard Barnfield*	82
Fury of War, The (From the German)	*Desiderius Erasmus*	251
Gave Me the Solace of a Pleasant Child	*Mrs. A. Stuart Menteath*	60
Genoa (From the French of Jules Gabriel Janin)	*Trans. Mrs. M. Harrison Robinson*	205
God (From the Original of the Russian Poet Gabriel Romanovich Derzhavin)	*Trans. John Bowring*	168
Golden Age, The	*John Lydgate*	88
Golden Fleece, The	*William Morris*	389
Good and Great Men	*Andrews Norton*	105
Good Steel Sword is My Wealth, The (From the Greek)	*Hybrias*	459
Grandeur of the Mind (From the Japanese)	*Zitsuza Ashitzu*	456
Great Ancient Poem of Java, The	*Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles*	462
Gulfweed	*Cornelius George Fenner*	375
Guz Couli, or Maiden's Tower, The	*Miss Julia Pardoe*	58
Hamilla	*William Crawfurd*	204
Happiness and Admiration (From a Letter to a Friend)	*Thomas Jefferson*	175
Heavenly Nymph, A	*Thomas Storer*	415
High Priest's Prayer, The (From the Tezcucan Nohuatlac Dialect)	*Trans. Bernardino de Sahagun*	197
Highest Mountain, The	*Sarah M. B. Piatt*	412
His Fame (From the Greek)	*Alcman*	460
His Hatred of the Scots	*John Cleveland*	266
His Last Lines	*Francis S. Saltus*	202
His Love (From the Spanish of Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	66
History	*Wendell Phillips*	275
Holy Jerusalem, The (From the Greek of St. John. Revelation xxii. 1–5)	*Trans. King James' Version*	341
Home, Sweet Home	*John Howard Payne*	129
Hope (From the Greek)	*Theogonis*	458
Horseback-Ride, The	*Sara Jane Lippincott (Grace Greenwood)*	122
How the Maidens of Circe attended Ulysses (From the Greek of Homer's "Odyssey")	*Trans. William Cullen Bryant*	80
How to Live	*John Ray*	56
Humboldt's Kosmos (From "Life of Humboldt")	*Bayard Taylor*	46
Hymn to the Flowers	*Horace Smith*	308
Hymn of Praise, A (From the Hebrew of King David. Psalm xxiii., King James' Translation)	*Trans. Latin Vulgate, Psalm xxii.*	341
I Have Served My Country	*Gen. Winfield Scott*	457
Iliad, The	*Francis Wayland*	163
Importance of Law (From the Spanish Norberto Ramirez)	*Trans. E. G. Squier*	445
Index of Authors		473
Indian Chief Logan, The (From "The Lives of Celebrated American Indians")	*Samuel Griswold Goodrich (Peter Parley)*	111
Indian Thanatopsis (From the Tezcucan Nahuatlac Dialect of Nezahualcoyotl)	*Trans. William H. Prescott*	201
In Memoriam	*Thos. J. Thorpe*	446
Instability of Greatness	*Phineas Fletcher*	411
Intellectual and Moral Growth	*Henry George*	466
Invention of the Printing-Press	*Charles Knight*	353
Jack Wentworth's Farewell	*Mrs. Margaret Oliphant*	210
Joys	*John Norris*	264

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VI.

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Junius	*A. Hayward*	293
Junius' Celebrated Letter to King George III.	*Junius*	296
Jury-Room, The	*Gerald Griffin*	91
Kaiser Ottnit's Bride (From the Book of Heroes)	*Trans. Thomas Carlyle*	472
Kalevala, The	*Editor*	461
King's Wooing, The (From the Spanish of De Vega Carpio)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	375
Laborer, The	*William D. Gallagher*	315
Lady Isabel	*Mrs. Henry Wood*	25
Lady Jane Grey	*Charles Knight*	338
Lament of Dewi Satia Wati (From the Kawi, or Classic Language of Java)	*Trans. Thomas Raffles*	462
Lament of Sultana Morayma (From the Arabic)	*Trans. Washington Irving*	306
Land o' the Leal, The	*Carolina, Baroness Nairn*	345
Last Days of President Garfield, The	*James G. Blaine*	339
Last Fight in the Coliseum, A. D. 404, The	*Charlotte Mary Yonge*	67
Last Speech on the Proposition to Surrender (From the Arabic of Musa Ben Abel Gazan)	*Trans. Washington Irving*	307
Law	*Richard Hooker*	443
Law, The	*Sir David Lyndsay*	88
Lazy People	*Caroline M. Kirkland*	73
Learned Lovers, The	*W. Whitehead*	88
Letter to General Grant	*General Robert E. Lee*	260
Life (From "Principle of Population")	*T. R. Malthus*	47
Life, A	*Bryan Waller Procter* (*Barry Cornwall*)	360
Life for a Life, A	*Dinah Maria Mulock* (*Mrs. D. M. Craik*)	218
Life is an Education	*Frederick W. Robertson*	78
Life's Fruit	*Adeline Sergeant*	443
Lifted Over (From "Poems by H. H.")	*Mrs. Helen Hunt* (*Miss Helen Fiske*)	126
Lincoln at Springfield (From an Address Delivered at that City, December 12, 1865, by His Law-Partner)	*Hon. William H. Herndon*	102
Lines on the Completion of the Book of Kings (From the Persian)	*Firdusi*	471
Lion's Council of State, The (From the Russian of Ivan Ivanovich Khemnitzer)	*Trans. John Bowring*	204
Lion's Ride, The (From the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath)	*Trans. Anon.*	343
Lone Sentry, The	*James R. Randall*	150
Longing	*James Russell Lowell*	49
Louis XI. of France (From the French of Philip de Commines)	*Trans. Andrew R. Scoble*	106
Love	*Giles Fletcher*	264
Love (From the Greek)	*Mimnermus*	458
Love and the Soul	*Barton Booth*	415
Love and Time	*Denis Florence Maccarthy*	377
Love in Idleness	*Doete de Troies*	48
Love without Return	*Thomas Goffe*	263
Madman's Song, The	*John Webster*	282
Magna Charta of Turkey (By Sultan Mahmoud II. and Sultan Abdul Medjid Khan)	*Trans. Henry Christmas, M. A.*	124
Man	*John Fletcher*	128
Man	*Robert Dodsley*	175
Man and Nature	*Robert Kelly Weeks*	266
Manslayer's Difficulty of Concealment, The	*Mrs. J. H. Riddell*	330
Martial Elegy (From the Greek of Tyrtæus)	*Trans. Thomas Campbell*	344
Master's Daughter, The	*Isa Craig*	62
Matter and Mind	*Samuel Garth*	266
Matter has a Spiritual Side	*Joseph Cook*	441
Meditations of Antoninus	*Trans. George Long, A. M.*	465
Men, The	*Maurice Bell*	139
Merry Margaret	*John Skelton*	184
Microscopic World, The	*William Henry Harvey*	165
Mind Power	*Daniel Forbes Lockerby*	468
Minion Wife, The	*Nicholas Udall*	251
Minor Greek Poets	*Sir Edwin Arnold*	458
Mitherless Bairn, The	*William Thom*	61
Monroe Doctrine, The	*President James Monroe*	456
Monsieur Cardonnet's Enterprise (From the French of George Sand, Baroness Dudevant)	*Trans. Peche de M. Antonie*	159
Monterey	*Charles Fenno Hoffman*	131

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Montezuma's Welcome to Cortes	*Trans. William H. Prescott*	199
Moorish Sultana's Lament, The	*Editor*	306
More Weak Men than Traitors (From the French of Napoleon I.)	*Trans. D. F. Campbell*	280
Mother of the Maccabees, The	*James Joseph Callanan*	189
Musa's Reply to Ferdinand's Demand (From the Arabic of Musa Ben Abel Gazan)	*Trans. Washington Irving*	306
My Home	*J. Simpson*	410
My Maryland	*James R. Randall*	133
My Steed	*Charlotte Elizabeth (Mrs. C. E. [Brown] Tonna)*	81
My Sword I Wreathe (From the Greek)	*Callistratus*	459
Nation's Dead, The	*Round Table*	134
Nausicaa's Request of Her Sire (From the Greek of Homer's "Odyssey")	*Trans. George Chapman*	442
Nemesis (From the Greek)	*Mesomedes*	459
Never to Know	*Isa Craig*	123
Nibelungen-Lied, or the Great Northern Epic Poem, The	*Editor*	472
Night (From the Greek)	*Alcman*	460
Nightingale, The (From the Portuguese of Gil Vicente)	*Trans. John Bowring*	388
"O Captain! My Captain!" (A Dirge for Lincoln)	*Walt Whitman*	469
O Sweet Peace (From the Greek)	*Bacchylides*	458
Oh No! We Never Mention Her	*Thomas Haynes Bayley*	342
Oh that Mine Adversary had Written a Book! (From the Hebrew)	*Job*	471
Old Blue Coat, The	*Bishop Burgess (Rhode Island)*	141
Old Continentals, The	*Guy Humphrey McMaster*	149
Old Man's Darling, An (From the "Kalevala" of Finland)	*Trans. Prof. John A. Porter*	462
On a Sprig of Heath	*Mrs. Anne Grant (Miss Anne McVicar)*	89
Only a Soldier's Grave	*S. A. Jones*	136
Only a Year	*Harriet Beecher Stowe*	157
Only What I Ought to Be (From the Portuguese of Dom Pedro, ex-Emperor of Brazil)	*Trans. Thomas MacKellar*	174
On the Death of His Wife	*William Mason*	264
On the Heights of Mission Ridge	*J. Augustine Signaigo*	152
On the Limits of the Beautiful (From the German of Friedrich von Schlegel)	*Trans. E. J. Millington*	42
On the Majesty of God (From the Russian of Michael Vassiljevich Lomonosov)	*Trans. John Bowring*	372
Our Loved One	*Luther Martin*	85
Passing Under the Rod	*Mary S. B. Dana*	170
Periodical Literature	*Prof. John Wilson (Christopher North)*	364
Petrified Fern, The	*Mary L. Bolles Branch*	286
Phyllis	*Nicholas Breton*	88
Picket-Guard, The	*Ethel Lynn Beers*	140
Plague, The (From the Flemish)	*Hendrick Conscience*	439
Prayer to the Muses (From the Greek of Proclus)	*Trans. Sir Edwin Arnold*	451
Precepts	*President John Adams*	450
Primitive Government of Poland, The (From the Polish)	*John N. Kryczynski*	158
Proclaim Liberty (Motto on Liberty Bell)	*Moses*	450
Progress	*James Anthony Froude*	113
Queen's Address, The (From the Castilian)	*Queen Isabella of Castile*	307
Queen and the Empress, The	*Editor*	288
Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia	*Samuel Johnson, LL. D.*	276
Rattling Day's Sport, A	*John Brown (Nom de Plume)*	272
Razor-Seller, The	*Dr. Wolcott*	312
Reading the List	*Anonymous*	143
Reply to Ferdinand's Demand for Tribute	*Sultan Muley Abul Hassan*	307
Requirements of a Tutor	*Joseph Hall (Bishop of Exeter)*	413
Rest	*Isa Craig*	190
Revenge of Injuries	*Lady Elizabeth Carew*	286
River, The	*Mrs. Caroline Southey*	123
Roll-Call	*Nathaniel G. Shepherd*	151
Roman Prayer in the Days of Tiberius Cæsar, A (From the Latin of Valleus Paterculus)	*Trans. Rev. John Selby Watson*	341
Royal Guest, The	*Julia Ward Howe*	378
Royal Minstrel's Song, The (From the Arabic)	*Trans. Washington Irving*	306
Ruins of Rome, The (From the Spanish of Don Francisco Quevedo y Villegas	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	50

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VI.

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Saturday Night	*Mary Colborne Veel*	447
Satyr-King (From the Greek of Hermippus)	*Trans. Adam Littleton, D. D.*	454
Schah-Namah, The	*Latin Trans. of Frederick Wilken*	56
Schoolmistress, The	*William Shenstone*	311
Selection from Schah-Namah (From the Persian of Ferduzi)	*Trans. Frederick Wilken*	56
Selections from the Mishna (Redacted by Jehuda-Ha-Nassi in 220 A.D.)	*Trans. Rev. D. A. de Sola and Rev. M. J. Raphall*	334
Selections from the Tragedy of "Inez de Castro"	*J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi*	371
Selections from Zoroaster (Collected by Psellus)	*Trans. J. P. Cory*	336
Seminole's Reply, The	*G. W. Patten*	156
Serenade, The (From "Random Shots")	*Max Adeler*	172
She Looked for Him	*George Ledlie*	80
Sheridan's Ride	*Thomas Buchanan Read*	137
Siege of Syracuse, The (From the Greek of Polybius)	*Trans. James Hampton*	74
Siegfried and His Bride Chriemhilde (From the Great Northern Epic)	*Trans. Thomas Carlyle*	472
Sigh, A	*Harriet Prescott Spofford*	416
Simple Life the Best, A	*Robert Henrysone*	89
"Skolia," The	*Sir Edwin Arnold*	459
Sleep	*John Dowland*	266
Socrates (From the Greek of Plato's "Dialogues")	*Trans. William Whewell, D. D.*	9
Somebody's Darling	*Marie la Coste*	131
Song	*R. W. Raymond*	368
Song (From the Greek)	*Ibycus*	460
Song, A (From the Original of Bernardin Ribeyro of Portugal)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	192
Song of the Troubadours, A	*Richard Cœur de Lion (King)*	176
Songs of Our Land	*Editor*	129
Sonnet (From the Original of Saa de Miranda of Portugal)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	50
Sorrow for the Departed (From "Dust")	*Julian Hawthorne*	305
Soul's Errand, The	*Joshua Sylvester*	309
Spartan Feasts, The (From the Greek)	*Critias*	461
Speech in Reply to Lord Dunmore	*Indian Chief Logan*	113
Spirit of Wine, The (From "Othello, the Moor of Venice")	*Shakespeare*	262
Sphynx, The	*Alexander William Kinglake*	163
Spring	*Michael Bruce*	86
Squire's Pew, The	*Jane Taylor*	189
"Stack Arms!"	*Joseph Blyth Alston*	143
Star-Spangled Banner, The	*Francis Scott Key*	129
Storm Song	*Bayard Taylor*	87
Story, A	*John Heywood*	128
Street-Musician, A	*Lydia Maria Child*	321
Struggles of Brown, Jones & Robinson, The	*Anthony Trollope*	417
Sunny Noon, A	*William Howitt*	292
Sword of Robert Lee, The	*Abram J. Ryan*	136
Teachings (From the Chinese of Laou-Keun-Tsze)	*Trans. Frederic H. Balfour*	468
Teachings and Precepts (From the "Dhammapada")	*Siddhartha Gautama Buddha*	467
Tell Him I Love Him Yet	*Winthrop Mackworth Praed*	343
There is a Garden	*Richard Alison*	128
They are All Gone	*Henry Vaughan*	284
Time	*T. Noon Talfourd*	355
Tittlebat Titmouse (From "Ten Thousand a Year")	*Samuel Warren*	322
Transmigration (From the Greek)	*Xenophanes*	461
Triumph of Love, The (From the Italian of Francesco Petrarch)	*Trans. Anna Hume*	83
Two Graves, The: the Blue and the Gray	*William Ward*	135
Two Pictures	*Marion Douglas*	292
University Education	*John Henry Newman, D.D. (Cardinal Newman)*	117
Upon the Lute	*David Lindsay*	128
Vala's Prophecy, The ("The Edda" of Sæmund the Learned. From the Old Norse or Icelandic)		358
Valediction, The	*Richard Baxter*	285
Venice	*W. D. Howells*	454
Virgin Purity	*William Chamberlayne*	86
Vision of Sir Launfal	*James Russell Lowell*	177
Vow, The (From the Russian of Ermil Ivanovich Kostrov)	*Trans. John Bowring*	204
War's Loud Alarms (From the Welsh of Talhaiarn)	*Trans. Thomas Oliphant*	234
Washington's Administration	*William Sullivan*	329
What the Greenlander Says (Translated into English, 1767)	*Anon.*	449
What is Life?	*Francis Quarles*	82

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
What is Time?	*William Marsden*	314
Where is He?	*Henry Neele*	209
Wife, The	*Anna Peyre Dinnies (Miss Anna P. Shackelford)*	284
Wisdom of Pericles (From the Greek)	*Plutarch*	454
Wisdom of Talleyrand (From the French Maxims of Charles Maurice Talleyrand)	*Trans. Charles K. McHarg*	213
Wish, The	*William Somerville*	265
Woman (From the Greek)	*Theogonis*	458
Wounded	*William E. Miller*	138
Year Ago, A	*Mrs. E. B. Duffy*	263
You Put No Flowers on My Papa's Grave	*C. E. L. Holmes*	147

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Alcman	*Sir Edwin Arnold*	460
Antoninus (Emperor Marcus Aurelius)	*Editor*	465
Arion	*Editor*	460
Ariosto (From the Works of J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	215
Bacchylides	*Editor*	458
Callinus	*Editor*	458
Confucius (surname K'ung)	*Friedrich Max Muller*	279
Derzhavin, Gabriel Romanovich	*John Bowring*	166
Dickens, Charles	*Editor*	269
Field, Eugene	*Editor*	453
Firdusi, or Abu'l-Kasim Mansur	*Editor*	471
Gazan, Musa Ben Abel	*Editor*	306
Giotto (Ambrogiotto Bondone)	*Mrs. Anna Jameson (Miss Anna Murphy)*	384
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von	*Editor*	274
Hale, Edward Everett	*Editor*	453
Hugo, Victor	*Editor*	379
Hume, David	*Henry Coppee, LL.D.*	59
Ibycus	*Sir Edwin Arnold*	460
Jami, or Nuruddin Abdurrahman	*Editor*	470
Josephine, Empress	*Editor*	289
Junius	*A. Hayward*	293
Khayyam, Hakim Omar	*Editor*	463
Khemnitzer, Ivan Ivanovich	*John Bowring*	202
Lomonosov, Michael Vassiljevich	*John Bowring*	372
Marie Antoinette, Queen	*Editor*	288
Mesomedes	*Editor*	459
Mimnermus	*Editor*	458
Nezahualcoyoti, Lord of Tezcuco	*Editor*	200
Paez, General José A.	*Editor*	455
Percival, James Gates	*Charles D. Cleveland*	115
Phocylides	*Editor*	458
Pinkney, Edward C.	*Charles D. Cleveland*	115
Politiano (From the Works of J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi)	*Trans. Thomas Roscoe*	214
Proclus	*Editor*	451
Raphael	*Editor*	116
Sæmund the Learned	*Turner*	357
Sahagun de Bernardino	*Editor*	197
Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich Von	*Editor*	47
Theogonis	*Editor*	458
Tsze-Laou-Keun	*Editor*	468
Turner, Joseph Mallard William	*Editor*	250
Wilson, Prof. John (Christopher North)	*Harriet Martineau*	361
Xenophanes	*Sir Edwin Arnold*	461
Zoroaster (or Zarathustra) Spitama	*W. and R. Chambers and Peter Bayle*	335

SOCRATES.

FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO'S "DIALOGUES."

THE ACCUSATION.

THE dialogue begins with a meeting between Socrates and Euthyphro in the neighborhood of one of the courts of law.

EUTHYPHRO. What novelty has happened, Socrates, that you have left the walls of the lyceum and are now pacing the king's portico? You surely have not a lawsuit in the court which sits there?

SOCRATES. The Athenians, Euthyphro, do not call my business a suit, but an indictment—not a civil, but a criminal, process.

EU. How say you? Has any one brought an indictment against you? For I will never believe that you have brought one against another person.

SOC. No, certainly.

EU. Then another has indicted you?

SOC. Even so.

EU. And who?

SOC. I do not myself, Euthyphro, exactly know the man. He seems to me a young man and an ignorant one. His name is, I think, Meletus. He is of the district of Pitthis. Do you happen to know any Meletus of that district, a man with long smooth hair, a thin beard and a hook-nose?

EU. I do not know him, Socrates. But what is his indictment against you, Socrates?

SOC. What is it? A very weighty and high-pitched one indeed, as seems to me. That he, young man as he is, should be master of so great a subject is no small thing. He knows, as he says, in what way the minds of young men are corrupted, and who are the persons who corrupt them. He must be a very wise man, and. looking with displeasure at me as a person who by my erroneous views corrupt young men of his own age, he runs to the city as a boy runs to his mother, and lays an accusation against me. He seems to me to be the only one of our politicians who begins at the right end. It is quite right to attend to the improvement of the young men first, to make them good, as the husbandman considers the young plants as the most important. Meletus will in the first place mend us who spoil, he says, these young plants, and then no doubt afterward attend to the older men, and so do infinite good to the state.

We cannot fail to see the indignation that is masked under this ironical praise, calm as the manner is. Euthyphro expresses this feeling more directly:

"I wish it may so turn out, Socrates, but I am afraid that the opposite result will happen. Those who attack you seem to me to begin the destruction of the city by tearing up the hearthstone. But tell me what he says that you do—what he means by corrupting young men."

SOC. It is really an absurd story, my friend. He says that I make new gods

and do not acknowledge the established ones.

Eu. I understand, Socrates: he means your dæmon, or divine guide, that you say accompanies you. And this he makes a point to found his accusation upon, and brings you before the court of justice, knowing that such accusations produce an effect on the many. And so it is. They laugh at me also whenever I pretend to prophesy, and yet I always prophesy truly. It is all envy, but we must not heed them.

Soc. Well, Euthyphro, perhaps there is no great harm in being laughed at. But it seems to me that, though the Athenians are not angry with a man for being wise, they are very angry with any one who makes others wise. If they only laugh at me, as you say they do at you, it may be easy to let them have their laugh and have done with it; but if they take the matter in earnest, it is difficult for any one to know what course things will take, except for a prophet like you.

Eu. But I hope, Socrates, no harm will come of it, and that you will win your cause.

FROM SOCRATES' DEFENCE BEFORE HIS JUDGES.

How you, men of Athens, have been affected by my accusers I know not, but, for my part, in listening to them I no longer knew myself, so persuasively did they speak. And yet there is not a word of truth in what they have said. But among the false statements which they made there was one at which I especially marvelled—namely, when they warned you to take care that you were not led astray by me, inasmuch as I was a powerful speaker. It did appear to me supremely audacious in them to make such an assertion, which must immediately afterward be disproved by the fact; for you will soon see that I have no skill in speaking, unless they call a man a powerful speaker because he says what is true. If they mean this, I certainly must allow that I am a speaker of a very different kind from them; for they as I have said, have not spoken a word of truth: from me you shall hear the whole truth, and that not clothed in ornate sentences with studied terms and expressions; you will have from me plain facts expressed in the plainest language. Indeed, Athenians, it would ill become me at my age to come before you with a studied discourse like a boy. And there is one thing, O Athenians, which I must beg and entreat of you: if I use in my defence the same terms which I have been accustomed to use in the market-place and in the shops, where most of you have heard me talking, do not wonder at that, nor take offence. For this is the fact. I now enter a court of justice for the first time, though I am more than seventy years old. I am therefore altogether strange to the kind of language used here. And therefore excuse me as if I really were a stranger if I speak to you in that tone and in that manner in which I have been brought up. I ask you a thing which is, I think, reasonable, that you take no account of the manner of my address to you—it might be better, it might be worse, perhaps—but to consider this, to attend to this, whether I say what is right or not; for that is the virtue of a judge, as to speak truly is the virtue of an advocate.

Let us go back to the beginning and

consider what this calumny is which Meletus has taken up and incorporated it in his accusation. What is this calumny? Let us put it in the form of an indictment: "Socrates is guilty of a criminal curiosity, inquiring into things under the earth and things in the skies, and making the worse appear the better reason, and teaching others to do the like." It is to this effect, for you yourselves have seen stuff of this kind in the comedy of Aristophanes (*The Clouds*). You have seen there a certain Socrates represented who says that he is "air-travelling," and utters many other follies about matters of which I understand nothing, great or small. I say this not as despising such knowledge, if any one has it. Let not Meletus bring an accusation against me on that account. But, men of Athens, I have nothing to do with such speculations, and to this I call the greater part of you yourselves as witnesses. You may state the facts to one another, as many of you as have ever heard me conversing; and many of you have. Tell one another, then, whether you ever heard me telling much or little about such matters, and from this part of the accusation you may judge of the truth of the rest of the charges. But all this is false.

And if you have heard from any one that I pretend to teach men, and receive money for so doing, that also is false. I think it is a very admirable talent, if any one has the power of teaching men, like Gorgias of Leontium, and Prodicus of Keos, and Hippias of Elis. Any one of these, O judges, can go into any of our cities and so attract the youth that, though they might have the conversation of their fellow-citizens for nothing, they leave that and induce them to come to them on condition of making large payments, and consider themselves as under an obligation besides. I hear, too, that there is another very clever man arrived, a Parian; for I was lately with a person who spends more money on these Sophists than all the rest together, Callias, the son of Hipponicus, and I asked him (he has two sons), "If, Callias, your sons were colts or calves, we should have been able to find and to hire a manager for them who would bring them into good condition and make them good of their kind; but who can make them good in their actual kind—good as men and as citizens? I suppose that, as you have sons, you have considered this question. Is there any such person or no?"—"Certainly there is," said he.—"And who and what is he, and what are his terms of teaching?"—"It is," he said, "Socrates, Euenus, a Parian, and his terms are five minæ." And I thought to myself what a highly favored man this Euenus must be to have this talent and to exercise it so readily. I should have thought great things of myself if I had had this talent, but, men of Athens, I have it not.

But perhaps some one will take me up and say, "But, Socrates, what is your real case? How did these calumnies arise? If you had done nothing different from other people, there would not have been so much talk about you. Tell us what you really have done, that we may not be left to guesswork." If any one says this, he seems to me to speak reasonably; and I will try to tell you what has made for me this unfortunate reputation. Attend, then, to my account of myself: perhaps some of you will

think I am in jest, but I assure you it is the exact truth which I tell you. I got this reputation in consequence of a certain kind of wisdom which I have. What kind of wisdom is this? It is a human wisdom; I have no wisdom but the wisdom of a man. Those whom I have just been speaking of are perhaps wiser in some wisdom more than human; I do not know how to describe it. I have it not, and he who pretends that I have pretends falsely and calumniates me. And now, Athenians, do not take it amiss if I seem to claim something extraordinary; for I shall not make the claim on my own authority, but shall refer to an authority which you will allow to be sufficient. I shall refer you to the deity who gives oracles at Delphi to testify whether I have any wisdom, and of what kind it is. You know Chærephon; he has been my companion from my youth up, and is known to most of you. He was driven into exile with you, and was restored with you. You know the character of Chærephon—how earnest he is in all that he gives his mind to. He upon a time ventured to go to Delphi and to propound this question to the oracle, and—O judges, do not be offended—he asked whether any one was wiser than I was. The Pythoness answered that no one was wiser. His brother, who is here, can testify this to you; for he himself is dead.

And pray attend to the object which I have in saying this: I want to show you how the calumnies against me had their origin. I, then, when I heard this, thought thus within myself: What does the god mean, and to what does he refer? For I am not conscious to myself of having any wisdom, great or small; what, then, does he mean when he says that I am the wisest of men? It cannot be false; he cannot tell a lie. For a long time I was at a loss what he could mean. At last, with great hesitation, I was led to this line of inquiry. I went to one of the men, who is reckoned wise, thinking that in that case I should test the oracle and be able to say to it, "Here, at least, is a man wiser than I am, and yet you have said that I am the wisest of men." Examining this man, then—I have no occasion to mention names: he was one of our wise statesmen—examining him, O Athenians, I came to this result. In conversing with him it appeared to me that he was so accounted wise by many other persons, and especially by himself, but was not really wise. I then attempted to show him that he thought himself wise, but was not so. And then I became odious to him, and to many who were present. And then, returning into myself, I reasoned thus: I *am* wiser than this man, for it is tolerably plain that neither of us knows what is right and good, but he thinks he does know; I, as I do not know, do not think that I know. I have this small advantage over him, that what I do not know I do not think that I do know. I then went to another of those who were reckoned wiser than he, and arrived at the same conclusion; and so I became odious to him too, and to many others.

After this I still went on, seeing with grief and with fear that I was making myself hated, but still thinking that the answer of the deity must be attended to at any rate, and that therefore I must go on trying to make out the meaning of the oracle by application to all who were supposed to know anything. And by heavens, O Athenians—for I must tell you

the truth—I seemed to come to *this* conclusion: Those who had the highest reputation seemed to me, thus inquiring, to be most deficient, and others who were less thought of seemed to have more reasonable claims to some wisdom. I am obliged to tell you my wanderings in this way, like a man who had a series of tasks imposed upon him, that the oracle might be duly tested. For after the politicians I went to the poets—the tragedians and the dithyrambic poets, and the rest—that I might then at least catch myself in the manifest case of being more ignorant than them. I took them the poems which they had most carefully written, and I asked them in detail what they meant, that I might then learn something from them. And I am really ashamed, O Athenians, to tell you how this turned out, but I must speak the truth. In almost every case all the other persons who were present were better able to tell the meaning of that which *they* had composed. So I soon came to the conclusion that poets did not make their poems by any wisdom which they had, but by a sort of inspiration, like that of those who deliver oracles, for they too utter many a beautiful and wonderful thing, but know not what it means. The poets seemed to me to be in the like case. And yet I saw that, in consequence of their poems, they were thought to be wiser than other men in other things, though they were not so. So I left them, thinking that I had the same advantage over them as over the politicians.

And at last I went to the artisans. In their department I was conscious that I knew almost nothing, and I knew that I should find that they knew many beautiful arts. And here I was not disappointed. They knew things which I did not know, and were in this way wiser than I was. But, O men of Athens, they seemed to me to have the same defect as the poets and other artists. Because they had mastered their own art each thought that he was also very wise in other things of the greatest moment, and this conceit of theirs spoilt their wisdom. So I asked myself whether I had rather be as I was, not possessing their knowledge and not having their ignorance, or to have both, as they had. And I answered to myself and to the oracle that it was better for me to be as I was.

As the result of this course of inquiry, O Athenians, I have incurred much and heavy odium, and have been the subject of many calumnies, and have got the name of being wise. For all who are present when I prove a man to be ignorant think that I am wise in that subject. But the conclusion seems to be, O men of Athens, that the deity who gave the oracle is really wise, and that the oracle means this—that human wisdom is worth little or nothing, and that the oracle did not mean me, Socrates, in particular, but used my name as an example; as if it had said, "He, O men, is most wise who, like Socrates, knows that in truth he has no wisdom that is of any value."

And so I still go on asking, as the oracle suggests, of all persons, citizens and strangers, if any one is thought to be wiser; and when I find that he is not, I add this to the proofs that the oracle is in the right. And I have been so occupied with this inquiry that I have had no time to attend to any business, public or private, and have re-

mained very poor as the consequence of this kind of divine service.

And, further, the young men who fall into my company, and those who have most leisure especially—young men of fortune—are delighted to hear these questionings of mine, and often imitate me themselves and try to question others. And I think the result is that they find a great abundance of persons who think that they know something, but who really know little or nothing. And thereupon those who are questioned by them are irritated against me rather than them, and say that there is a certain wicked Socrates who corrupts the young men. And if any one asks them what he does and what he teaches which corrupts them, they can make no reply, as they have nothing to allege. But that they may seem to have some ground for what they say, they take up all these accusations which have been cast against all who have meddled with philosophy—that they search into things under the earth and above the earth, and do not believe in the gods, and make the worse appear the better reason. Of course they will not assign the true cause—that they are convicted of pretending to know, when they really do not know. They are jealous of their reputation, persons of dignity, numerous; and, urging these charges perseveringly and plausibly, they have for a long time filled your ears with these vile calumnies. And now they have set upon me Meletus and Anytus and Lycon—Meletus, urged by the resentment of the poets; Anytus, by the artists and the politicians; and Lycon, by the orators; so that, as I have said, it will be wonderful if I am able, in the short time which is allowed me, to remove a calumny which has been growing for so long. This is the truth, O men of Athens. I speak to you, not concealing or disguising anything, great or small, though I know that I shall still find the hatred of these persons undiminished—a proof that I speak the truth, and that this is the source and cause of the calumny; and this you will find by examination, now or at any future time.

Perhaps some one may say, "Are you not ashamed, Socrates, to have involved yourself in a business like this, through which at present you stand in danger of your life?" To such a person I should answer, Truly, O man, you judge not well if you think that a man who is worth anything should calculate the danger and the chances of living or dying—if you think that he should consider anything but this, whether what he is doing is right or wrong, whether it is the work of a good or of a bad man. According to your calculation, the heroes who died at Troy were under a mistake. The son of Thetis despised danger in comparison of disgrace. When his mother found him bent upon avenging Patroclus and killing Hector, she, goddess as she was, said, O son, if thou avenge thy friend and kill Hector, thou thyself wilt die; for, said she,

"Forthwith thy destiny follows the ruin of Hector;"

and he despised this danger, and feared still more to live unhonored with his friend unavenged; he says,

"Forthwith, then, may I die,"

provided that I punish him who has wronged me, and become not a laughing-stock,

"Nor remain at my ships, of earth a profitless burden."

Do you think that he cared for danger and death?

For so it is, O Athenians, in truth. Whatever is each man's post, chosen by himself as the better part or appointed by his leader, there, as I think, he must stay in spite of danger, reckoning not of death, nor of anything except of disgrace and honor.

For me, Athenians, it would be a shameful deed, if, when your rulers, whom you appointed to direct me, had assigned me my post at Potidæa and at Amphipolis and at Delium, I stood my ground where they had placed me, like every other soldier, and faced the danger of death; but when the deity had assigned me my post, as I think and believe, and made it my business to live a life in the pursuit of wisdom, questioning myself and others, I should then, from fear of death or any other thing, quit my appointed rank,—*that* would indeed be a shocking proceeding; and in that case any one might with reason bring me to judgment as a man who does not believe in the gods, who disobeys their oracles, who fears death and thinks himself wise when he is not so.

For to fear death, O men of Athens, is to think one's self wise when one is not so. For no one knows what death is, nor whether it is not the greatest good for man: they fear it as if they knew that it is the greatest of evils. And is not this the most shameful kind of ignorance, to think that we know this when we know it not? In this respect, perhaps, I differ from the rest of mankind. If I am wise in anything, it is in this—that as I know nothing of the state of departed spirits, so I do not *think* that I know; but that to do wrong and to disobey good guidance, whether of God or man, is an evil and a disgrace, that I know. And so I will never fear nor shun things of which I know not but they may be good, in preference to evils of which I am sure that they are evils.

And so now if you dismiss me, disregarding Anytus, who said at the outset that either I ought never to have been brought before you, or, having been brought, not to be allowed to escape with my life, telling you that if I escape your sons will follow the teaching of Socrates and be perverted; if you should now say, "O Socrates, we shall not now comply with the advice of Anytus; we dismiss you on this condition—that you shall not pursue your accustomed researches nor go on seeking for wisdom, and if you are found still doing so you shall die,"—if, I say, you should dismiss me on this condition, I should reply, O Athenians, you I love and cherish, but I must obey the god rather than you, and so long as I breathe and have my faculties I cannot desist from seeking for wisdom and exhorting you and arguing to those of you who come in my way, and saying what I have been accustomed to say: O excellent friend, can you, being an Athenian, a citizen of the first and most famous of cities for wisdom and power, help being ashamed while you make riches your highest aim, and reputation and distinction, and give no thought nor care to the pursuit of truth and the improvement of your soul? And if any one argues with me, and says that he does care for these things, I shall not go away nor quit my hold of him, but I shall examine him and test him; and if he does not appear to me to have acquired virtue, but only to say that he has, I shall reproach him as thinking most of the smallest things and least of the greatest. This I must do to all, young and

old, who come in my way, and to stranger and citizen, but to the citizens most, as being most nearly connected with me. For this is what the god orders me to do, ye well know. And I do not think that any greater good can be given to the city than my obedience to the god. For I make it my sole business to persuade you, both young and old, not to care for riches nor anything else so earnestly as for your souls. I remind you that riches do not produce virtue, but virtue brings riches and all other goods, private and public. If to exhort men thus be to pervert the young, this must be bad advice; but if any one says that I say anything but this, he says what is not true. And so I should go on to say, O men of Athens, Do as Anytus bids you or otherwise, acquit me or acquit me not, I shall go on doing this, and nothing else, were I to die many times.

Do not clamor against me, men of Athens, but, as I before requested you, listen quietly to what I have to say. It will be for your own good to do so. I may say other things which may excite your murmurs, but pray restrain them.

For be well assured that if you put me to death—me, who am what I have told you—you will not do me so much harm as yourselves. Neither Meletus nor Anytus can harm me. No; a worse man cannot harm a better. He may indeed put him to death or involve him in exile or ignominy, and perhaps he thinks these are very very great evils. I do not think so. I think it a far greater evil to do what he is now doing—to try to kill a man wrongfully. And so, Athenians, I am very far from delivering a defence of myself: I am defending you—defending you from condemning me because I use the gift which God has given me. For if you put me to death, you will not readily find any one who will fasten himself upon the city, to use a comparison which may seem to you odd, but which is very just, like a rider upon a horse powerful and of good blood, but heavy and sluggish and needing to be roused by the spur. I seem to be appointed by the god such a rider to this city, sitting close to you, and exciting you by persuasion and reproach, all day long without ceasing. Such another, I say, you will not readily find; and if you will take my advice, you will not destroy me. Perhaps you may be like persons who are angry because one awakes them when they are sleepy, and may shake me off, as Anytus bids you, and kill me; and then you may go on sleeping for the rest of your lives, except God in his care for you send you another like me.

That I am such a person, so given by God to the city, you may gather from this: it is not like common human conduct that I should neglect my own private business for so many years and attend to yours, appealing to each man individually like a father or an elder brother and exhorting him to aim at virtue. If, indeed, I had got anything by this, and received pay from those whom I exhorted, there might have been some reason in it; but now you see yourselves that the accusers, who have brought their other accusations with so much audacity, were not audacious enough to say or to offer to prove by witnesses that I ever asked or received pay for what I did. I can offer you a very decisive witness the other way—namely, my poverty.

Perhaps it may appear absurd that I go about giving advice to particular persons and

meddling with everybody, and yet that I do not come forward before your public assemblies and give my advice about matters of state. The cause of this is that which I have often said and you have often heard, that I have a divine monitor of which Meletus in his indictment makes a charge in so extravagant a manner. This monitor I have had from my boyhood—a voice which warns me, which restrains me constantly from what I am about to do, but never urges me on to do. This was what stood in the way of my undertaking public affairs, whence you may be well assured that if I had engaged in public business I should long ago have perished, and should have done no good either to you or to myself. And be not offended with me when I tell you the truth. No man can long be safe who, either to you or to any other democratic body, opposes himself frankly and resists wrong and illegal things being done by the city. It is necessary that he who really fights for what is right, if he is to be safe even for a short time, should be in a private, not in a public, station.

I will give you decisive proofs of this—not words, but that which you have more respect for, facts. Listen, then, to what has happened to me, that you may know that I am incapable of yielding in any point to injustice from the fear of death, and that by not yielding I should have perished. I must tell you what will displease you and what involves points of law, but what is true.

For, men of Athens, I never had any other public office in the state, but I had a place in the Senate. My tribe, the Antiochian tribe, had the presidency when you had to judge the ten captains who did not save the men who were overboard in the sea-fight of Arginusæ; you chose to judge them in one lot, against the law, as at a later period you all allowed. Then I alone of all the presidents opposed myself to your taking an illegal course and gave my vote against it; and when the orators denounced me and were on the point of joining me with the accused, and when you clamored in an imperious manner, I thought that I ought rather to run any danger than for fear of bonds or death to join you in an act of injustice. And this was in the time of the democracy.

And when the oligarchy was set up, the Thirty Tyrants sent for me, along with four others, to their council-chamber, and ordered us to fetch from Salamis Leon the Salaminian, that he might be put to death according to a practice which they then followed, in order to involve as many persons as possible in their own guilty proceedings. On that occasion too I showed—not in words, but in deed—that I cared, if I may be allowed a rough expression, not a jot for death, but cared mightily about doing nothing unjust or wicked. For that government, strong as it was, struck me with no terror which could make me do what was wrong. When we left the council-chamber, the other four went to Salamis and brought back Leon; I went out and went home. And probably I should have died for that act if that government had not soon afterward been dissolved. And of these there are many who can bear witness.

Do you, then, think that I should have lived so many years if I had entered into public life, and, as became a good man, had taken the side of right on all occasions?

Very far from it, O men of Athens; neither I nor any other man could have done so.

THE JUDGES HAVING VOTED THE DEATH-PENALTY, SOCRATES AGAIN ADDRESSES THEM.

In consequence of your not being willing to wait a very short time, men of Athens, you will soon have to bear the blame, from those who wish to speak reproachfully of the city, of having put to death Socrates, that wise man; for those who wish to say harsh things of you will call me a wise man, though I am not. If you had waited but a little while, this result would have come of itself; for you see my age: I am far advanced in life and near the borders of death. I say not this to all of you: I say it to those who have sentenced me to death; and to the same persons I say this: Perhaps you think, O men, that I should have failed in gaining your votes from want of power of speaking even if I had been willing to do everything to avoid this sentence. Far from it. I have failed, not for want of words, but for want of forwardness and impudence, and because I would not utter to you such things as you would most willingly hear—complaints and lamentations and other things unworthy of me, as I say, but such as you have been accustomed to hear from others. But I did not before think that I ought, for the sake of danger, to do anything unworthy of a freeman, nor do I now repent of the way in which I have made my defence; on the contrary, I much prefer dying to living on such conditions. For neither in a court of justice nor in war am I, or any one, allowed to use every conceivable art and means to escape death. No! Often in battle it is plain that a man might escape death by throwing down his arms and asking for quarter from his assailants, and many other ways there are, in other cases, of escaping death, if a person has no scruples about doing or saying anything. But the great object, O men, is not to escape death, but to escape baseness and wickedness. Wickedness runs faster than Death, and so is more difficult tc escape. I, old and slow, am overtaken by the slower of these two, but my accusers, quick and clever as they are, are overtaken by the quicker of the two, Wickedness. And now I go hence, sentenced by you to receive the penalty of death, but they go sentenced by Truth to receive the penalty of wickedness and injustice. I stand to my punishment; they must stand to theirs. All this ought to be as it is. Everything is for the best.

And now, O you who have condemned me, I wish to deliver a prediction to you; for I am now in that position in which men's predictions are most regarded, being about to die. I predict to you, O men who have put me to death, that a punishment will soon fall upon you, and, by the heavens, a much heavier one than that which you have inflicted upon me. For you have done this deed in the hope of being freed from the call to give an account of your lives; but the result will be very different, as I prophesy. There will be many more who will call upon you for such an account, whom I have hitherto kept back, so that you were not aware of their existence. These will be more vehement in their appeals to you than I have been, as being younger and more indignant at your acts. For if you think that by putting persons to death you can prevent any one from reproaching you that you do not live rightly, you are quite mistaken. Such a way of get-

ting rid of admonitions is neither possible nor creditable. There is a much better and easier way—not to stop other people's mouths, but to mend one's self. And, having uttered this prediction to you who have condemned me, I have done with you.

With those who have voted for my acquittal, on the other hand, I would willingly hold discourse on what has occurred for a little while, while the officers who have to see to the execution of the sentence are not yet ready and I am not yet taken to the place where I must die. Stay, then, here, I beseech you, for a few minutes. We may still speak of the things which we believe. I would tell to you, as to friends, what is the true import of what has now taken place. To me, then, O judges—you I may well call judges—a wonderful thing has happened. The accustomed sign of my monitor, which hitherto has always stopped me even on the smallest occasions if I was about to fall into any calamity—now that there has happened to me, as any one would ordinarily judge, the greatest of calamities, the sign of my monitor never restrained me neither when I went to the bar of the court nor at any point of my address, though it has often restrained me when speaking on other occasions. It has in the whole of this proceeding never opposed me either in act or in words. What, then, do I deem to be the import of this? I will tell you. It means that what has taken place is a good thing for me, and that all we who think that death is an evil do not judge rightly. Of this I think it is a great proof, for the accustomed signal would not have failed to warn me if I were not on my way to what is good.

And let us consider that there is a strong reason to hope that this death is a good. For death must be one of two things. Either it must be that the dead are nothing and have no perception of anything, or, according to the common tradition, it must be a change and a migration of the soul from its place here to some other place. Now, if there be no sensation—if death be like a sleep without even a dream—it must be an immense gain; for I suppose that if any one were to pick out a night in which he slept so soundly as not to have a single dream, and were to compare it with the other nights and days of his life, and say how many of his days and nights were better and sweeter than that night, I think that any private person, and even the great king himself, would find that the days and nights which were thus superior to that night were easily counted. If, then, death be *this*, I reckon it a gain; for the whole time which it occupies is as one night. But if death be a passage hence to another place, if the ordinary traditions are true, that in that place are all who have ever died, what greater good, O judges, can there be than this? If any one going to the place of departed spirits, and leaving those who are here called judges, will find there those who are really judges, and who administer justice there—Minos and Rhadamanthus, and Æacus and Triptolemus, and the other demigods who were just in their lifetime—is this a change to be lamented? What would any one of you give to join the society of Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? I would die many times if this be true. I should rejoice beyond measure in the company of Palamedes and Ajax Telamon, and any other of the ancients who were put to death by unjust judgment. To compare what

has befallen me with their lot would, I think, be very agreeable, and, most of all, to spend my time in questioning and scrutinizing the persons there, as I have done persons here, which of them is wise, and which seems to be so, but is not. What would any one give, O judges, to examine those who led that great army to Troy, Odysseus or Sisyphus, or the other thousands of men and women whom it would be an inexpressible pleasure to converse with and to question? For there at least men are not put to death for *that*. As they are happier than we are in other things, so are they in this—that they are immortal if what be said is true.

You, then, O my judges, should nourish good hope on the subject of death and remain firmly convinced of this one thing—that for a good man no event can be evil, whether he lives or dies, seeing that his concerns are never disregarded by the gods. Nor does what now happens to me happen without purpose on their part, for I am persuaded that it is better for me to die and to have done with the things of this world. And therefore it is that the sign never warned me nor turned me from my course, and that I feel no anger either toward those who have condemned me or toward my accusers, though certainly they did not condemn me with that intention, but thinking to harm me; and for this I may justly blame them.

One thing more only will I request of you: when my sons grow up, do your worst to them in the way of tormenting them as I have tormented you—that is, if they seem to care for money or anything else more than for virtue, and if they pretend to be anything when they are nothing, reproach them, as I have reproached you, that they do not attend to that which alone deserves attention, and think themselves good for something when they are really good for nothing. If you do this, both I and my sons shall have had our deserts.

And now it is time that we separate. I go to die, you remain to live; but which of us is going the better way God only knows.

LAST HOURS OF SOCRATES.

PHÆDO. We had made a habit of going to Socrates daily for some time, I and others, assembling very early in the morning in the hall in which the trial had been held; for it was near to the prison. There we waited till the doors of the prison were opened, conversing with one another; for they were not opened very early. As soon as we were admitted we went in to Socrates, and spent the greater part of the day with him. On this day we had met earlier than usual, for the evening before, as we went out of the prison, we had heard that the vessel was arrived from Delos; so we agreed with each other to come very early to the accustomed place. The jailer who usually admitted us came out to us, and told us we must wait and not enter until he directed us; "For," said he, 'the Eleven—that is, the executioners of the law—are taking off Socrates's chains and announcing to him that he must die to-day." And after a little while he came and told us to go in.

When we entered, we found Socrates just freed from his fetters, and Xanthippe, his wife —you know her—close to him, holding one of his children in her arms. As soon as she saw us she began to wail and lament as women are wont to do: "O Socrates, here are your friends, come to look on you for the last time.

and you on them." And Socrates, looking at Crito, said, "Crito, let somebody take her home;" so some of Crito's servants took her away, crying aloud and beating her breast. And Socrates, sitting on the side of the bed, bent his leg and rubbed it with his hand, and in doing so said, "How strange a thing is that, my friends, which is called pleasure! and how oddly is it connected with its supposed opposite, pain! Pleasure and pain do not come to man together; but if a person runs after the one and catches it, he almost inevitably catches the other too, as if they were fastened together at one end. I think if Æsop had noticed this he would have composed a fable to this effect—that the gods tried to reconcile these two opposites, and, not being able to do this, fastened their extremities together; so that when you take hold of one it pulls after it the other. And so it happens to me now: there was pain in my leg when the chain bound it, and now comes pleasure following the pain."

Socrates goes on: "The real lovers of truth are temperate and brave, and not from motives such as the great body of mankind assign. The soul of a real lover of wisdom would not reason as they do—would not think that philosophy must set him free, and that when she has done this he may again give himself over to pleasures and pains, and thus undo what she has done, weaving her web to unravel it again, after the fashion of Penelope. His soul obtains a calm repose from passion, follows reason as her guide, and is employed in the contemplation of what is true and divine and above mere opinion, and, nourishing herself on this truth, sees that she is so to live while life endures, and when death comes is to depart into a congenial region, and to be freed from the evils of humanity. Thus supported and thus prepared, O Simmias and Cebes, the soul has no reason to fear that in passing away from the body she will be dissipated by the winds and evaporate and pass away, and cease altogether to be.

"Let him, then, take courage as to the destiny of his soul who has during life disregarded bodily pleasures and worldly adornments as things strangers to him and leading rather to evil, and who has adorned his soul with the true graces which do belong to it, justice and courage and freedom and truth, and who then awaits his passage to the other world when his time shall come. And you," said he, "Simmias and Cebes, and the rest, will each have to make this voyage at your appointed time. But, as a tragedian would say, Destiny calls me now; and it is almost time to go to the bath, for it seems better to bathe before I drink the poison than to leave the women the trouble of washing a corpse."

When he said this, Crito remarked:

"Be it so, Socrates; but what directions have you to give to me or to your other friends about your children, or any other matter which we can do to gratify you?"

"What I have always been saying," he replied, "nothing new—that if you take good care of yourselves you will always gratify me and mine most, even if you made me no promise now, and that if you neglect your own real good, and do not follow faithfully the course of life which I have urged both now and on former occasions, you will not do anything to any purpose, however much you may now promise."

"This," said we, "we will do with all our hearts. But in what way shall we bury thee?"

"Even as you will," said he, "if you catch me and I do not give you the slip." And then, smiling quietly and looking at us, he said, "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that it is I who am now talking with you and determining what to say. He thinks that *I* am that dead body which he will soon see here, and asks me how he shall bury me. And all this long discourse which I have been delivering to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall be with you no longer, but shall depart hence to the happiness of the blessed, I have delivered to no purpose, so far as he is concerned; as if I had said it merely to comfort you and myself. My friends, Crito offered to be my security to the judge that I would *not* run away: I want you to be my security to him that I *shall*, when I am dead, go away to another place. Assure him of this, that when he sees my body burnt or buried he may not grieve for me as if some terrible calamity had happened to me; that at the funeral he do not say that Socrates is laid on the bier or carried to the grave or laid therein.—For be well assured," said he, "my excellent Crito, that to use such improper language is not only an absurdity, but also does harm to people. You must speak comfortably and say that you bury *my body*. And bury it, I beg, in that way which is most pleasing to you and most agreeable to the laws."

As he said this he rose and passed into an inner chamber, to take the bath, and Crito followed him; but us he bade remain behind. So we stayed, partly discoursing and speculating about what had been said, and partly speaking of the great calamity we were about to suffer: we were, we said, to be fatherless for the rest of our lives. And when he had bathed and his children were brought to him—he had two small boys and one great one—and the women of his family came and he had talked with them in the presence of Crito and given his directions, he ordered the women and children to be taken away, and he himself came to us.

It was now near sunset, for he had stayed a long time within. And, coming to us after his bath, he sat, and did not say much after this. And the servant of the Eleven came and stood before him, and said,

"Socrates, I shall not have to complain of you, as I have of many, that they are angry with me and curse me when I announce to them, as my duty to the magistrates requires me, that they must drink the poison. On all former occasions I have found you the most generous and gentle and best of all who ever came here, and now I know that you do not blame me, for you know who are the cause of it, and you give the blame to them. And now—for you know what I come to announce—be of good cheer, and try to bear as best you may what must be borne;" and, so saying, he wept and turned away.

And Socrates, looking at him, said,

"And do thou, too, be of good cheer. We will do what thou sayest." And then, to us, "How courteous," said he, "is the man! During the time I have been here he has been in the habit of coming to me and talking with me, and was the best of men. And now how kindly he weeps for me! But come, Crito," said he, "let us do as he bids. Let some one bring the poison if it is ground; and if not, let the man grind it."

And Crito said,

"I think, Socrates, the sun is still upon the mountains, and has not yet set. I have known persons who have drunk the poison late in the evening, who after the announcement was made to them supped well and drank well, and enjoyed the society of their dearest friends. Do not act in haste. There is yet time."

"Probably," said Socrates, "those who did as you say thought that it was a gain to do so, and I have equally good reasons for not doing so. I shall gain nothing by drinking the poison a little later except to make myself ridiculous to myself, as if I were so fond of life that I would cling to it when it is slipping away. But go," said he, "do as I say, and no otherwise."

On this, Crito made a sign to the servant who stood by; and he, going out after some time, brought in the man who was to administer the poison, which he brought prepared in a cup. And Socrates, seeing the man, said,

"Well, my excellent friend, you are skilful in this matter: what am I to do?"

"Nothing," said he; "but when you have drunk it, walk about till your legs feel heavy, and then lie down. The drink will do the rest;" and at the same time he offered the cup to Socrates.

And he, taking it, said very calmly (I assure you, Echecrates, without trembling or changing color or countenance, but, as his wont was, looking with protruded brow at the man), "Tell me," said he, "about this beverage: is there any to spare for a libation, or is that not allowable?"

And he replied,

"We prepare so much, Socrates, as we think to be needed for the potion."

"I understand," said he; "but at least it is allowable and it is right to pray to the gods that our passage from hence to that place may be happy. This I pray, and so may it be;" and as he said this he put the cup to his lips and drank it off with the utmost serenity and sweetness.

Up to this time the greater part of us were able to restrain our tears; but when we saw him drink the potion and take the cup from his lips, we could refrain no longer. For my part, in spite of myself, my tears flowed so abundantly that I drew my mantle over my head and wept to myself, not grieving for Socrates, but for my own loss of such a friend.

And Crito had risen up and gone away already, being unable to restrain his tears. Apollodorus, even before this, had been constantly weeping, and now burst into a passion of grief, wailing and sobbing, so that every one was moved to tears except Socrates himself. And he said,

"O my friends, what are you doing? On this account mainly I sent the women away, that they might not behave so unwisely; for I have heard that we ought to die with good words in our ears. Be silent, then, and be brave."

And we at hearing this were ashamed, and refrained ourselves from weeping. And he, walking about, when he said his legs felt heavy, lay down on his back; for so the man directed. And the man who gave him the poison came near him, and after a time examined his feet and legs, and, squeezing his foot strongly, asked him if he felt anything; and he said he did not. And then he felt his legs, and so upward, and showed us that they were cold and stiff. And, feel-

ing them himself, he said that when the cold reached his heart he would depart. And now the lower part of the body was already cold, and he, uncovering his face—for he had covered it—said the last words that he spoke.

"Crito," said he, "we owe a cock to Æsculapius: discharge it, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done," said Crito.

To this he made no reply, but after a little time there was a movement in the body, and the man uncovered him, and his eyes were set. And hereupon Crito closed his mouth and his eyes. This was the end, Echecrates, of our friend—of all the men whom we have known, the best, the wisest and the most just. Translation of WILLIAM WHEWELL, D. D.

GEORGE BRUMMELL AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great disparity of rank, the intimacy that was formed between Beau Brummell and the prince of Wales* continued for some years uninterrupted. He was a constant guest at Carlton House, and was distinguished by marks—never pecuniary ones—of his royal friend's partiality for him. At length, however, a rupture took place, but it was not caused by the circumstance to which it is usually attributed. The story of "Wales, ring the bell!" was always denied by Brummell: indeed, he seemed indignant at its being generally credited; and I have heard him, in explanation of the subject, say, "I was on such intimate terms with the prince that if we had been alone I could have asked him to ring the bell without offence, but with a third person in the room I should never have done so; I knew the regent too well." The vulgar impudence of the action itself, without Brummell's denial of it, makes the anecdote extremely improbable, and he was also too good a judge of his own interests to run the risk of being turned out of the prince's society for the mere fun of enacting such a piece of tomfoolery.

But, whatever the causes of offence may have been that led to the quarrel, the Beau treated the affair with his usual assurance, and, waging war upon his royal adversary, assailed him with ridicule in all quarters, and affected to say that he had himself cut the connection. It was in this spirit, no doubt, that he said to Colonel McMahon, "I made him what he is, and I can unmake him."

Of course, after this break, the regent determined to take advantage of the first opportunity that occurred of showing the world that he was no longer anxious to continue the acquaintance. An occasion for his so doing presented itself not long after in a morning walk, when the prince, leaning on Lord Moira's arm, met Brummell and Lord A—— coming in the opposite direction, and, probably with the intention of making the cut more evident, His Royal Highness stopped and spoke to His Lordship without noticing the Beau, little thinking that he would resent it. Great, therefore, must have been his surprise and annoyance, as each party turned to continue their promenade, to hear him say in a distinct tone expressive of complete ignorance of his person, "A——, who's your fat friend?" CAPTAIN JESSE.

* Afterward George IV.

LADY ISABEL.

NEVER TO BE REDEEMED.

MINUTES flew on—a quarter to ten, ten, a quarter-past ten—and still Richard Hare lingered on with his mother, and still Mr. Carlyle and Barbara paced patiently the garden-path. At half-past ten Richard came forth, having taken his last farewell. Then came Barbara's tearful farewell, which Mr. Carlyle witnessed; then a hard grasp of that gentleman's hand, and Richard plunged amidst the trees, to depart the way he came.

"Good-night, Barbara," said Mr. Carlyle.

"Will you not come in and say 'Good-night' to mamma?"

"Not now; it is late. Tell her how glad I am things have gone off so well."

He set off at a rapid pace toward his home, and Barbara leaned on the gate to indulge her tears. Not a soul passed to interrupt her, and the justice did not come.

Barbara knew not how long she lingered at that gate—ten minutes, it may have been. Nobody summoned her; Mrs. Hare was indulging in her grief in-doors, giving no thought to Barbara, and the justice did not make his appearance. Exceedingly surprised was Barbara to hear footsteps, and to find that they were Mr. Carlyle's.

"The more haste, the less speed, Barbara," he called out as he came up. "I had got halfway home, and have had to come back again. When I went into your sitting-room, I left a small parcel, containing a parchment, on the sideboard. Will you get it for me?"

Barbara ran in-doors and brought forth the parcel, and Mr. Carlyle, with a brief word of thanks, sped away with it.

Lady Isabel was in her dressing-room when Mr. Carlyle entered; she was seated at a table, writing. A few questions as to her evening's visit, which she answered in the briefest manner possible, and then he asked her if she was not going to bed.

"By and by. I am not sleepy."

"I must go at once, Isabel, for I am dead tired."

"You can go," was her answer.

He bent down to kiss her, but she dextrously turned her face away. He supposed she felt hurt that he had not gone with her to the party, and placed his hand on her shoulder with a smile:

"You foolish child, to be aggrieved at that! It was no fault of mine, Isabel; I could not help myself. I will talk to you in the morning; I am too tired to-night. I suppose you will not be long?"

Her head was bent over her writing again, and she made no reply. Mr. Carlyle went into the bedroom and shut the door. Some time after, Lady Isabel went softly up stairs to Joyce's room. Joyce, in her first sleep, was suddenly aroused from it. There stood her mistress, a wax light in her hand. Joyce

rubbed her eyes and collected her senses, and finally sat up in bed:

"My Lady, are you ill?"

"'Ill'? Yes; ill and wretched," answered Lady Isabel; and ill she looked, for she was perfectly white. "Joyce, I want a promise from you: If anything should happen to me, stay at East Lynne with my children."

Joyce stared in amazement, too astonished to make any reply.

"Joyce, you promised it once before; promise it again. Whatever betide, you will stay with my children when I am gone?"

"I will stay with them. But oh, My Lady, what can be the matter with you? Are you taken suddenly ill?"

"Good-bye, Joyce," murmured Lady Isabel, gliding from the chamber as softly as she had entered it; and Joyce, after an hour of perplexity, dropped asleep again.

Joyce was not the only one whose rest was disturbed that eventful night. Mr. Carlyle himself awoke, and, to his surprise, found that his wife had not come to bed. He wondered what the time was, and struck his repeater. A quarter-past three! Rising, he made his way to the door of his wife's dressing-rooom. It was in darkness, and, so far as he could judge by absence of sound, unoccupied.

"Isabel!"

No reply; nothing but the echo of his own voice in the silence of the night. He struck a match and lighted a taper, partially dressed himself, and went out to look for her. He feared she might have been taken ill, or else that she had fallen asleep in one of the rooms. But nowhere could he find her, and, feeling perplexed, proceeded to his sister's chamber door and knocked.

Miss Carlyle was a light sleeper, and rose up in bed at once.

"Who's that?" called out she.

"It is only I, Cornelia," said Mr. Carlyle.

"You!" ejaculated Miss Corny. "What in the name of Fortune do you want? You can come in."

Mr. Carlyle opened the door, and met the keen eyes of his sister, bent on him from the bed. Her head was surmounted by a remarkable nightcap at least a foot high.

"Is anybody ill?" she demanded.

"I think Isabel must be. I cannot find her."

"Not find her!" echoed Miss Corny. "Why, what's the time? Is she not in bed?"

"It is three o'clock. She has not been to bed. I cannot find her in the sitting-room, neither is she in the children's room."

"Then I'll tell you what it is, Archibald: she's gone worrying after Joyce. Perhaps the girl may be in pain to-night."

Mr. Carlyle was in full retreat toward Joyce's room at this suggestion, when his sister called to him:

"If anything is amiss with Joyce, you come and tell me, Archibald, for I shall get up and see after her. The girl was my servant before she was your wife's."

He reached Joyce's room and softly unlatched the door, fully expecting to find a light there and his wife sitting by the bedside. There was no light, however, save that which came from the taper he held, and he saw no signs of his wife. Where was she? Was it probable that Joyce could

tell him? He stepped inside the room and called to her.

Joyce started up in a fright, which changed to astonishment when she recognized her master. He inquired whether Lady Isabel had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been dreaming of Lady Isabel, and could not at first detach the dream from the visit which had probably given rise to it.

"What did you say, sir? Is My Lady worse?"

"I ask if she has been here. I cannot find her."

"Why, yes," said Joyce, now fully aroused. "She came here and woke me. That was just before twelve, for I heard the clock strike. She did not stay here a minute, sir."

"Woke you!" repeated Mr. Carlyle. "What did she want? What did she come here for?"

Thoughts are quick, imagination is quicker; and Joyce was giving the rein to both. Her mistress's gloomy and ambiguous words were crowding on her brain. Three o'clock! and she had not been in bed, and was not to be found in the house! A nameless horror struggled to Joyce's face, her eyes dilating with it; she seized and threw on a large flannel gown which lay on a chair by the bed, and, forgetful of her master, who stood there, out she sprang to the floor. All minor considerations faded to insignificance beside the terrible dread which had taken possession of her. Clasping the flannel gown tight round her with one hand, she laid the other on the arm of Mr. Carlyle:

"Oh, master! oh, master! she has destroyed herself! I see it all now."

"Joyce!" sternly interrupted Mr. Carlyle. "She has destroyed herself, as true as that we two are living here," persisted Joyce, her own face livid with emotion. "I can understand her words now; I could not before. She came here—and her face was like a corpse as the light fell upon it—saying she had come to get a promise from me to stay with her children when she was gone. I asked whether she was ill, and she answered, 'Yes, ill and wretched.' Oh, sir, may Heaven support you under this dreadful trial!"

Mr. Carlyle felt bewildered, perplexed. Not a syllable did he believe. He was not angry with Joyce, for he thought she had lost her reason.

"It is so, sir, incredible as you may deem my words," pursued Joyce, wringing her hands. "My Lady has been miserably unhappy, and that has driven her to it."

"Joyce, are you in your senses or out of them?" demanded Mr. Carlyle, a certain sternness in his tone. "Your lady miserably unhappy! What do you mean by such an assertion?"

Before Joyce could answer an addition was received to the company in the person of Miss Carlyle, who appeared in black stockings and a shawl and the lofty nightcap. Hearing voices in Joyce's room, which was above her own, and full of curiosity, she ascended, not choosing to be shut out from the conference.

"Whatever's up?" cried she. "Is Lady Isabel found?"

"She is not found, and she never will be found but in her winding-sheet," returned Joyce, whose lamentable and unusual state of excitement completely overpowered her customary quiet respect and plain good sense. "And, ma'am, I am glad that you

have come up, for what I was about to say to my master I would prefer to say in your presence. When My Lady is brought into this house, and laid down before us, dead, what will your feelings be? My master has done his duty by her in love, but you—you have made her life a misery. Yes, ma'am, you have."

"Highty-tighty!" uttered Miss Carlyle, staring at Joyce in consternation. "What is all this? Where's My Lady?"

"She has gone and taken the life that was not hers to take," sobbed Joyce, "and I say she has been driven to it. She has not been allowed to indulge a will of her own, poor thing! since she came to East Lynne; in her own house she has been less free than any one of her servants. You have curbed her, ma'am, and snapped at her, and made her feel that she was but a slave to your caprices and temper. All these years she has been crossed and put upon, everything, in short, but beaten—ma'am, you know she has—and she has borne it all in silence, like a patient angel, never, as I believe, complaining to master. He can say whether she has or not. We all loved her, we felt for her; and my master's heart would have bled had he suspected what she had to put up with day after day and year after year."

Miss Carlyle's tongue was glued to her mouth. Her brother, confounded at the rapid words, could scarcely gather in their sense.

"What is it that you are saying, Joyce?" he asked, in a low tone. "I do not understand."

"I have longed to say it to you many a hundred times, sir, but it is right that you should hear it, now things have come to this dreadful ending. Since the very night Lady Isabel came home here, your wife, she has been taunted with the cost she has brought to East Lynne and to you. If she wanted but the simplest thing, she was forbidden to have it and told that she was bringing her husband to poverty. For this very dinner-party that she went to to-night she wished for a new dress, and your cruel words, ma'am, forbade her having it. She ordered a new frock for Miss Isabel, and you countermanded it. You have told her that master worked like a dog to support her extravagance, when you know that she never was extravagant—that none were less inclined to go beyond proper limits than she. I have seen her, ma'am, come away from your reproaches with the tears in her eyes and her hands meekly clasped upon her bosom, as though life was heavy to bear. A gentle-spirited, high-born lady, as she was, could not fail to be driven to desperation; and I know that she has been."

Mr. Carlyle turned to his sister.

"Can this be true?" he inquired, in a tone of deep agitation.

She did not answer. Whether it was the shade cast by the nightcap or the reflection of the wax taper, her face looked of a green cast: and for the first time, probably, in Miss Carlyle's life, her words failed.

"May God forgive you, Cornelia!" he murmured as he went out of the chamber.

He descended to his own. That his wife had laid violent hands upon herself his reason utterly repudiated: she was one of the least likely to commit so great a sin. He believed that in her unhappiness she might have wandered out in the grounds and was lingering there. By this time the house was

aroused and the servants were astir. Joyce —surely a supernatural strength was given her, for, though she had been able to put her foot to the ground, she had not yet walked upon it—crept down stairs and went into Lady Isabel's dressing-room. Mr. Carlyle was hastily assuming the articles of attire he had not yet put on, to go out and search the grounds, when Joyce limped in, holding out a note. Joyce did not stand on ceremony that night:

"I found this in the dressing-glass drawer, sir. It is My Lady's writing."

He took it in his hand and looked at the address: "Archibald Carlyle." Though a calm man, one who had his emotions under his own control, he was no stoic, and his fingers shook as he broke the seal:

"When years go on, and my children ask where their mother is and why she left them, tell them that you, their father, goaded her to it. If they inquire *what* she is, tell them also, if you so will; but tell them, at the same time, that you outraged and betrayed her, driving her to the very depth of desperation ere she quitted them in her despair."

The handwriting, his wife's, swam before the eyes of Mr. Carlyle. All save the disgraceful fact that she had flown—and a horrible suspicion began to dawn upon him with whom—was totally incomprehensible. How had he outraged her? In what manner had he goaded her to it? The discomforts alluded to by Joyce as the work of his sister had evidently no part in this; yet what had *he* done? He read the letter again, more slowly. No, he could not comprehend it; he had not the clue.

Joyce sat on the edge of a chair—she could not stand—watching her master with a blanched face. Never had she seen him betray agitation so powerful. Not the faintest suspicion of the dreadful truth had yet dawned upon her. He walked to the door, the open note in his hand, then turned and wavered and stood still, as if he did not know what he was doing. Probably he did not. Then he took out his pocket-book, put the note inside it and returned it to his pocket, his hands trembling equally with his livid lips.

"You need not mention this," he said to Joyce, indicating the note. "It concerns myself alone."

"Sir, does it say she's dead?"

"She is not dead," he answered. "Worse than that," he added, in his heart.

"Why, who is this?" uttered Joyce.

It was little Isabel, stealing in with a frightened face, in her white nightgown. The commotion had aroused her.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Where's mamma?"

"Child, you'll catch your death of cold," said Joyce. "Go back to bed."

"But I want mamma."

"In the morning, dear," evasively returned Joyce.—"Sir, please, must not Miss Isabel go back to bed?"

Mr. Carlyle made no reply to the question; most likely he never heard its import. But he touched Isabel's shoulder to draw Joyce's attention to the child:

"Joyce, *Miss Lucy* in future."

He left the room, and Joyce remained silent from amazement. She heard him go out at the hall door and bang it after him.

A VISITOR.

December came in. The Alps were covered with snow; Grenoble borrowed the

shade, and looked cold and white and sleety and sloppy; the wide gutters which run through the middle of the streets were unusually black, and the people crept along looking very dismal. Close to the fire in the barn of a French bedroom full of windows and doors and draughts, with its wide hearth and its wide chimney, shivered Lady Isabel Vane. She wore an invalid-cap and a thick woollen invalid-shawl, and she shook and shivered perpetually, though she had drawn so close to the wood-fire that there was a danger of her petticoats igniting, and the attendant had frequently to spring up and interpose between them and the crackling logs. Little did it seem to matter to Lady Isabel; she sat in one position, her countenance the picture of stony despair. So had she sat, so looked, since she began to get better. She had had a long illness, terminating in low fever, but the attendants whispered amongst themselves that miladi would soon get about if she would only rouse herself. She had so far got about as to sit up in the windy chamber, and it seemed to be to her a matter of perfect indifference whether she ever got out of it.

This day she had partaken of her early dinner—such as it was, for appetite failed—and had dozed asleep in the arm-chair, when a noise arose from below, like a carriage driving into the courtyard through the *porte-cochère*. It instantly aroused her. Had *he* come?

"Who is it?" she asked of the nurse.

"Miladi, it is monsieur, and Pierre is with him. I have begged miladi often and often not to fret, for that monsieur would surely come; and miladi sees I am right."

The girl departed, closing the door, and Lady Isabel sat looking at it, schooling herself into patience. Another moment, and it was flung open.

Sir Francis Levison approached to greet her as he came in. She waved him off, begging him in a subdued, quiet tone not to draw too near, as any little excitement made her faint now. He took a seat opposite to her and began pushing the logs together with his boot as he explained that he really could not get away from town before.

"Why did you come now?" she quietly rejoined.

"Why did I come?" repeated he. "Are these all the thanks a fellow gets for travelling in this inclement weather? I thought you would at least have been glad to welcome me, Isabel."

"Sir Francis," she rejoined, speaking still with almost unnatural calmness, as she continued to do throughout the interview, though the frequent changes in her countenance, and the movement of her hands when she laid them from time to time on her chest to keep down its beating, told what an effort the struggle cost her—"Sir Francis, I am glad, for one reason, to welcome you: we must come to an understanding, one with the other; and so far I am pleased that you are here. It was my intention to have communicated with you by letter as soon as I found myself capable of the necessary exertion, but your visit has removed the necessity. I wish to deal with you quite unreservedly, without concealment or deceit; I must request you so to deal with me."

She spoke so quietly, so apparently without feeling or passion, that Sir Francis was

agreeably astonished. He should have less trouble in throwing off the mask. Her heart beat a little quicker, but she stilled it:

"You deemed that it was not in reason I should aspire to be made the wife of Sir Francis Levison?"

He rose and began kicking at the logs—with the heel of his boot this time:

"Well, Isabel, you must be aware that it is an awful sacrifice for a man in my position to marry a divorced woman."

The hectic flushed into her thin cheeks, but her voice sounded calm as before:

"When I expected, or wished, for the 'sacrifice,' it was not for my own sake; I told you so then. But it was not made, and the child's inheritance is that of sin and shame."

"I am the representative now of an ancient and respected baronetcy," he said, in a tone as of apology, "and to make you my wife would so offend all my family that—"

"Stay!" interrupted Lady Isabel; "you need not trouble yourself to find needless excuses. Had you taken this journey for the purpose of making me your wife—were you to propose to do so this day and bring a clergyman into the room to perform the ceremony—it would be futile. The injury to the child can never be repaired, and for myself I cannot imagine any fate in life worse than the being compelled to pass it with you."

"If you have taken this aversion to me, it cannot be helped," he coolly said, inwardly congratulating himself at being spared the trouble he had anticipated. "You made commotion enough once about my making you 'reparation.'"

She shook her head:

"All the reparation in your power to make, all the reparation that the whole world can invent, could not undo my sin. It and its effects must lie upon me for ever."

"Oh, sin!" was the derisive exclamation. "You ladies should think of that beforehand."

"Yes," she sadly answered. "May Heaven help all to do so who may be tempted as I was!"

"If you mean that as a reproach to me, it's rather out of place," chafed Sir Francis, whose fits of ill-temper were under no control, and who never, when in them, cared what he said to outrage the feelings of another. "The temptation to sin, as you call it, lay not in my persuasions half as much as in your jealous anger toward your husband."

"Quite true," was her reply.

"And I believe you were on the wrong scent, Isabel—if it will be any satisfaction to you to hear it. Since we are mutually on this complimentary discourse, it is of no consequence to smooth over facts."

"I do not understand what you would imply," she said, drawing her shawl round her with a fresh shiver. "How 'on the wrong scent'?"

"With regard to your husband and that Hare girl. You were blindly, outrageously jealous of him."

"Go on."

"And I say I think you were on the wrong scent. I do not believe Carlyle ever thought of the girl—in that way."

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"They had a secret between them—not of love: a secret of business—and those interviews they had together, her dancing

attendance upon him perpetually, related to that, and to that alone."

Her face was more flushed than it had been throughout the interview. He spoke quietly now, quite in an equable tone of reasoning: it was his way when his ill-temper was upon him; and the calmer he spoke, the more cutting were his words. He need not have told her this.

"What was the secret?" she inquired, in a low tone.

"Nay, I can't explain all: they did not take me into their confidence; they did not even take you. Better, perhaps, that they had, though, as things have turned out—or seem to be turning. There's some disreputable secret attaching to the Hare family, and Carlyle was acting in it for Mrs. Hare. She could not seek out Carlyle herself, so she sent the young lady. That's all I knew."

"How did you know it?"

"I had reason to think so."

"What reason? I must request you to tell me."

"I overheard scraps of their conversation now and then in those meetings, and so gathered my conclusions."

"You told a different tale to me, Sir Francis," was her remark as she lifted her indignant eyes toward him.

Sir Francis laughed:

"All stratagems are fair in love and war."

She dared not immediately trust herself to reply, and a silence ensued. Sir Francis broke it, pointing with his left thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the cradle:

"What have you named that young article there?"

"The name which ought to have been his by inheritance—'Francis Levison,'" was her icy answer.

"Let's see: how old is he now?"

"He was born the last day of August."

Sir Francis threw up his arms and stretched himself, as if a fit of idleness had overtaken him, then advanced to the cradle and pulled down the clothes:

"Who is he like, Isabel? My handsome self?"

"Were he like you in spirit, I would pray that he might die ere he could speak or think," she burst forth, and then, remembering the resolution she had marked out for herself, subsided outwardly into calmness again.

"What else?" retorted Sir Francis. "You know my disposition pretty well by this time, Isabel, and may be sure that if you deal out small change to me you will get it back again with interest."

She made no reply. Sir Francis put the clothes back over the sleeping child, returned to the fire and stood a few moments with his back to it.

"Is my room prepared for me, do you know?" he presently asked.

"No, it is not," she quietly rejoined. "These apartments are mine now; they have been transferred into my name, and they can never again afford you accommodation. Will you be so obliging—I am not strong—as to hand me that writing-case?"

Sir Francis walked to the table she indicated, which was at the far end of the great barn of a room, and, taking the writing-case from it, gave it to her. She reached her keys from the stand at her elbow, unlocked the case and took from it some bank-notes.

"I received these from you a month ago," she said. "They came by post."

"And you never had the grace to acknowledge them!" he returned, in a sort of mock-reproachful tone.

"Forty pounds. That was the amount, was it not?"

"I believe so."

"Allow me to return them to you. Count them."

"Return them to me? Why?" inquired Sir Francis, in amazement.

"I have no longer anything whatever to do with you, in any way. Do not make my arm ache holding out the notes to you so long. Take them."

Sir Francis took the notes from her hand and placed them on the stand near to her.

"If it be your wish that all relations should end between us, why let it be so," he said. "I must confess I think it may be the wisest course, as things have come to pass, for the cat-and-dog life which would seemingly be ours is not agreeable. Remember that it is your doing, not mine. But you cannot think I am going to see you starve, Isabel? A sum—we will fix upon its amount amicably—shall be placed to your credit half yearly, and—"

"I beg of you to cease!" she passionately interrupted. "What do you take me for?"

"Take you for! Why, how can you live? You have no fortune; you must receive assistance from some one."

"I will not receive it from you. If the whole world denied me, and I could find no help from strangers or means of earning my own bread, and it was necessary that I should still exist, I would apply to my husband for means rather than to you. This ought to convince you that the topic may cease."

"Your husband?" sarcastically rejoined Sir Francis. "Generous man!"

A flush deep and painful dyed her cheeks:

"I should have said 'my late husband.' You need not have reminded me of the mistake."

"If you will accept nothing for yourself, you must for the child; he, at any rate, falls to my share. I shall give you a few hundreds a year for him."

She beat her hands before her as if beating off the man and his words.

"Not a farthing, now or ever; were you to attempt to send money for him, I would throw it into the nearest river. *Whom* do you take me for? *what* do you take me for?" she repeated, rising in her bitter mortification. "If you have put me beyond the pale of the world, I am still Lord Mount Severn's daughter."

"You did as much toward putting yourself beyond its pale as—"

"Don't I know it? Have I not said so?" she sharply interrupted; and then she sat striving to calm herself, clasping together her shaking hands.

"Well, if you will persist in this perverse resolution, I cannot mend it," resumed Sir Francis. "In a little time you may probably wish to recall it; in which case, a line addressed to me at my bankers will—"

Lady Isabel drew herself up.

"Put away those notes if you please," she interrupted, not allowing him to finish the sentence.

He took out his pocket-book and placed the bank-notes within it.

"Your clothes—those you left here when you went to England—you will have the goodness to order Pierre to take away this afternoon. And now, Sir Francis, I believe that is all; we will part."

"To remain mortal enemies from henceforth?" he rejoined. "Is that to be it?"

"To be strangers," she replied, correcting him. "I wish you a good-day."

"So you will not even shake hands with me, Isabel?"

"I would prefer not."

And thus they parted, Sir Francis thanking his lucky stars that he had so easily got rid of a vexatious annoyance.

And Lady Isabel? She passed her evening alone, sitting in the same place, close to the fire and the sparks. The attendant remonstrated that miladi was remaining up too late for her strength, but miladi ordered her and her remonstrance into an adjoining room.

Never had her remorseful repentance been more keenly vivid to her than it was that evening; never had her position, present and future, loomed out in blacker colors. The facts of her hideous case stood before her naked and bare. She had wilfully abandoned her husband, her children, her home; she had cast away her good name and her position, and she had deliberately offended God. What had she gained in return? What was she? A poor outcast—one of those whom men pity and whom women shrink from; a miserable, friendless creature who had henceforth to earn the bread she and the other life dependent on her must eat, the clothes they must wear, the roof that must cover them, the fuel they must burn. She had a few valuable jewels—her mother or her father's gift—which she had brought away from East Lynne: she had brought no others, nothing given to her by Mr. Carlyle; and these she now intended to dispose of and live upon until they were gone. The proceeds, with strict economy, might last her twelve or eighteen months, she calculated; after that she must find out some means of supply for the future. Put the child out to nurse, conceal her name and go out as a governess in a French or German family was one of her visions in prospective.

UNTIL ETERNITY.

Lady Isabel was in her bed, dying. She had consented to remain at East Lynne during Mrs. Carlyle's absence, on purpose that she might be with her children, but the object was frustrated, for Lucy and Archibald had been removed to Miss Carlyle's. It was Mr. Carlyle's arrangement; he thought the governess dared not say, "Let them stay with me." Lady Isabel had also purposed to be safely away from East Lynne before the time came for her to die, but that time had advanced with giant strides, and the period for removal was past. She was going out as her mother had gone—rapidly, unexpectedly, "like the snuff of a candle." Wilson was in attendance on her mistress; Joyce remained at home.

Barbara had chosen a watering-place near, not thirty miles off, so that Mr. Carlyle went there most evenings, returning to his office in the mornings; thus he saw little of East Lynne, paying it one or two flying visits only. From the Saturday to the Wednesday in the second week he did not come home at all, and it was in those few days that Lady Isabel had changed for the worse.

On the Wednesday he was expected home to dinner and to sleep.

The afternoon was fast waning, and the spirit of Lady Isabel seemed to be waning with it. Joyce was in the room, in attendance upon her. She had been in a fainting state all day, but felt better now. She was partially raised in bed by pillows, a white cashmere shawl over her shoulders, her nightcap off, to allow as much air as possible to come to her, and the windows stood open.

Footsteps sounded on the gravel in the quiet stillness of the summer air—they penetrated even to her ear, for all her faculties were keen yet—beloved footsteps; and a tinge of hectic rose to her cheeks. Joyce, who stood at the window, glanced out. It was Mr. Carlyle.

"Joyce!" came forth a cry from the bed, sharp and eager.

Joyce turned round:

"My Lady?"

"I should die happier if I might see him."

"'See him'!" uttered Joyce, doubting her own ears. "My Lady! See *him!* Mr. Carlyle?"

"What can it signify? I am already as one dead. Should I ask it or wish it, think you, in rude life? The yearning has been upon me for days, Joyce; it is keeping death away."

"It could not be, My Lady," was the decisive answer. "It must not be. It is as a thing impossible."

Lady Isabel burst into tears.

"I can't die for the trouble," she wailed. "You keep my children from me; they must not come, you say, lest I should betray myself. Now you would keep my husband. Joyce, Joyce, let me see him!"

Her husband! Poor thing! Joyce was in a maze of distress, though not the less firm. Her eyes were wet with tears, but she believed she should be infringing her allegiance to her mistress did she bring Mr. Carlyle to the presence of his former wife; altogether, it might be productive of nothing but confusion.

A knock at the chamber door. Joyce called out "Come in!" The two maids, Hannah and Sarah, were alone in the habit of coming into the room, and neither of them had ever known Madame Vine as Lady Isabel. Sarah put in her head:

"Master wants you, Mrs. Joyce."

"I'll come."

"He is in the dining-room. I have just taken down Master Arthur to him."

Mr. Carlyle had got "Master Arthur" on his shoulder when Joyce entered. Master Arthur was decidedly given to noise and rebellion, and was already, as Wilson expressed it, "sturdy upon his pins."

"How is Madame Vine, Joyce?"

Joyce scarcely knew how to answer, but she did not dare equivocate as to her precarious state. And where the use, when a few hours would probably see the end of it?

"She is very ill indeed, sir."

"Worse?"

"Sir, I fear she is dying."

Mr. Carlyle, in his consternation, put down Arthur:

"'Dying'?"

"I hardly think she will last till morning, sir."

"Why, what has killed her?" he uttered, in amazement.

Joyce did not answer: she looked pale and confused.

"Have you had Dr. Martin?"

"Oh no, sir: it would be of no use."

"'No use'!" repeated Mr. Carlyle, in a sharp accent. "Is that the way to treat dying people—assume it is of no use to send for advice, and so quietly let them die? If Madame Vine is as ill as you say, a telegraphic message must be sent off at once. I had better see her," he said, moving to the door.

Joyce, in her perplexity, dared to place her back against it, preventing his egress:

"Oh, master, I beg your pardon, but—but it would not be right. Please, sir, do not think of going into her room!"

Mr. Carlyle thought that Joyce had taken a fit of prudery.

"Why can't I go in?" he asked.

"Mrs. Carlyle would not like it, sir," stammered Joyce, her cheeks scarlet now.

Mr. Carlyle stared at her.

"Some of you take up odd ideas," he cried. "In Mrs. Carlyle's absence it is necessary that some one should see her. Let a lady die in my house, and never see after her? You are out of your senses, Joyce. I shall go in after dinner; so prepare Madame Vine."

The dinner was being brought in then. Joyce, feeling like one in a nervous attack, picked up Arthur and carried him to Sarah, in the nursery. What on earth was she to do?

Scarcely had Mr. Carlyle begun his dinner, when his sister entered. Some grievance had arisen between her and the tenants of certain houses of hers, and she was bringing the dispute to him. Before he would hear it he begged her to go up to Madame Vine, telling her what Joyce had said of her state.

"Dying!" ejaculated Miss Corny, in disbelieving derision. "That Joyce has been more like a simpleton lately than like herself. I can't think what has come to the woman."

She took off her bonnet and mantle and laid them on a chair, gave a twitch or two to her cap as she surveyed it in the pier-glass, and went up stairs. Joyce answered her knock at the invalid's door; and Joyce, when she saw who it was, turned as white as any sheet.

"Oh, ma'am, you must not come in!" she blundered out, in her confusion and fear, as she put herself right in the doorway.

"Who is to keep me out?" demanded Miss Carlyle, after a pause of surprise, her tone one of quiet power. "Move away, girl! Joyce, I think your brain must be softening. What will you try at next?"

Joyce was powerless both in right and strength, and she knew it. She knew there was no help—that Miss Carlyle would and must enter. She stood aside, shivering, and passed out of the room as soon as Miss Carlyle was within it.

Ah! there could no longer be concealment now! There she was, her pale face lying against the pillow free from its disguising trappings. The band of gray velvet, the spectacles, the wraps for the throat and chin, the huge cap,—all were gone. It was the face of Lady Isabel—changed, certainly, very, very much, but still hers. The silvered hair fell on either side of her face as the silky curls had once fallen; the sweet, sad eyes were the eyes of yore.

"Mercy be good to us!" uttered Miss Carlyle.

They remained gazing at each other, both panting with emotion—yes, even Miss Carlyle. Though a wild suspicion had once crossed her brain that Madame Vine might be Lady Isabel, it had died away again from the sheer improbability of the thing as much as from the convincing proofs offered by Lord Mount Severn. Not but what Miss Carlyle had borne in mind the suspicion, and had been fond of tracing the likeness in Madame Vine's face.

"How could you dare come back here?" she asked, her tone one of sad, soft wailing, not of reproach.

Lady Isabel humbly crossed her attenuated hands upon her chest.

"My children," she whispered: "how could I stay away from them? Have pity, Miss Carlyle; don't reproach me. I am on my way to God to answer for all my sins and sorrows."

"I do not reproach you," said Miss Carlyle.

"I am so glad to go," she continued to murmur, her eyes full of tears. "Jesus did not come, you know, to save the good, like you; he came for the sake of us poor sinners. I tried to take up my cross, as he bade us, and bear it bravely for his sake, but its weight has killed me."

"The good, like you"! Humbly, meekly, deferentially, was it expressed, in all good faith and trust, as though Miss Corny were a sort of upper angel.

Somehow, the words grated on Miss Corny's ear—grated fiercely upon her conscience. It came into her mind then, as she stood there, that the hard religion she had through life professed was not the religion that would best bring peace to her dying-bed.

"Child," said she, drawing near to and leaning over Lady Isabel, "had *I* anything to do with sending you from East Lynne?"

Lady Isabel shook her head and cast down her gaze as she whispered,

"You did not send me—you did not help to send me. I was not very happy with you, but that was not the cause of—of my going away. Forgive me, Miss Carlyle, forgive me!"

"Thank God!" inwardly breathed Miss Corny. "Forgive *me*," she said, aloud, and in agitation touching her hand. "I could have made your home happier, and I wish I had done it. I have wished it ever since you left it."

Lady Isabel drew the hand in hers.

"I want to see Archibald," she whispered, going back in thought to the old time and the old name. "I have prayed Joyce to bring him to me, and she will not. Only for a minute—just to hear him say he forgives me. What can it matter, now that I am as one lost to this world? I should die easier."

Upon what impulse or grounds Miss Carlyle saw fit to accede to the request cannot be told. Possibly she did not choose to refuse a death-bed prayer; possibly she reasoned as did Lady Isabel: what could it matter? She went to the door. Joyce was in the corridor, leaning against the wall, her apron up to her eyes.

"How long have you known of this?"

"Since that night in the spring when there was an alarm of fire. I saw her then with nothing on her face, and knew her, though at the first moment I thought it was a ghost. Ma'am, I have just gone about since like a ghost myself, from the fear."

"Go and request your master to come up to me."

"Oh, ma'am, will it be well to tell him," remonstrated Joyce—"well that he should see her?"

"Go and request your master to come to me," unequivocally repeated Miss Carlyle. "Are you mistress, Joyce, or am I?"

Joyce went down and brought Mr. Carlyle up from the dinner-table.

"Is Madame Vine worse, Cornelia? Will she see me?"

"She wishes to see you."

Miss Carlyle opened the door as she spoke. He motioned to her to pass in first.

"No," she said; "you had better see her alone."

He was going in, when Joyce caught his arm:

"Master! master! you ought to be prepared.—Ma'am, won't you tell him?"

He looked at them, thinking they must be moonstruck, for their conduct seemed inexplicable. Both were in evident agitation—an emotion Miss Carlyle was not given to. Her face and lips were twitching, but she kept a studied silence. Mr. Carlyle knitted his brow and went into the chamber. They shut him in.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

He walked gently at once to the bed in his straightforward manner:

"I am grieved, Madame Vine—"

The words failed on his tongue. Did he think, as Joyce had once done, that it was a ghost he saw? Certain it is that his face and lips turned the hue of death and he backed a few steps from the bed, though he was as little given to show emotion as man can well be. The falling hair, the sweet mournful eyes, the hectic which his presence brought to her cheeks, told too plainly of the Lady Isabel.

"Archibald!" She put out her trembling hand; she caught him ere he had drawn quite beyond her reach He looked at her, he looked round the room, as does one awaking from a dream. "I could not die without your forgiveness," she murmured, her eyes falling before him as she thought of her past sin. "Do not turn from me; bear with me a little minute. Only say you forgive me, and I shall die in peace."

"Isabel! Are you—are you—were you—Madame Vine?" he cried, scarcely conscious of what he said.

"Oh, forgive, forgive me! I did not die. I got well from that accident, but it changed me dreadfully; nobody knew me, and I came here as Madame Vine. I could not stay away. Archibald, forgive me!"

His mind was in a whirl, his wits were scared away. The first clear thought that came thumping through his brain was that he was a man of two wives. She noticed his perplexed silence.

"I could not stay away from you and from my children. The longing for you was killing me," she reiterated, wildly, like one talking in a fever. "I never knew a moment's peace after the mad act I was guilty of—quitting you. Not an hour had I departed when my repentance set in, and even then I would have retracted and come back, but I did not know how. See what it has done for me!" tossing up her gray hair, holding out her attenuated wrists. "Oh, forgive, forgive me! My sin was great, but my punishment was greater. It has been as one long scene of mortal agony."

"Why did you go?" asked Mr. Carlyle.

"Did you not know?"

"No; it has always been a mystery to me."

"I went out of love for you."

A shade of disdain crossed his lips. Was she equivocating to him on her death-bed?

"Do not look in that way," she panted. "My strength is nearly gone—you must perceive that it is—and I do not, perhaps, express myself clearly. I loved you dearly, and I grew suspicious of you. I thought you were false and deceitful to me—that your love was all given to another—and in my sore jealousy I listened to the temptings of that bad man who whispered to me of revenge. It was not so, was it?"

Mr. Carlyle had regained his calmness—outwardly, at any rate. He stood by the side of the bed, looking down upon her, his arms crossed upon his chest and his noble form raised to its full height.

"Was it so?" she feverishly repeated.

"Can you ask it, knowing me as you did then—as you must have known me since? I never was false to you in thought, in word or in deed."

"Oh, Archibald, I was mad! I was mad! I could not have done it in anything but madness. Surely you will forget and forgive?"

"I cannot forget; I have already forgiven."

"Try and forget the dreadful time that has passed since that night," she continued, the tears falling on her cheeks as she held up to him one of her poor hot hands. "Let your thoughts go back to the days when you first knew me—when I was here, Isabel Vane, a happy girl, with my father. At times I have lost myself in a moment's happiness thinking of it. Do you remember how you grew to love me, though you thought you might not tell it me? and how gentle you were with me when papa died? and the hundred-pound note? Do you remember coming to Castle Marling and my promising to be your wife? and the first kiss you left upon my lips? And oh, Archibald, do you remember the loving days after I was your wife? How happy we were with each other! Do you remember, when Lucy was born, we thought I should have died, and your joy, your thankfulness, that God restored me? Do you remember all this?"

Ay, he did remember it. He took that poor hand into his, retaining there its wasted fingers.

"Have you any reproach to cast to me?" he gently said, bending his head a little.

"Reproach to you—to you, who must be almost without reproach in the sight of Heaven! you, who were ever loving to me, ever anxious for my welfare! When I think of what you were and are and how I requited you, I could sink into the earth with remorse and shame. My own sin I have surely expiated; I cannot expiate the shame I entailed upon you and upon our children."

Never. He felt it as keenly now as he had felt it then.

"Think what it has been for me," she resumed, and he was obliged to bend his ear to catch her gradually-weakening tones. "To live in this house with your wife, to see your love for her, to watch the envied caresses that once were mine! I never loved you so passionately as I have done since I lost you. Think what it was to watch William's decaying strength, to be alone with you in his dy-

ing-hour and not be able to say, 'He is my child as well as yours.' When he lay dead and the news went forth to the household, it was her petty grief you soothed, not mine—mine, his mother. God alone knows how I have lived through it; it has been to me as the bitterness of death."

"Why did you come back?" was the response of Mr. Carlyle.

"I have told you. I could not *live* away from you and my children."

"It was wrong—wrong in all ways."

"Wickedly wrong. You cannot think worse of it than I have done. But the consequences and the punishment would be mine alone so long as I guarded against discovery. I never thought to stop here to die, but death seems to have come upon me with a leap, as it came to my mother."

A pause of labored breathing. Mr. Carlyle did not interrupt it.

"All wrong, all wrong," she resumed, "this interview with you amongst the rest. And yet I hardly know. It cannot hurt the new ties you have formed, for I am as one dead now to this world, hovering on the brink of the next. But you *were* my husband, Archibald, and the last few days I have longed for your forgiveness with a fevered longing. Oh that the past could be blotted out! that I could wake up and find it but a hideous dream! that I were here, as in the old days, in health and happiness, your ever-loving wife! Do *you* wish it—that the dark past had never had place?"

She put the question in a sharp, eager tone, gazing up to him with an anxious gaze, as though the answer must be one of life or death.

"For your sake I wish it."

Calm enough were the words spoken, and her eyes fell again and a deep sigh came forth:

"I am going to William, but Lucy and Archibald will be left. Oh, be ever kind to them, I pray you; visit not their mother's sin upon their heads. Do not in your love for your later children lose your love for them."

"Have you seen anything in my conduct that could give rise to fear of this?" he returned, reproach mingling in his sad tone. "The children are dear to me as you once were."

"As I once was—ay; and as I might have been now."

"Indeed you might," he answered, with emotion.

"Archibald, I am on the very threshold of the next world. Will you not bless me, will you not say a word of love to me, before I pass it? Let what I am be blotted for the moment from your memory; think of me as the innocent, timid child whom you made your wife. Only a word of love! My heart is breaking for it!"

He leaned over her; he pushed aside the hair from her brow with his gentle hand, his tears dropping on her face.

"You nearly broke mine when you left me, Isabel," he whispered. "May God bless you and take you to his rest in heaven! May he so deal with me as I now fully and freely forgive you!"

Lower and lower he bent his head, until his breath nearly mingled with hers. But suddenly his face grew red with a scarlet flush, and he lifted it again. Did the form of one then in a felon's cell at Lynneborough

thrust itself before him, or that of his absent and unconscious wife?

"'To his rest in heaven,'" she murmured, in the hollow tones of the departing. "Yes, yes! I know that God has forgiven me. Oh what a struggle it has been! Nothing but bad feelings—rebellion and sorrow and repining—for a long while after I came back here; but Jesus prayed for me and helped me, and you know how merciful he is to the weary and heavy-laden. We shall meet again, Archibald, and live together for ever and for ever; but for that great hope I could hardly die. William said mamma would be on the banks of the river looking out for him, but it is William who is looking for me."

Mr. Carlyle released one of his hands—she had taken them both—and with his own handkerchief wiped the death-dew from her forehead.

"It is no sin to anticipate it, Archibald. For there will be no marrying or giving in marriage in heaven; Christ has said so, though we do not know it will be. My sin will be remembered no more there, and we shall be together with our children for ever and for ever. Keep a little corner in your heart for your poor lost Isabel."

"Yes, yes," he whispered.

"Are you leaving me?" she uttered, in a wild tone of pain.

"You are growing faint, I perceive. I must call assistance."

"Farewell, then—farewell until eternity," she sighed, the tears raining from her eyes. "It is death, I think, not faintness. Oh, but it is hard to part! Farewell, farewell, my once dear husband!"

She raised her head from the pillow, excitement giving her strength: she clung to his arm; she lifted her face in its sad yearning. Mr. Carlyle laid her tenderly down again and suffered his lips to rest upon hers.

"Until eternity," he whispered.

She then turned her face to the wall:

"It is over. Only God now."

MRS. HENRY WOOD.

ENGLISH FOOD.

WE Londoners are poisoned in the water which we drink, poisoned in the gas with which we light our houses; we are poisoned in our bread, poisoned in our milk and butter, poisoned in our beer, poisoned in the remedies for which, when these horrible compounds have produced their consequences, we in our simplicity apply to our druggists; while the druggists are in turn cheated by the swindling rogues that supply their medicines. We have escaped, some of us, out of the hands of our grocers, for in despair we have set up establishments of our own. The grocers, we perceive, threaten us with actions for conspiring to defraud them of their honest gains. There was a time when drunkenness was as rare in England as it is now in France or Spain. Eighty millions a year are now spent among us upon wine and spirits and malt liquor, five-sixths of it, perhaps, by the workingman upon stuff called beer and gin. The artisan or the journeyman, exhausted by the gas-poisoned air with which his lungs are loaded, and shrinking, when his day's work is over, from the stifling chamber which is all that society can afford as lodging for him and his family,

turns aside, as he goes home, to the pot-house or the gin-palace. His watered beer is raised to double strength again by nux vomica and *Cocculus indicus*, and salted to make his thirst insatiable. His gin is yet some viler mixture—a minimum of pure spirit seasoned with white vitriol and oil of cinnamon and cayenne. Drunk and with empty pockets, he staggers home at last to his wife, who must feed and clothe herself and him and his miserable family with the few shillings which she can rescue out of his weekly wages. She, too, often enough grows desperate, and takes to drinking also. The result is that half the children born in England die before they are five years old. It is found that the milk supplied to the London workhouses for the pauper children is shamefully watered. An honorable member speaks of it in the House of Commons as an "exposure," and calls for inquiry. Mr. Stansfield, speaking for the ministry, complains of "exposure" as too hard a word, and denies that watered milk is adulterated, because water is not a deleterious substance. It is true that pure milk is to children a necessary of life, and those who are not supplied with it die. Such a death, however, is, of course, *natural*, and the parish is relieved of the expense.

There are laws, we are told, by which the men who do these things can be punished. *Quid leges sine moribus proficiunt?* or, rather, What are laws good for without a public prosecutor to enforce them? What can we unfortunates hope for when another right honorable gentleman, whose especial business it was to look after trade and commerce, could speak almost complacently of adulteration as a natural result of competition? The collectors of our gas-rates and water-rates laugh in our faces at our feeble remonstrances. The companies are bound by their charters to filter the water and purify the gas. The collectors tell us it pays better to supply us with the present article. The shareholder prefers ten and twelve per cent. to seven. The brewing interests, the publican interests, the money-eyed interests generally, are too powerful in the House of Commons for a minister to dare to offend them. The ministers in general too faithfully represent the body which gives them their being.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

ON THE LIMITS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK VON SCHLEGEL.

THE soul needs a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment to give it strength adequate for the daily struggle in which it is involved. The energies of the mind are as completely shattered and destroyed by constant restraint as they are relaxed and enfeebled by perpetual enjoyments. To make pleasure the sole object of life is to defeat our own intention, for man exists but in accordance with the decrees of Nature, and her laws stand in constant opposition to his own desires. Life is a stern struggle between conflicting powers. Every inordinate indulgence involves a corresponding amount of suffering. Those who yield their souls captive to the brief intoxication of love, if no higher or holier feeling mingle with and consecrate their dream of bliss, will shrink trembling from the pangs that attend their waking. Others, on the contrary, who devote themselves to glorious deeds and seek enjoyment only in the intervals of more seri-

ous exertion, will have their best reward in the pure, unchanging happiness purchased by such self-denial. Pleasure, indeed, has a higher zest when spontaneous and self-created, and it rises in value in proportion to its affinity with that perfection of beauty in which moral excellence is allied to external charms. It must be a free spontaneous burst of feeling, *not* the result of certain means applied for the attainment of any particular object; for pleasure thus pursued becomes occupation rather than enjoyment. We call it desecration and pollution to employ holy things in ordinary uses. But is not the beautiful also holy? Man can by representation inform the understanding, by beauty he can improve the manners, works of art may supply material for contemplation, but the mind will gain little or nothing thereby. As all energy demands for its development a free unrestrained power of action, so the sense of beauty and its creative faculty are kindled in the soul only by the free enjoyment and habitual contemplation of its creations. This inward perception of the soul for the beautiful is far different to the superficial artistic taste which refuses to acknowledge a susceptibility to comprehend represented and ideal forms as a creative and generative faculty for art; for beauty reigns supreme not only in imitative works, but also in nature, in mankind and in love. It is easy to decide on the proper limits to be prescribed for the soul's indulgence in spiritual enjoyment—to mark where it may commence and where it ought to terminate; but it is, in truth, a delicate task to avoid transgressing those boundaries. The same may be said of the limits of each separate element of beauty. Of these there are three, which may be well regarded as the three original springs of spiritual enjoyment —nature, mankind and art, which latter in its mingled representations blends and unites them all.

The most prominent characteristic of nature is an ever-flowing and exhaustless vital energy; that of art is spiritual unity, harmony and symmetry. To attempt to deny the latter assertion and define art as nothing more than a recollection or reproduction of the highest beauties of nature strikes at the very root of its free and independent existence. Had not art a power distinct from that of nature, were it not governed by its own peculiar laws, we should be compelled to regard it as a feeble device of the ancients, a subtle contrivance by which to protract in faint reflection the declining vigor of their own natural life. Those who were not all-absorbed in the consciousness of youth and vigor would hasten eagerly in pursuit of truth, and leave the gray-headed to seek warmth from the mummy of life and the feeble-minded to revel in unsubstantial shadows. There are mistaken men who traduce Nature and falsely give her the epithet of "artistic," forgetting that, while Art is bounded on every side, Nature, on the contrary, is everywhere vast, illimitable and inexhaustible. Not only is she as a body of immeasurable extent, but every component element has in itself a twofold principle of fecundity. The universal variety of created forms is no less infinite than the ever-increasing productiveness of natural life, and every point of space, countless in number and unbounded in duration, is filled with life. Yet Art, not content to borrow all its variety from Nature, would

even rend her asunder and separate the inward vitality from the outward form. The drama and the stage alone actually unite Art and Nature, yet even here one isolated feature is forcibly severed from her overflowing abundance, and although Nature is necessarily presented to our view under two aspects which in other arts are usually divided —as, for instance, a certain fixed and regular form combined with the varying features of actual life—still this union is highly defective, and we feel the elements of which it is composed to be incongruous and imperfect. The representative portion of this plastic music is peculiarly incomplete. The ancients by their ideal masks sacrificed the life and illusion of beauty and truth; the moderns, on the contrary, sacrifice all beauty and truth both of life and of the illusion. Let us compare with this a glance at the friendly rainbow with which the Infinite, as it were, spans the heavens; or a glimpse of spring, where the full variety of life penetrates through all our senses into our inmost being; or, lastly, the spectacle of a fearful, and yet glorious, conflict wherein the abundance of man's imprisoned strength foams up and overflows in resistless destruction. Under these several aspects the human mind seems to embrace and comprehend the entire wealth of existence and of eternity, which, in close connection with the immensity of space, streams forth from the plenteous horn of undying Nature. "The world itself is ever young"—thus sings the poet of Nature—"but its transitory scenes pass swiftly by. Men come, men go, eager as in a race; each stretches forth his hand to seize the torch of life." "Fly," she seems in seductive accents to exclaim to mankind—"fly thy paltry legislations, thy miserable art, and reverently own thine allegiance to the generous and all-bounteous mother whose full breast is the source of all genuine life." There is in the human breast a fearful, unsatisfied desire to soar into infinity—a feverish longing to break through the narrow bondage of individuality—and man is often so utterly subdued by this wild longing that his very thirst for freedom makes him a prey to the overwhelming force of Nature. In savage disdain he spurns the restraint of laws and with loveless soul pollutes the glorious excellence of his being. Never were there any people more distinguished by their keen enjoyment of natural pleasures or their excess in every intellectual and mental indulgence than the Romans; never were any people more mighty in strength, more lawless, intemperate and cruel, than that nation, from the time when Brutus first stained his noble name with the guilt of assassination to the period of Nero's darker crimes. Their capacity for enjoyment and means of supplying it were so boundless that the profusion and luxury of a Roman life surpass the limits of our imagination. Even the enormity of their crimes excites a feeling of wonder, and indignation is almost absorbed in astonishment at the indomitable will, the unfettered independence, which could dare their perpetration. The history and results of such moral excesses are, however, inscribed in characters of flame on every page of their annals, and seem handed down as warnings for all coming generations. All that the earth could furnish was insufficient to appease their insatiable desires, till even Roman vigor proved unable to withstand the

constant influence of revelry and tumult, and, enervated and debased, they sank at length into total extinction.

Love is the spiritual bliss of the unfettered soul, and man is its primary object; for as no interchange of feeling can take place in one heart alone, so love cannot exist without return. It is, indeed, no vain delusion to encircle the creation with love, and thus to make it one with nature. Human instinct desires an overflow of goodness, wisdom and abundance, while reason is ever conscious of a blank, a void, extending beyond the limits of knowledge. It is by that overflowing goodness that the chasm is to be filled up; the image of a loftier being is thus presented to the mind, and we feel attracted toward the Deity as the highest symbol of unchanging and imperishable beauty. Still, even in spiritual love excess of indulgence is injurious and enervating. Faith or belief is the highest luxury of the soul, and the attainment of belief is a meet guerdon for the toil of investigation and inquiry; if enjoyed without previous labor and research, it may almost be said, like every other ill-regulated indulgence, to bring its own punishment. To seek in everything around us the reflection of our own peculiar temperament, the image of our own vain intellect and reason, is a paltry error, the vice of vulgar minds, which, though endowed with a certain flow of language, imagination and ideas, have little acute susceptibility or creative depth of soul. Such natures will also in other ordinary relations of life confound the attributes of art with those of love, yet that idea is desecration to the free-spirit feeling of the soul, which, as it admits not of being feigned, so its name cannot be justly applied to any premeditated art. Another form of spiritual lover in the mistaken hope of some incalculable advantage annihilates his individuality with unquestioning resignation, forgetting, poor man! that with substantiality he tears the very principle of love out of his bosom. Love is the interchanged bliss of noble natures and possesses in itself a quenchless spring of perfect and unbounded happiness. All mere earthly enjoyments are poor and unsatisfactory; the highest and purest too quickly vanish and depart, leaving the thorn of regret and longing more deeply implanted in the breast. We are mocked for a moment with the delusive semblance of life, but the form we clasp soon stiffens into a corpse; in vain we stretch forth our longing arms into the immensity of Nature: she is ever mute, incomprehensible, unsympathizing and unconsoling. The highest bliss of the human soul is love.

Love is in itself poor and needy; all its wealth and fulness are derived from the rich gifts of Nature. Nature, on the contrary, is in herself only the prolific source of animal life; all harmonies in her or pertaining to her—all her internal unity—she owes to love. Both these infinite faculties meet and form a new and perfect system in the glorious sphere of Art, combining, as in the crown and summit of existence, the fiat of destiny and the freedom of the human will, not piercing and rending asunder the hidden emotions of the soul, but tenderly soothing and appeasing every painful struggle. From Nature the intellect derives richness, comprehensiveness and living energy; love gives it an inward depth and harmonious unity meet for the soul of that rich life, while Art frames harmonious regulations and points out

the laws of the beautiful. The intellectual sense and the soul's inner life are combined in lofty perfection by the union of these three faculties. Singly they will produce only susceptibility, sensitiveness or strength of judgment. The deep inspiration of love and the lavish luxuriance of Nature, mutually blended and subjected to the immutable laws of art, are presented to us in the tragedies of Sophocles. Here the problem of human existence is solved, and the mind of man reposes in tranquil equanimity.

Translation of E. J. MILLINGTON.

HUMBOLDT'S KOSMOS.

FROM "LIFE OF HUMBOLDT."

IN February, 1827, Humboldt removed from Paris. He did not proceed directly to Berlin, but joined his brother's son-in-law, Count Bülow, who had just been appointed ambassador to England, on a journey to London. Humboldt's stay in England was short, for in May we find him permanently settled in Berlin. He found his brother in Berlin, for he had a residence there, as well as at Tegel, and scores of his old friends—among others, Augustus Schlegel. The king received him with open arms and conferred upon him the title of privy councillor. He might have been secretary of state, if he had chosen—indeed, there was no office too good for him—but he loved science too well to change it for politics. Never enamored of that artful but powerful goddess, who, whatever her faults, is sure in the end to reward her worshippers, he was less likely to be won by her blandishments then than at any other period of his life. He had a new and grand scheme on foot—one that he had pondered over for years. He thought of it at Paris, in his study among his books and manuscripts and in the *salons* of art and fashion among the wise and the foolish. He thought of it in Mexico as he groped his way in the darkness of the mines or wandered among the ruins of vanished nations. He thought of it in Peru, on the rugged sides of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, in the terrible pass of Quindiu, in the dense forests of the Orinoco and at Cumana among the earthquakes. He thought of it on the deck of the Pizarro in the midst of the sea, and on the crater of Teneriffe in the illimitable wilderness of air. He thought of it everywhere, by day and at night, in his waking moments and in his dreams. It was always with him. It was the one thought of his thoughts, his first and last conception, the most majestic statue of his house of life. It was *Kosmos*. "Its undefined image," he wrote in 1844, "has floated before my mind for almost half a century." All the travels that he had undertaken and all the books that he had written related to this great work. It was not as a traveller that he had crossed the sea and explored unknown lands, nor yet as a man of science, but as *the* traveller, *the* man of science. He aimed at no common fame. Indeed, he aimed at none. It was to a nobler object than "the bauble reputation" that he devoted his life: it was a thirst for knowledge, a passion for wisdom—not in one thing or many things, but in all things. To be a wise man was not enough: he would be the wisest of men. His wisdom was universal, like the universe to which it was

directed, and which he understood, if ever man did or can understand it. BAYARD TAYLOR.

LIFE.

FROM "PRINCIPLE OF POPULATION."

IT is observed by Dr. Franklin, that there is no bound to the prolific nature of plants or animals but what is made by their crowding and interfering with each other's means of subsistence. Were the face of the earth, he says, vacant of other plants, it might be gradually sowed and overspread with one kind only, as, for instance, with fennel; and were it empty of other inhabitants, it might in a few ages be replenished from one nation only, as, for instance, with Englishmen. This is incontrovertibly true. Through the animal and vegetable kingdoms nature has scattered the seeds of life abroad with the most profuse and liberal hand, but has been comparatively sparing in the room and the nourishment necessary to rear them. The germs of existence contained in this earth, if they could freely develop themselves, would fill millions of worlds in the course of a few thousand years. Necessity, that imperious, all-pervading law of nature, restrains them within the prescribed bounds. The race of plants and the race of animals shrink under this great restrictive law; and man cannot by any efforts of reason escape from it. Plants and irrational animals are all impelled by a powerful instinct to the increase of their species; and this instinct is interrupted by no doubts about providing for their offspring. Wherever, therefore, there is liberty, the power of increase is exerted; and the superabundant effects are repressed afterward by want of room and nourishment. The effects of this check on man are more complicated. Impelled to the increase of his species by an equally powerful instinct, reason interrupts his career, and asks him whether he may not bring beings into the world for whom he cannot provide the means of support. If he hear it not, the human race will be constantly endeavoring to increase beyond the means of subsistence. T. R. MALTHUS.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER is one of the greatest names in the list of modern German writers. He fills more places and acts more parts in the later history of European culture than any other German scholar, and is not without distinction in them all. Poet, dramatist, physician, historian and metaphysician, he burst upon the world in the last quarter of the eighteenth century like some celestial phenomenon too bright and rapid to promise permanence, but ensuring it by merits that transformed the coruscations into a steady and never-waning light. He was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, in Würtemberg. He studied medicine, and was appointed a surgeon in the army of Würtemberg in 1780. In 1781 he astonished the world by the publication of his drama *Die Raüber*. It was interesting and powerful, but the glamour which he throws upon the robber's profession so offended the duke of Würtemberg that he angrily told him to let such work alone and stick to his profession. Schiller did not heed this injunction, but remodelled the play to make it more effective; whereupon he was arrested and imprisoned at Stüttgart. He escaped from his confinement, and we find him for eighteen months in the service of the Mannheim theatre, writing tragedies,

adapting plays, and even then turning his attention to psychology. He gave a new impulse to the German study of Shakespeare by a spirited translation of *Macbeth*. In 1785 he was at Leipsic for a few months, and thence he went to Dresden, where he finished his tragedy of *Don Carlos* in 1786. The hero of this drama was the violent youth the son of Philip II. of Spain, whose death in prison was supposed to be at his father's instance, and whose hopeless love lends a sad romance to the history.

In 1787, Schiller was at Weimar, which was some time after that his occasional residence. There he married, and he found congenial—sometimes controversial—society; for there he found Goethe, Herder and Wieland. In 1789 appeared his *History of the Decline of the Netherlands*, and immediately after he received the flattering appointment of professor of history at the University of Jena. In 1791 he issued his *History of the Thirty Years' War*, which is considered by competent critics to be the best historical work up to that time written in Germany. The genius of study was upon him, and possessed him. He wrote upon Kant's *Critic of Pure Reason;* his pen was never at rest. He consumed the midnight oil: when absorbed in his subject, he wrote all night, and kept up his waning powers by strong stimulants which injured his health. But his greatest works were yet to come. While throwing off ballads of singular beauty from time to time, he continued his dramatic writing. In 1799 appeared that wonderful trilogy of *Wallenstein;* the three parts were *Wallenstein's Lager*, *Die Piccolomini* and *Wallenstein's Tod*, the last two of which have been liberally translated into English by Coleridge. He finally moved from Jena for a permanent residence to Weimar in 1800. There, and in rapid succession, he wrote *Maria Stuart* (the sad story of Mary Queen of Scots), *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* (Joan of Arc), *Die Braut von Messina*, and the wonderful Song of the Bell—*Das Lied von der Glocke*. In 1804 appeared his *Wilhelm Tell*. He has left, in addition to these greater works, many short historical sketches and one novel—*Der Vehrbrecher aus vorlorener Ehre*. He has been largely translated in English, and his best English biography is said to be that by Thomas Carlyle.

Schiller died at Weimar on the 9th of May, 1805.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

WHEN comes the beauteous summer-time,
And grass grows green once more,
And sparkling brooks the meadows lave
With fertilizing power;
And when the birds rejoicing sing
Their pleasant songs again,
Filling the vales and woodlands gay
With their enlivening strain,—
Go not at eve nor morn, fair maids,
Unto the mead alone
To seek the tender violets blue
And pluck them for your own;
For there a snake lies hid whose fangs
May leave untouched the heel,
But not the less—oh, not the less—
Your hearts his power shall feel.

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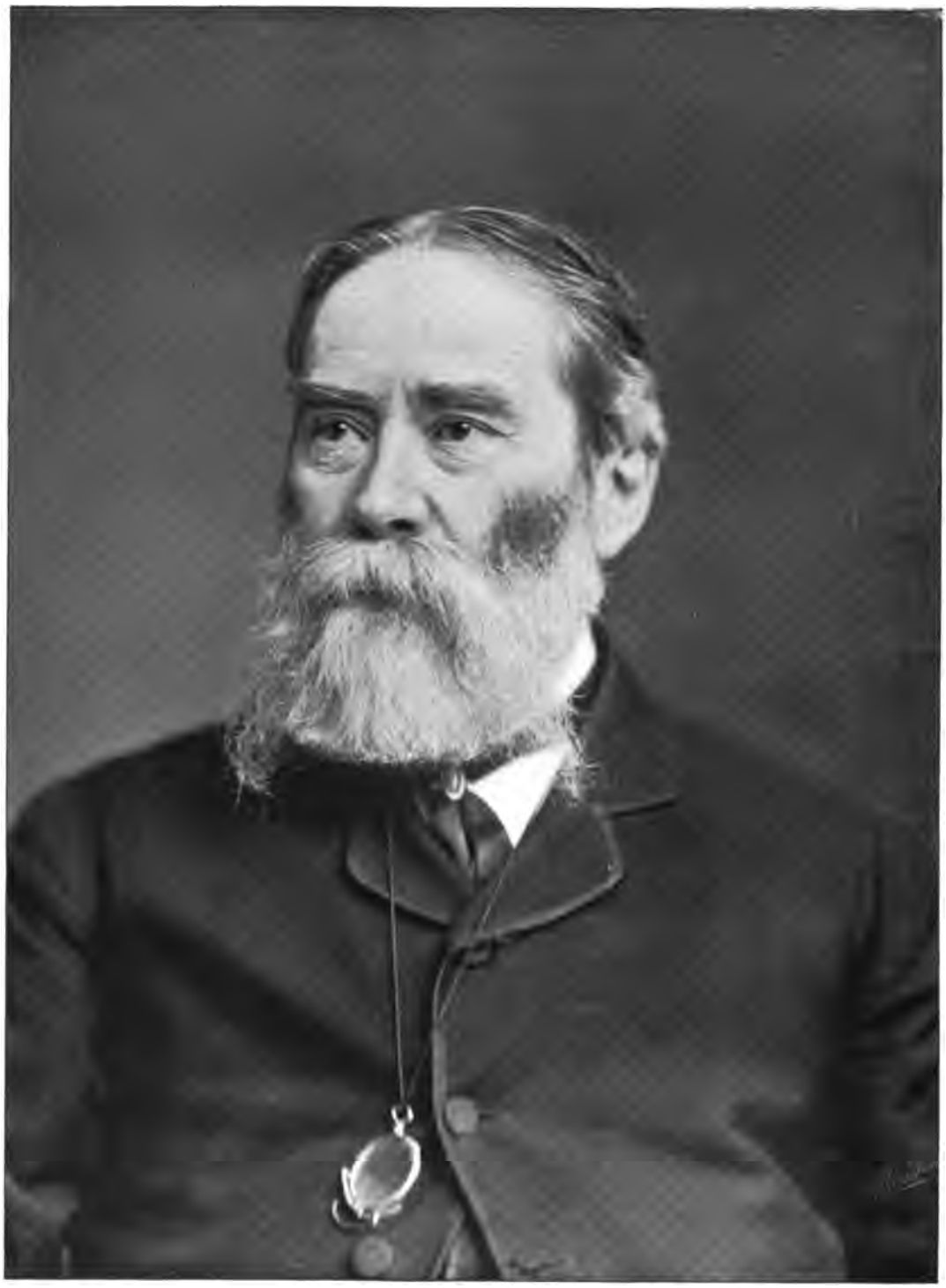


JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN the flowery meads would be;
The crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice,
Sit here and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here hear my Kenna sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest;
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus free from lawsuits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or with my Bryan and a book
Loiter long days near Shawford Brook;
There sit by him and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid "Good-morning" to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAAK WALTON.

LONGING.

OF all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful, as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glows down the wished ideal,
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real:
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal:
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving:
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons—
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE EFFECT OF LUXURY.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF SAA DE MIRANDA OF PORTUGAL.

SO rude were our forefathers in the lore
Of letters that they scarce knew how to read,

Though valiant all and virtuous; not the more
I praise their ignorance, but I would plead
For the grave manners by our sires of yore
Observed, which now their sons no longer heed.
Whence springs the change? From letters? No; from gay
And frivolous customs of the modern day.

I fear for thee, my country, and I sigh
To see thee ape the slavish climes of Ind—
To see thee lose in feeble sloth the high
Proud name thou ownest, like that conqueror blind
And madly weak who triumphed but to die:
He whom Rome's proudest generals could not bind,
Nor Trebia, Thrasimene nor Cannæ tame,
To Capua's vices yielded up his fame.

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

SONNET.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF SAA DE MIRANDA OF PORTUGAL.

I KNOW not, lady, by what nameless charm
Those looks, that voice, that smile, have each the power
Of kindling loftier thoughts, and feelings more
Resolved and high. Even in your silence warm
Soft accents seem my sorrows to disarm;
And when with tears your absence I deplore,
Where'er I turn, your influence, as before,
Pursues me in your voice, your eye, your form.
Whence are those mild and mournful sounds I hear
Through every land and on the pathless sea?
Is it some spirit of air or fire from thee,
Subject to laws I move by and revere,
Which, lighted by thy glance, can ne'er decay?
But what, I know not: why attempt to say?

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DON FRANCISCO QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS.*

STRANGER, 'tis vain! 'Midst Rome thou seekest for Rome
In vain. Thy foot is on her throne—her grave;
Her walls are dust; Time's conquering banners wave
O'er all her hills—hills which themselves entomb.
Yea, the proud Aventine is its own womb,
The royal Palatine is Ruin's slave,
And medals, mouldering trophies of the brave,
Mark but the triumphs of oblivion's gloom.
Tiber alone endures, whose ancient tide
Worshipped the queen of cities on her throne,
And now, as round her sepulchre, complains.
O Rome! the steadfast grandeur of thy pride
And beauty all is fled, and that alone
Which seemed so fleet and fugitive remains.

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

* Born at Madrid, A. D. 1580.

AN EPISODE OF LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

FROM "THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION."

I.

AGNES stood up before Arbuthnot and spoke to him.

"I wish to hear the story very much," she said, with a thrill of appeal in her sweet voice. "I wish you to tell it to me. You will tell it as —as we should hear it."

"The person who could tell it as you ought to hear it is the young woman who waylaid me with tears near Lafayette Park about half an hour ago. She is a very young woman—in fact, an infant who is legally united in marriage to another infant who has been in the employ of the government in the building I adorn with my presence. Why they felt it incumbent upon themselves to marry on an income of seventy-five dollars a month they do not explain in any manner at all satisfactory to the worldly mind. They did so, however, and lived together for several months in what is described as a state of bliss. They had two small rooms, and the female infant wore calico gowns, and did her own ridiculous, sordid, inferior housework, and rejoiced in the society of the male infant when a grateful nation released him from his daily labors."

Agnes quietly slipped into the chair he had first placed for her. She did it with a gentle, yielding movement, to which he was so little blind that he paused a second and looked at the fire, and made a point of resuming his story with a lighter air than before.

"They could not have been either happy or content under such absurd circumstances," he said, "but they thought they were. I used to see the male infant beaming over his labors in a manner to infuriate you. His wife used to come down to bear him from the office to the two rooms in a sort of triumphal procession. She had round eyes, and dimples in her cheeks, and a little round head with curls. Her husband, whose tastes were simple, regarded her as a beauty, and was given to confiding his opinion of her to his fellow-clerks. There was no objection to him but his youth and innocence. I am told he worked with undue enthusiasm in the hope of keeping his position, or even getting a better one, and had guileless, frenzied dreams of being able in the course of the ensuing century to purchase a small house 'on time.' I don't ask you to believe me when I tell you that the pair actually had such a house in their imbecile young minds, and had saved out of their starvation income a few dollars toward making their first payment on it. I didn't believe the man who told me, and I assure you he is a far more reliable fellow than I am." He paused a second more. Was it possible that he found himself obliged to do so? "They said," he added—"they said they 'wanted a home.'"

He heard a soft little sound at his side—a soft, emotional little sound. It came from Mrs. Sylvestre. She sat with her slender hands clasped upon her knee, and as the little sound broke from her lips she clasped them more closely.

"Ah!" she said. "Ah! poor children!"

Arbuthnot went on:

"Ought I to blush to admit that I watched these two young candidates for Saint Elizabeth and the poorhouse with interest? They assisted me to beguile away some weary hours in speculation. I wondered when they would begin to be tired of each other, when they would find out their mistake and loathe the paltriness of their surroundings, when the female infant would discover that her dimples might have been better invested and that calico gowns were unworthy of her charms. I *do* blush to confess that I scraped an acquaintance with the male infant with a view to drawing forth his views on matrimony and life as a whole. He had been wont to smoke inferior cigarettes in the days of his gay and untrammelled bachelorhood, but had given up the luxurious habit on engaging himself to the object of his affections. He remarked to me that 'a man ought to have principle enough to deny himself things when he had something to deny himself for; and when a man had a wife and a home, he *had* something to deny himself for; and if he was a man, he'd do it.' He was very ingenuous and very fond of enlarging confidingly upon domestic topics and virtues and joys, and, being encouraged, could be relied upon so to enlarge—always innocently and with inoffensive, youthful enthusiasm—until deftly headed off by the soulless worldling. I gave him cigars and an order of attention which seemed to please him. He remarked to his fellow-clerks that I was a man who had 'principles' and 'feelings;' consequently, I felt grateful to him. He had great confidence in 'principles.' The bold thought had presented itself to him that if we were more governed by 'principles' as a nation we should thrive better and there would be less difficulty in steering the ship of state, but he advanced the opinion hesitantly, as fearing injustice to his country in the suggestion."

"You are making him very attractive," said Mrs. Merriam. "There is something touching about it all."

"He was attractive to me," returned Laurence, "and he was touching at times. He was crude and by no means brilliant, but there wasn't an evil spot in him, and his beliefs were of a strength and magnitude to bring a blush to the cheek of the most hardened. He recalled the dreams of youth, and even in his most unintelligently ardent moments appealed to one. Taking all these things into consideration, you will probably see that it was likely to be something of a blow to him to find himself suddenly thrown out upon the world without any resource whatever."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Sylvestre, earnestly. "Surely you are not going to tell us—"

"That he has lost his office?" said Laurence. "Yes. Thrown out. Reason: place wanted for some one else. I shouldn't call it a good reason myself. I find others who would not call it a good reason. But what are you going to do?"

"What did he do?" asked Agnes.

"He came into my room one day," answered Laurence, "just as I was leaving it.

He was white, and his lips trembled in a boyish way that struck me at the moment as being rather awful. He looked as if he had been knocked down. He said to me, 'Mr. Arbuthnot, I've lost my place,' and then, after staring at me a few seconds, he added, 'Mr. Arbuthnot, what would you do?'"

"It is very cruel," said Agnes. "It is very hard."

"It is as cruel as death," said Arbuthnot; "it is as hard as life. That such a thing is possible—that the bread and home and hopes of any honest human creature should be used as the small change of power above him, and trafficked with to sustain that power and fix it in its place to make the most of itself and its greed—is the burning shame and burden which is slung around our necks and will keep us from standing with heads erect until we are lightened of it."

He discovered that he was in earnest, and recklessly allowed himself to continue in earnest until he had said his say. He knew the self-indulgence was indiscreet, and felt the indiscretion all the more when he ended and found himself confronted by Mrs. Sylvestre's eyes. They were fixed upon him, and wore an expression he had never had the pleasure of seeing in them before. It was an expression full of charming emotion, and the color was coming and going in her cheek.

"Go on," she said, rather tremulously, "if you please."

"I did not go on," he replied; "I regret to say I couldn't. I was unable to tell him what I should do."

"But you tried to comfort him?" said Agnes. "I am sure you did what you could."

"It was very little," said Laurence. "I let him talk, and led him on a little to—Well, to talking about his wife. It seemed the only thing at the moment. I found it possible to recall to his mind one or two things he had told me of her—probably doing it in a most inefficient manner; but he appeared to appreciate the effort. The idea presented itself to me that it would be well to brace him up and give him a less deathly look before he went home to her, as she was not very well, and a childish creature at best. I probably encouraged him unduly, but I had an absurd sense of being somehow responsible for the preservation of the two rooms and the peace of mind of the female infant, and the truth is I have felt it ever since, and so has she." He was extremely conscious of Mrs. Sylvestre's soft and earnest eyes. "That was the reason she called to see me to-night, and, finding I had just left the house, followed me. Tom is ill: his name is Tom Bosworth. It is nearly two months since he lost his place, and he has walked himself to a shadow in making efforts to gain another. He has written letters and presented letters; he has stood outside doors until he was faint with hunger; he has interviewed members of Congress, senators, heads of departments, officials great and small. He has hoped and longed and waited and taken buffetings meekly. He is not a strong fellow, and it has broken him up. He has had several chills and is thin and nervous and excitable. Kitty—his wife's name is Kitty—is pale and thin too. She has lost her dimples, and her eyes look like a sad little owl's and always have tears in them, which she manages to keep from falling so long as Tom is within sight. To-

night she wanted to ask me if I knew any ladies who would give her sewing. She thinks she might sew until Tom gets a place again."

"I will give her sewing," exclaimed Agnes. "I can do something for them if they will let me. Oh, I am very glad that I can!"

"I felt sure you would be," said Arbuthnot. "I thought of you at once, and wished you could see her as I saw her."

She answered him a little hurriedly, and he wondered why her voice faltered.

"I will see her to-morrow," she said, "if you will give me the address."

"I have naturally wondered if it was possible that anything could be done for the husband," he said. "If you could use your influence in any way— You see how inevitably we come to that; it always becomes a question of influence. Our very charities are of the nature of schemes; it is in the air we breathe."

"I will do what I can," she replied. "I will do anything—anything you think would be best."

Mrs. Merriam checked herself on the very verge of looking up, but, though by an effort she confined herself to apparently giving all her attention to her knitting-needles for a few moments, she lost the effect of neither words nor voice. "No," she made mental comment, "it was *not* malaria."

Arbuthnot had never passed such an evening in the house as this one proved to be, and he had spent many agreeable evenings there. To-night there was a difference; some barrier had melted or suddenly broken down. Mrs. Sylvestre was more beautiful than he had ever seen her; it thrilled his very soul to hear her speak to him and to look at her. While still entirely ignorant of the cause of her displeasure against him, he knew that it was removed—that in some mysterious way she had recognized the injustice of it and was impelled by a sweet, generous penitence to endeavor to make atonement. There was something almost like the humility of appeal in her voice and eyes. She did not leave him to Mrs. Merriam, but talked to him herself. When he went away, after he had left her at the parlor door, she lingered a moment upon the threshold, then crossed it and followed him into the hall. They had been speaking of the Bosworths, and he fancied she was going to ask some last question. But she did not; she simply paused a short distance from where he stood and looked at him. He had often observed it in her that she possessed the inestimable gift of being able to stand still and remain silent with perfect grace in such a manner that speech and movement seemed unnecessary, but he felt that she had something to say now and scarcely knew how best to say it, and it occurred to him that he might perhaps help her.

"You are very much better than you were when I came in," he said.

She put out her hand with a gentle, almost grateful, gesture.

"Yes, I am much better," she said. "I was not well—or happy. I thought that I had met with a misfortune, but it was a mistake."

"I am glad it was a mistake," he answered. "I hope such things will always prove so;" and, a quick flush rising to his face, he bent and touched with his lips the slim white fingers lying upon his palm.

The flush had not died away when he found

himself in the street; he felt its glow with a sense of anger and impatience.

"I might have known better than to do such a thing," he said. "I *did* know better. I am a fool yet, it seems—a fool!"

But, notwithstanding this, the evening was a landmark. From that time forward Mrs. Merriam looked upon the intimacy with renewed interest. She found Agnes very attractive in the new attitude she assumed toward their acquaintance. She indulged no longer in her old habit of depreciating him delicately when she spoke of him, which was rarely; her tone suggested to her relative that she was desirous of atoning to herself for her past coldness and injustice. There was a delicious hint of this in her manner toward him, quiet as it was; once or twice Mrs. Merriam had seen her defer to him and display a disposition to adapt herself to his opinion which caused a smile to flicker across her discreet countenance. Their mutual interest in their *protégés* was a tie between them, and developed a degree of intimacy which had never before existed.

The day after hearing their story Agnes had paid the young people a visit. The two rooms in the third story of a boarding-house presented their modest household goods to her very touchingly. The very bridal newness of the cheap furniture struck her as being pathetic, and the unsophisticated adornments in the form of chromos and bright tidies—the last, Kitty's own handiwork—expressed to her mind their innocent sentiment. Kitty looked new herself as she sat sewing in a little rocking-chair drawn near to the sofa on which Tom lay, flushed and bright-eyed after his chill, but there were premonitory signs of wear on her pretty, childish face. She rose, evidently terribly nervous and very much frightened at the prospect of receiving her visitor, when Mrs. Sylvestre entered, and, though reassured somewhat by the mention of Arbuthnot's name, glanced timorously at Tom in appeal for assistance from him.

Tom gave it; his ingenuous mind knew very little fear. He tried to stagger to his feet smiling, but was so dizzy that he made an ignominious failure, and sat down again at Agnes's earnest request.

"Thank you," he said; "I will, if you don't mind. It's one of my bad days, and the fever makes my head go round.—Don't look so down-hearted, Kitty; Mrs. Sylvestre knows chills don't count for much.—You see," he said to Agnes, with an effort at buoyancy of manner, "they knock a man over a little, and it frightens her."

Agnes took a seat beside the little rocking-chair, and there was something in the very gentleness of her movements which somewhat calmed Kitty's tremor.

II.

When Mrs. Sylvestre went away, she left hope and comfort behind her. Kitty followed her into the passage with new light in her eyes.

"If I have the sewing," she said, clasping her hands, "it will be such a load off Tom's mind to know that we have a little money that he will get better. And he knows I like sewing, so perhaps he will not mind it so much. I am so thankful to you! If Tom will only get well!" she exclaimed, in a broken whisper—"if Tom will only get well!" and suddenly, in response to some look on Agnes's face and a quick caressing gesture, she leaned forward and was folded in her arms.

It is very natural to most women to resort to the simple feminine device of tears, but it was not often Mrs. Sylvestre so indulged herself, and there were tears in her eyes, and in her voice too, as she held the gentle, childish creature to her breast. She had felt a great deal during the last twenty-four hours, and the momentary display of emotion was a relief to her.

"He will get better," she said, with almost maternal tenderness, "and you must help him by taking care of yourself and giving him no cause for anxiety. You must let me help to take care of you. We will do all we can;" and there was something akin to fresh relief to her in the mere use of the little word "we."

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

SCHAH-NAMAH.*

THIS poem consists of sixty thousand couplets on all the heroes and kings of Persia. The first half, which can alone be considered as possessing an epic character, describes the ancient war between Afrasiab, king of Transoxian Tartary, and Caikhosru, who is known to us under the name of Cyrus. The hero of the poem is Rustem, the Hercules of Persia.

SELECTION FROM THE PERSIAN OF FERDUZI.

Behold! how the fields glitter with the red and the yellow rays! What noble heart of man would not beat with joy? How beautiful are the stars! How sweetly does the water murmur! Is not this the garden of an emperor's palace? The colors of the earth are varied like the tapestry of the kings of Ormuz; the air is perfumed with musk; and the waters of the brooks, are not they the essence of roses? This jasmine bending under the weight of its flowers, this thicket of roses shedding their perfume, seem like the divinities of the garden. The pheasant majestically advances, proud of its beautiful plumage, while the turtledove and the nightingale tremblingly descend upon the lower branches of the cypress. As far as the eye can stretch along the stream a paradise blooms around. The plains and the hills, are they not covered with young girls more beautiful than the angels? Wherever Menischeh, the daughter of Afrasiab, appears, we find men happy. It is she who makes the garden as brilliant as the sun; the daughter of an august monarch, is she not a new star? It is she who has shed her riches and her splendor over this valley; she is the brilliant star that rises over the rose and the jasmine. Peerless beauty! Her features are veiled, but the elegance of her figure rivals the cypress. Her breath spreads the perfume of amber around her; upon her cheeks reposes the rose. How languishing are her eyes! Her lips have stolen their color from the finest wines, but their odor is like the essence of roses. Thanks be to God that we have been enabled to reach this blessed place, and that our journey was but of a day's length!"

From the Latin translation of FREDERICK WILKEN.

* Ferduzi, the author of the "Schah-Namah," died in the year of the Hegira 411, or A. D. 1019.

HOW TO LIVE.

FOR the form and beauty of the body, which mankind generally is fond enough of, and which must be acknow-

ledged to be a natural endowment and blessing of God—a thing desirable, which all men take complacency in, which renders persons gracious and acceptable in the eyes of others, of which yet we do not observe that brute beasts take any notice at all—of this I shall observe: that outward beauty is a sign of inward, and that handsome persons are naturally well inclined till they do either debauch themselves or are corrupted by others, and then with their manners they mar their beauty too.

No better cosmetics than a serene temperance and purity, a real and unaffected modesty and humility, a gracious temper and calmness of spirit, a sincere and universal charity; no true beauty without the signatures of these graces in the very countenance. They, therefore, who through the contrary vices do deface and blot out this natural character and impress and do violence to their own inclinations, that sacrifice this jewel to their lusts, that reject this gift of God and undervalue the favor of man, aggravate their sin and misery.

So use the body as to preserve the health and vigor, and consequently produce the life of it. These are things that all men covet. No more effectual means for the maintenance and preservation of them than a regular and virtuous life. That health is impaired by vice daily experience sufficiently evinceth; I need not spend time to prove what no man doth or can deny. And, as for length of days, we find by the same experience that intemperate and disorderly persons are, for the most part, short-lived. Moreover, immoderate cares and anxiety are observed suddenly to bring gray hairs upon men, which are usually the signs and forerunners of death. And, therefore, the way to live long must needs be in all points to use our bodies so as is most agreeable to the rules of temperance and purity and right reason. Every violence offered to it weakens and impairs it and renders it less durable and lasting. One means there is which physicians take notice of as very effectual for the preservation of health which I cannot here omit—that is, a quiet and cheerful mind not afflicted with violent passions or distracted with immoderate cares; for these have a great and ill influence upon the body. Now, how a man can have a quiet and cheerful mind under a great burthen and load of guilt I know not, unless he be very ignorant or have a seared conscience. It concerns us, therefore, even upon this account, to be careful of our conversation, and to keep our consciences void of offence both toward God and toward men.

JOHN RAY.

THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANCOIS AUGUSTE CHATEAUBRIAND.

WE arrived at the brink of the cataract, which had before announced itself by a terrible roar. It is formed by the river Niagara, which unites Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The height of the fall is one hundred and forty-four feet; from Lake Erie to the precipice the descent is quite rapid, and at the moment of the fall it is less a river than a sea whose whelming torrents press together as if into the hungry mouth of a great gulf. The cataract is divided into two branches, and is bent like a horseshoe. Between the two falls is a small island, which

hangs with all its trees over the chaos of waters. The volume of the river which is precipitated at the south is rounded into a vast cylinder, and then unrolls itself into a sheet of snow shining in the sunlight with every variety of color. That which falls at the east descends in a frightful shadow; one might fancy a column of water from the ancient deluge. A thousand rainbows curve and mingle in the abyss. The wave, as it strikes the quivering rock, is thrown back in whirlwinds of foam, which rise higher than the forest, like the smoke of a vast furnace. Pines, chestnuts, rocks cut into fantastic forms, are the decorations of the scene. Eagles borne along by the current of air descend whirling into the bottom of the gulf, where also are often found the broken carcases of elks and bears.

Translated from "LE GENIE DU CHRISTIANISME."

THE GUZ COULI, OR MAIDEN'S TOWER.*

"A fairy-fortress girdled by the sea,
Rock-seated and alone, whose single tower
Was mirrored in the waves, and from whose heights
The eye glanced round on two fair cities spread
Along still fairer shores."

THE peculiar position of the "Guz Couli, or Maiden's Tower," has rendered it a very striking object in several of the sketches of Mr. Bartlett; it is, indeed, so essentially one of the "beauties of the Bosphorus" that it could not fail to create its own interest even were it without its peculiar record; but such is far from being the case. The *massaldjes* love to tell the tale of the fair and high-born girl who died, Cleopatra-like, from the bite of an adder, within its walls; the poets love to sing the adventures of the Persian prince who delivered the imprisoned beauty on a night of storm when there was no telltale moon to reveal the enterprise to jealous guards and watchful eunuchs, and when the wild waves of the Propontis were lashing themselves to foam against the rocky shores of Asia, while the hoarse gusts which swept down from the Black Sea, driving the current of the Bosphorus madly before them, swelled the midnight diapason and were sweeter than the voice of the bûlbûl of Nishapor in the ears of the lovers.

But neither has the sober historian passed it by, and, pretty and fanciful as may be the fables which we have quoted, we are bound in our turn to treat the subject more gravely, and to admit that the island-fortress owed its erection to a more rational impulse than obedience to a wild dream or the desire to counteract a still wilder prophecy.

The square tower now known as the Guz Couli was, it is stated, originally built by the emperor Manuel for the purpose of communicating with the point of coast occupied by the Seraï Bournou by means of an iron chain, which on the approach of a hostile fleet was drawn across the whole mouth of the strait, protecting both the harbor and the channel from the occupancy of the intruders. No other trace of this ingenious expedient now remains, however, and the historian is consequently as traditional as the poet; nor do the Turks appear to be at all aware that the Guz Couli was ever appropriated to such a use —to them it is now a plague-hospital, and nothing more—while many European travellers, full of old associations, combine the pe-

culiar situation of the castle with memories of Hero, Leander and the Hellespont, and, confirmed in their error by its modern appellation of Guz Couli, without hesitation christen it "Leander's Tower." By whatever name it may be called, it is a very pleasing object from both shores, and stands amid the waves like the guardian of the strait.

MISS JULIA PARDOE.

DAVID HUME.

FROM "ENGLISH LITERATURE CONSIDERED AS AN INTERPRETER OF ENGLISH HISTORY."

HUME was born in Edinburgh on the 26th of April, (o. s.) 1711. His life was without many vicissitudes of interest, but his efforts to achieve an enduring reputation on the most solid grounds mark him as a notable example of patient industry, study and economy. He led a studious, systematic and consistent life.

Although of good family—being a descendant of the earl of Home—he was in poor circumstances, and after some study of the law and some unsuccessful literary ventures he was obliged to seek employment as a means of livelihood. Thus he became tutor or keeper to the young marquis of Annandale, who was insane. Abandoning this position in disgust, he was appointed secretary to General St. Clair in various embassies—to Paris, Vienna and Turin, everywhere hoarding his pay until he became independent, "though," he says, "most of my friends were inclined to smile when I said so; in short, I was master of a thousand pounds." His earliest work was a *Treatise on Human Nature*, published in 1738, which met with no success. Nothing discouraged thereat, in 1741 he issued a volume of *Essays Moral and Political*, the success of which emboldened him to publish, in 1748, his *Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding*. These and other works were preparing his pen for its greater task, the material for which he was soon to find. In 1752 he was appointed librarian to the faculty of advocates—not for the emolument, but with the real purpose of having entire control of the books and material in the library; and then he determined to write the *History of England*. The Tory character of this work is very decided; he not only sheds a generous tear for the fate of Charles I., but conceals or glosses the villanies of Stuarts far worse than Charles. The liberties of England consist in his eyes of wise concessions made by the sovereign, rather than as the inalienable birthright of the Englishman.

Hume is rather a collector of facts than a skilful diviner with them. His style is sonorous and fluent, but not idiomatic. Dr. Johnson said, "His style is not English; the structure of his sentences is French"—an opinion concurred in by the eminent critic Lord Jeffrey. But, whatever the criticism, the *History* of Hume is a great work. He did what was never done before. For a long time his work stood alone, and even now it has the charm of a clear, connected narrative which is still largely consulted by many who are forewarned of its errors and faults. And, however unidiomatic his style, it is very graceful and flowing, and lends a peculiar charm to his narrative.

Hume's death occurred on the 25th of August, 1776.

HENRY COPPEE, LL.D.

"GAVE ME THE SOLACE OF A PLEASANT CHILD."

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift my precious flower was given,
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter musically sweet
How soon the waking babe would meet my kiss,
With outstretched arms its care-wrought father greet!
Oh, in the desert what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart—
A few short months else toilsome all, and sad;
But that home-solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying—
The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night;
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
But gradual faded from our love away,
As if still secret dews its life that cherished
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly he sued me for his own;
So beautiful he made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done.

And daily to my board at noon and even
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on death without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid
So very sweet at times our converse seemed
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made:
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished,
And I too loved erewhile at times to stand

Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew that, to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest,
And, to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in and nestled in his breast.

'Twas a fair sight, the snow-pale infant sleeping
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild,
Watch o'er his closèd eyes their bright eyes keeping:
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child.

Still as he sickened seemed the doves too dwining,
Forsook their food and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding
As with a human sorrow in its coo;
To my dear child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained—and parted too.

'Twas my first hansel and propine to Heaven,
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious his comforts—once an infant given,
And offered with two turtle-doves to God.

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hamè
By aunty or cousin or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed:
Nane covers his cauld back or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But mornin' brings clutches a' reckless an' stern
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

Yon sister that sang o'er his saftly-rocked bed
Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in yon hour o' his birth
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn.

Oh, speak him na harshly: he trembles the while
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn.

WILLIAM THOM.

BABY LOUISE.

I'M in love with you, Baby Louise,
With your silken hair and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies—
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise—
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair—
With a pretty innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
Why, you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight to hear the words said,
"I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And you've gone to sleep like a weary flower,
Ungrateful Baby Louise!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

I.

WISE of heart and cunning of hand,
The master-builder wrought and planned;
Many fair houses builded he
That should still be stout and strong,
Standing after centuries long
Amidst the men that then should be.

The master-builder wrought and planned
Till he grew famous in the land,
And the high nobles on him wait;
He built them houses great and fair,
With spacious courts and carvings rare,
And turrets high and halls of state.

And when to God a house he made,
The master-builder wrought and prayed;
Before they set a single stone
Master and men to church repair,
To begin their work with prayer
To Him who giveth strength alone.

Then rose apace the holy pile,
Wall and buttress and pillared aisle,
Under the master's watchful eye;
But the chisel drove and the mallet fell,
And the busy trowel plied as well,
To work his will when he was not nigh.

And twice in every year, at least,
He called his workmen to a feast;
  Freely they quaffed his ripe brown ale,
Freely they strove at stone or sing,
Or who the bravest song should ring,
  Or who should tell the merriest tale.

The master's daughter—his one child—
Sat at her father's board and smiled
  On him who held the highest place;
And so bold Robert, year by year,
Kept his seat the maiden near,
  For the best craftsman claimed the grace.

On the morrow of such an eve,
Ready as if to take his leave,
  Robert before the master stood;
With downcast eyes his cap he doffed,
He craved to speak, yet stammered oft;
  The master marvelled at his mood.

Robert, so frank and free of speech—
What doth his tongue confusion teach?
  But more the master marvelled yet
When the youth, catching sudden breath,
Crushing his cap the mean while, saith,
  "I love your daughter Margaret."—

"Ay, faith! And is the maiden told?
Young man, I think thee over-bold."—
  "I told her not," the youth replies.—
  "Thou from my service must depart:
Thou shalt not trouble the maiden's heart,"
  The master answered, calm and wise.

Then said the youth, "I mean it so;
Ready am I this hour to go.
  I only came 'Farewell' to say."
He strove to carry it with pride.
"Good master, fare thee well," he cried;
  "I may come back another day.

"And this is all I ask of thee:
If maiden Margaret still be free
  And I return a richer man,
And she, no more above my state,
May wed me as an equal mate,
  That I may win her if I can."

II.

BRAVE ROBERT journeyed many a day;
To foreign parts he held his way;
  He took the humblest task that came,
Upon the humblest food he fared,
And oft the beggar's straw he shared,
  Travelling to cities great of fame.

And where the noblest works were wrought
The masters of his craft he sought,
  And there to try his skill would crave;
And when beneath his hands the stone
Grew fairer than their thought had known.
  To him the foremost rank they gave.

And where the lofty churches stood
Open, inviting all who would,
  Passing to work, he stopped to pray—
So early, he was oft alone
With the sweet angels carved in stone,
  And teachers to the youth were they.

And not one day did he forget
To think of his fair Margaret
  Such thoughts as guardian saint might claim,
And every night, before he slept,
His waking thoughts for her he kept,
  And through his dreams he breathed her name.

III.

THE master, chief of all the guild,
A noble minster now doth build,
  Fair as any the sun shall see,

And much he lacked a skilful hand
The thing to work that he had planned.
"If Robert were but here!" thought he.

Where our hearts have open door
Thoughts, like heralds, go before
And bid our friends our coming hail.
The master's thoughts on Robert ran,
And there before him stood the man:
He deemed his eyes began to fail.

Yes, it was Robert, he could see,
But travel-soiled and worn was he;
He was no richer man, 'twas plain:
His cheek, once, like the apple-skin,
Ruddy and smooth, was dark and thin.
"Master," he said, "I've come again."

A welcome to his native land
The master gave, and wrung his hand,
But naught how he had fared did ask.
As but a night had come between
Since he the master's face had seen,
The morrow saw him at his task.

Unto his care the master gave
Twin pillars for the lofty nave,
By the high altar's hallowed space,
These to work in every part,
With the excess of lavish art,
With wreath and scroll and cherub-face.

Beneath his hand the flowers grew
As fair as those that feed on dew,
In wreaths around the pillars thrown,
And fairer than the master's thought
Were the rich traceries he wrought,
And the sweet angels carved in stone.

And every face that there was set
Wore some sweet look of Margaret,
In pity, love and sanctity.
As 'neath the finished work they stand
The master grasped brave Robert's hand;
"Thou art the richer man," said he.

Thus did the good old master hold
His noble craft more dear than gold,
And maiden Margaret's heart was free.

ISA CRAIG.

THE DEATH OF ZERBINO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF LODOVICO ARIOSTO.

Zerbino, the generous son of the king of Scotland, had collected together the arms which Orlando in his madness had left scattered in the field. He formed them into a trophy, to be preserved for the paladin when he should be restored to reason,-and was soon called on to defend them, as the Moor, Mandricardo, had possessed himself of Durandal, the famous sword of Orlando. But in his combat with this cruel enemy the arms were too unequal: those of Mandricardo were charmed, and the armor of Zerbino was shattered by every stroke of the terrible Durandal. The two damsels who follow the warriors prevail on them at length to suspend their combat and to separate, but Zerbino's wounds were too deep to be staunched. In the midst of the forest, alone with Isabel, his love, his blood flows fast, his anguish increases and life ebbs away.

FOR to leave Durindana such misdeed
To him appeared, it past all other woes,
Though he could hardly sit upon his steed
Through mighty loss of life-blood, which yet flows.
Now, when his anger and his heat secede
After short interval, his anguish grows—
His anguish grows with such impetuous pains
He feels that life is ebbing from his veins.

For weakness can the prince no farther hie,
And so beside a fount is forced to stay;

Him to assist the pitying maid would try,
But knows not what to do nor what to say.
For lack of comfort she beholds him die,
Since every city is too far away
Where in this need she could resort to leech
Whose succor she might purchase or beseech.

She, blaming Fortune and the cruel sky,
Can only utter fond complaints and vain.
"Why sank I not in ocean," was her cry,
"When first I reared my sail upon the main?"
Zerbino, who on her his languid eye
Had fixt, as she bemoaned her, felt more pain
Than that enduring and strong anguish bred
Through which the suffering youth was well-nigh dead.

"So be thou pleased, my heart," Zerbino cried,
"To love me yet when I am dead and gone,
As to abandon thee without a guide,
And not to die, distresses me alone;
For did it me in place secure betide
To end my days, this earthly journey done,
I cheerful and content and fully blest
Would die, since I should die upon thy breast.

"But since to abandon thee—to whom a prize
I know not—my sad fate compels, I swear,
My Isabella, by that mouth, those eyes,
By what enchained me first, that lovely hair.

My spirit troubled and despairing hies
Into hell's deep and gloomy bottom, where
To think thou wert abandoned so by me
Of all its woes the heaviest pain will be."

At this the sorrowing Isabel, declining
Her mournful face, which with her tears o'erflows,
Toward the sufferer, and her mouth conjoining
To her Zerbino's, languid as a rose—
Rose gathered out of season, and which, pining,
Fades where it on the shadowy hedgerow grows—
Exclaims, "Without me think not so, my heart,
On this your last, long journey to depart.

"Of this, my heart. conceive not any fear,
For I will follow thee to heaven or hell:
It fits our souls together quit this sphere,
Together go, for aye together dwell.
No sooner closed thine eyelids shall appear
Than either me internal grief will quell,
Or, has it not such power, I here protest,
I with this sword to-day will pierce my breast.

"I of our bodies cherish hope not light
That they shall have a happier fate when dead:
Together to entomb them may some wight,
Haply by pity moved, be hither led."
She the poor remnants of his vital sprite
Went on collecting as these words she said,
And, while yet aught remains, with mournful lips
The last faint breath of life devoutly sips.

'Twas here his feeble voice Zerbino manned
Crying, "My deity, I beg and pray,
By that love witnessed when thy father's land
Thou quittedst for my sake—and, if I may
In anything command thee, I command—
That with God's pleasure thou live out thy day,
Nor ever banish from thy memory
That well as man can love have I loved thee.

"God haply will provide thee with good aid
To free thee from each churlish deed I fear:
As when in the dark cavern thou wast stayed
He sent to rescue thee Anglante's peer,
So he, grammercy, succored thee dismayed
At sea and from the wicked Biscayneer.
And if thou must choose death in place of worse,
Then only choose it as a lesser curse."

I think not these last words of Scotland's knight
Were so exprest that he was understood;
With these he finished like a feeble light
Which needs supply of wax or other food.
Who is there that has power to tell aright
The gentle Isabella's doleful mood
When stiff her loved Zerbino, with pale face
And cold as ice, remained in her embrace?

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

HIS LOVE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DON PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

IN gallant mood I sought my sister's bower,
And saw with her and with her ladies there
My Anna in a garden of the Loves,
Presiding over every common flower,
A fragrant rose and fair.
Or rather, not to do her beauty wrong,
I saw a star on beds of roses glowing;
Or 'midst the stars the star of morning young
May better tell my love's bright deity;
Or, on the morning stars its light bestowing,
I saw a dazzling sun; or in the sky,
'Midst many brilliant suns of rivalry,
I saw her shine with such a peerless ray
That heaven was filled with that one glorious day.

But when she spoke, then was my soul entranced:
Eyes, ears and every sense in rapture danced;
The miracle of nature stood confessed,
Fair Modesty in modest beauty dressed.
It could not last: she bade farewell!
But was that evening transient as a dream?
Ask Love, and he will tell how fleet hours seem
Moments which should be ages, ages well
Might seem but moments, as they speed away.
And when she bade adieu,
With courteous steps I watched my love's return.
We parted! Let it now suffice to say,
Loving, I die, and, absent, live to mourn.

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

THE LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISEUM, A. D. 404.

AS the Romans grew prouder and more fond of pleasure no one could hope to please them who did not give them sports and entertainments. When any person wished to be elected to any public office, it was a matter of course that he should compliment his fellow-citizens by exhibitions of the kind they loved; and when the common people were discontented, their cry was that they wanted *panem ac Circensus*, "bread and sports"—the only things they cared for. In most places where there has been a large Roman colony remains can be seen of the amphitheatres where the citizens were wont to assemble for these diversions. Sometimes these are stages of circular galleries of seats hewn out of the hillside, where rows of spectators might sit one above the other, all looking down on a broad, flat space in the centre, under their feet, where the representations took place. Sometimes, when the country was flat or it was easier to build than to excavate, the amphitheatre was raised above ground, rising up to a considerable height.

The grandest and most renowned of all these amphitheatres is the Coliseum at Rome. It was built by Vespasian and his son Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem, in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome. The captive Jews were forced to labor at it, and the materials—granite outside and softer travertine stone within—are so solid and so admirably built that still, at the end of eighteen centuries, it has scarcely even become a ruin, but remains one of the greatest wonders of Rome. Five acres of ground were enclosed within the oval of its outer wall, which outside rises perpendicularly in tiers of arches one above the other. Within, the galleries of seats projected forward, each tier coming out far beyond the one above it; so that between the lowest and the outer wall there was room for a great space of chambers, passages and vaults around the central space, called the arena, from the *arena*, or sand, with which it was strewn. When the Roman emperors grew very vain and luxurious, they used to have this sand made ornamental with metallic filings, vermilion, and even powdered precious stones; but it was thought better taste to use the scrapings of a soft white stone, which when thickly strewn made the whole arena look as if covered with untrodden snow. Around the border of this space flowed a stream of fresh water. Then came a straight wall, rising to a considerable height and surmounted by a broad platform, on which stood a throne for the emperor, curule chairs of ivory and gold for the chief magistrates and senators, and seats for the vestal virgins. Next above were galleries for the equestrian order, the great mass of those who considered themselves as of gentle station, though not of the highest

rank; farther up, and therefore farther back, were the galleries belonging to the freemen of Rome, and these were again surmounted by another plain wall with a platform at the top, where were places for the ladies, who were not (except the vestal virgins) allowed to look on nearer, because of the unclothed state of some of the performers in the arena. Between the ladies' boxes benches were squeezed in, where the lowest people could seat themselves, and some of these likewise found room in the two uppermost tiers of porticos, where sailors, mechanics and persons in the service of the Coliseum had their post. All together, when full, this huge building held no less than eighty-seven thousand spectators. It had no roof; but when there was rain or if the sun was too hot, the sailors in the porticos unfurled awnings that ran along upon ropes and formed a covering of silk and gold tissue over the whole. Purple was the favorite color for this *velamen*, or veil, because, when the sun shone through it, it cast such beautiful rosy tints on the snowy arena and the white, purple-edged togas of the Roman citizens. Long days were spent from morning till evening upon these galleries. The multitude, who poured in early, would watch the great dignitaries arrive and take their seats, greeting them with either shouts of applause or hootings of dislike, according as they were favorites or otherwise; and when the emperor came in to take his place under his canopy, there was one loud acclamation, "Joy to thee, master of all, first of all, happiest of all! Victory to thee for ever!"

When the emperor had seated himself and given the signal, the sports began. Sometimes a rope-dancing elephant would begin the entertainment by mounting even to the summit of the building and descending by a cord. Then a bear dressed up as a Roman matron would be carried along in a chair between porters, as ladies were wont to go abroad, and another bear, in a lawyer's robe, would stand on his hind legs and go through the motions of pleading a cause. Or a lion came forth with a jewelled crown on his head, a diamond necklace round his neck, his mane plated with gold and his claws gilded, and played a hundred pretty, gentle antics with a little hare that danced fearlessly within his grasp. Then in would come twelve elephants, six males in the toga, six females with the veil and pallium; they took their places on couches around an ivory table, dined with great decorum, playfully sprinkling a little rose-water over the nearest spectators, and then received more guests of their own unwieldy kind, who arrived in ball-dresses, scattered flowers and performed a dance. Sometimes water was let into the arena, a ship sailed in, and, falling to pieces in the midst, sent a crowd of strange animals swimming in all directions. Sometimes the ground opened and trees came growing up through it, bearing golden fruit. Or the beautiful old tale of Orpheus was acted; these trees would follow the harp and song of the musician, but, to make the whole part complete, it was no mere play, but real earnest, that the Orpheus of the piece fell a prey to live bears.

For the Coliseum had not been built for such harmless spectacles as those first described. The fierce Romans wanted to be excited and feel themselves strongly stirred, and presently the doors of the pits and dens

round the arena were thrown open and absolutely savage beasts were let loose upon one another—rhinoceroses and tigers, bulls and lions, leopards and wild boars—while the people watched with savage curiosity to see the various kinds of attack and defence; or if the animals were cowed or sullen, their rage would be worked up: red would be shown to bulls, white to boars, red-hot goads would be driven into some, whips would be lashed at others, till the work of slaughter was fairly commenced and gazed on with greedy eyes, and ears delighted instead of horror-struck by the roars and howls of the noble creatures whose courage was thus misused. Sometimes, indeed, when some especially strong or ferocious animal had slain a whole heap of victims, the cries of the people would decree that it should be turned loose in its native forest, and amid shouts of "A triumph! a triumph!" the beast would prowl round the arena upon the carcasses of the slain victims. Almost incredible numbers of animals were imported for these cruel sports, and the governors of distant provinces made it a duty to collect troops of lions, elephants, ostriches, leopards—the fiercer or the newer the creature, the better—to be thus tortured to frenzy to make sport in the amphitheatre. However, there was daintiness joined with cruelty: the Romans did not like the smell of blood, though they enjoyed the sight of it, and all the solid stone-work was pierced with tubes, through which was conducted the steam of spices and saffron boiled in wine, that the perfume might overpower the scent of slaughter below.

Wild beasts tearing each other to pieces might, one would think, satisfy any taste for horror; but the spectators needed even nobler game to be set before their favorite monsters: men were brought forward to confront them. Some of these were at first in full armor and fought hard, generally with success; and there was a revolving machine, something like a squirrel's cage, in which the bear was always climbling after his enemy and then rolling over by his own weight. Or hunters came, almost unarmed, and gained the victory by swiftness and dexterity, throwing a piece of cloth over a lion's head or disconcerting him by putting their fist down his throat. But it was not only skill, but death, that the Romans loved to see, and condemned criminals and deserters were reserved to feast the lions and to entertain the populace with their various kinds of death. Among these condemned was many a Christian martyr who witnessed a good confession before the savage-eyed multitude around the arena, and "met the lion's gory mane" with a calm resolution and hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand. To see a Christian die with upward gaze and hymns of joy on his tongue was the most strange and unaccountable sight the Coliseum could offer, and it was therefore the choicest, and reserved for the last of the spectacles in which the brute creation had a part.

The carcasses were dragged off with hooks, the blood-stained sand was covered with a fresh clean layer, the perfume was wafted in stronger clouds, and a procession came forward—tall, well-made men in the prime of their strength. Some carried a sword and a lasso, others a trident and a net; some were in light armor, others in the

full heavy equipment of a soldier; some on horseback, some in chariots, some on foot. They marched in and made their obeisance to the emperor, and with one voice their greeting sounded through the building: "*Ave, Cæsar! Morituri te salutant!*"—"Hail, Cæsar! Those about to die salute thee!" They were the gladiators—the swordsmen trained to fight to the death to amuse the populace. They were usually slaves placed in schools of arms under the care of a master, but sometimes persons would voluntarily hire themselves out to fight by way of a profession; and both these and such slave-gladiators as did not die in the arena would sometimes retire and spend an old age of quiet, but there was little hope of this, for the Romans were not apt to have mercy on the fallen.

Fights of all sorts took place—the light-armed soldier and the netsman—the lasso and the javelin, the two heavy-armed warriors, all combinations of single combat, and sometimes a general *mêlée*. When a gladiator wounded his adversary, he shouted to the spectators, "*Hoc habet!*"—"He has it!"—and looked up to know whether he should kill or spare. If the people held up their thumbs, the conquered was left to recover, if he could; if they turned them down, he was to die; and if he showed any reluctance to present his throat for the death-blow, there was a scornful shout, "*Recipe ferrum!*"—"Receive the steel!" Many of us must have seen casts of that most touching statue of the wounded man that called forth the noble lines of indignant pity which, though so often repeated, cannot be passed over here:

> "I see before me the gladiator lie;
> He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
> Consents to death, but conquers agony,
> And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
> And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
> From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
> Like the first of a thunder-shower: and now
> The arena swims around him: he is gone
> Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.
>
> "He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away.
> He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay:
> There were his young barbarians all at play,
> There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
> Butchered to make a Roman holiday;
> All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
> And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire."

Sacred vestals, tender mothers, fat, good-humored senators, all thought it fair play and were equally pitiless in the strange frenzy for exciting scenes to which they gave themselves up when they mounted the stone stairs of the Coliseum. Privileged persons would even descend into the arena, examine the death-agonies and taste the blood of some specially brave victim ere the corpse was drawn forth at the death-gate that the frightful game might continue undisturbed and unencumbered. Gladiator-shows were the great passion of Rome, and popular favor could hardly be gained except by ministering to it. Even when the barbarians were beginning to close in on the empire, hosts of brave men were still kept for this slavish mimic warfare—sport to the beholders, but sad earnest to the actors.

Christianity worked its way upward, and at last was professed by the emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the Coliseum. The Christian emperors endeavored to prevent any more shows where cruelty and

death formed the chief interest, and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the emperor. Mere tricks of beasts, horse and chariot races or bloodless contests were tame and dull, according to the diseased taste of Rome; it was thought weak and sentimental to object to looking on at a death-scene; the emperors were generally absent at Constantinople, and no one could get elected to any office unless he treated the citizens to such a show as they best liked, with a little bloodshed and death to stir their feelings; and thus it went on for full a hundred years after Rome had in name become a Christian city, and the same customs prevailed wherever there was an amphitheatre and pleasure-loving people.

Meantime, the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer, and Alaric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy and threatened the city itself. Honorius, the emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotical boy, but his brave general, Stilicho, assembled his forces, met the Goths at Pollentia (about twenty-five miles from where Turin now stands), and gave them a complete defeat on the Easter-day of the year 403. He pursued them into the mountains, and for that time saved Rome. In the joy of the victory the Roman Senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorius to enter the city in triumph at the opening of the new year, with the white steeds, purple robes and vermilion cheeks with which of old victorious generals were welcomed at Rome. The churches were visited instead of the temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives; but Roman bloodthirstiness was not yet allayed, and, after all the procession had been completed, the Coliseum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback and in chariots; then followed a grand hunting of beasts turned loose in the arena, and next a sword-dance. But after the sword-dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords—a gladiator-combat in full earnest. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstasy this gratification of their savage tastes. Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A rude, roughly-robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and, signing back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood and not to requite God's mercy in turning away the sword of the enemy by encouraging murder. Shouts, howls, cries, broke in upon his words: this was no place for preachings; the old customs of Rome should be observed. "Back, old man!"—"On, gladiators!" The gladiators thrust aside the meddler and rushed to the attack. He still stood between, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard. "Sedition! sedition!"—"Down with him!" was the cry, and the man in authority, Alypius, the prefect, himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at interference with their vocation, cut him down. Stones or whatever came to hand rained down upon him from the furious people, and he perished in the midst of the arena. He lay dead, and then came the feeling of what had been done. His dress showed that he was one of the hermits who vowed themselves to a

holy life of prayer and self-denial, and who were greatly reverenced even by the most thoughtless. The few who had previously seen him told that he had come from the wilds of Asia on pilgrimage to visit the shrines and keep his Christmas at Rome; they knew he was a holy man—no more; and it is not even certain whether his name was Alymachus or Telemachus. His spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty or die. He had died, but not in vain. His work was done. The shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people; they saw the wickedness and cruelty to which they had blindly surrendered themselves, and from the day when the hermit died in the Coliseum there was never another fight of gladiators. Not merely at Rome, but in every province of the empire, the custom was utterly abolished; and one habitual crime, at least, was wiped from the earth by the self-devotion of one humble, obscure, almost nameless man.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

AN ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XIV.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

I MUST relate to you a little anecdote which is perfectly true, and which cannot fail to amuse you. The king has lately employed himself in making verses; Messieurs de Saint Aignan and Dangeau put him in the way of it. He wrote a little madrigal the other day with which he was not much pleased. One morning he said to Marshal de Grammont,

"M. le Maréchal, read this little madrigal if you please, and tell me if you ever saw so silly a one. Because it is known that I have lately been fond of poetry they bring me all the nonsense that is written."

The marshal, having read it, said to the king,

"Your Majesty is an excellent judge of everything: this is certainly, without exception, the most silly and ridiculous madrigal I ever read."

The king laughed, and continued,

"Must not the writer be a great fool?"

"There is no other name for him," said the marshal.

"Oh," said the king, "how delighted I am that you have spoken your sentiments so freely! I am myself the author of it."

"Ah, sire, what treason have I uttered! I entreat Your Majesty to give it me again: I read it hastily."

"No, M. le Maréchal; the first sentiments are always the most natural."

The king was very much entertained at this little frolic, but those about him thought it the most cruel thing that could be done to an old courtier. For myself, I love to make reflections, and I wish the king would reflect in like manner on this adventure, that he might see how far he is from knowing the truth. We are upon the point of experiencing a still more painful instance of royal delusion in the repurchase of our rents at an expense that will send us all to the workhouse. The emotion it occasions is great, but the hardship is greater. Do you not think this is undertaking too much at once? The loss of a part of my income is not the point that affects me the most.

Translation of SARAH J. HALE.

LAZY PEOPLE.

OU may see him, if you are an early riser, setting off at peep of dawn on a fishing-expedition. He winds through the dreary woods, yawning portentously and stretching as if he were emulous of the height of the hickory trees. Dextrously swaying his long rod, he follows the little stream till it is lost in the bosom of the woodland lake; if unsuccessful from the bank, he seeks the frail skiff which is the common property of laborious idlers like himself, and, pushing off-shore, sits dreaming under the sun's wilting beams until he has secured a supply for the day. Home again, an irregular meal at any time of day, and he goes to bed with the ague; but he murmurs not, for fishing is not work.

Baiting for wild bees beguiles the busy shunner of work into many a wearisome tramp, many a night-watch and many a lost day. This is a most fascinating chase, and sometimes excites the very spirit of gambling. The stake seems so small in comparison with the possible prize—and gamblers and honey-seekers think all possible things probable—that some who are scarcely ever tempted from regular business by any other disguise of idleness cannot withstand a bee-hunt. A man whose arms and axe are all-sufficient to ensure a comfortable livelihood for himself and his family is chopping, perhaps, in a thick wood where the voices of the locust, the cricket, the grasshopper and the wild bee, with their kindred, are the only sounds that reach his ear from sunrise till sunset. He feels lonely and listless, and as noon draws on he ceases from his hot toil, and, seating himself on the tree which has just fallen beneath his axe, he takes out his lunch of bread and butter, and, musing as he eats, thinks how hard his life is and how much better it must be to have bread and butter without working for it. His eye wanders through the thick forest, and follows with a feeling of envy the winged inhabitants of the trees and flowers, till at length he notes among the singing throng some half dozen of bees. The lunch is soon despatched: a honey tree must be near, and the chopper spends the remainder of the daylight in endeavoring to discover it. But the cunning insects scent the human robber, and will not approach their home until nightfall. So our weary wight plods homeward laying plans for their destruction.

The next morning's sun, as he peeps above the horizon, finds the bee-hunter burning honeycomb and old honey near the scene of yesterday's inkling. Stealthily does he watch his line of bait, and cautiously does he wait until the first glutton that finds himself sated with the luscious feast sets off in a "bee-line"—"like arrow darting from the bow"—blind betrayer of his home, like the human inebriate. This is enough: the spoiler asks no

more; and the first moonlight night sees the rich hoard transferred to his cottage, where it sometimes serves, almost unaided, as food for the whole family until the last drop is consumed. One hundred and fifty pounds of honey are sometimes found in a single tree, and it must be owned the temptation is great; but the luxury is generally dearly purchased, if the whole cost and consequence be counted.

To be content with what supplies the wants of the body for the present moment is, after all, the characteristic rather of the brute than of the man, and a family accustomed to this view of life will grow more and more idle and thriftless, until poverty and filth, and even beggary, lose all their terrors. It is almost proverbial among farmers that bee-hunters are always behindhand.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

THE SIEGE OF SYRACUSE.

THE ROMANS ARE DEFEATED BY THE WONDERFUL INVENTIONS OF ARCHIMEDES.

FROM THE GREEK OF POLYBIUS.

THE consul Appius, having taken upon himself the command of the land forces and stationed the army round the Scythian porticœ, from whence the wall was continued along the shore even to the mole of the harbor, resolved to make his approaches on that side. As the number of his artificers was very great, he prepared, in five days only, a sufficient quantity of blinds and darts, with everything besides that was proper for the siege, and was persuaded that by this celerity he should be able to attack the enemy before they had made the necessary preparation for their defence. He had not at this time made due reflections upon the great skill of Archimedes, nor considered that the mind of a single man is on some occasions far superior to the force of many hands. But this truth was soon discovered to him by the event; for as Syracuse was in itself a place of very great strength, the wall that surrounded it, being built upon lofty hills, whose tops, hanging down over the plains, rendered all approach from without, except in certain parts, extremely difficult, so within the city likewise, and against all attempts that might be made on the side of the sea, so great a quantity of instruments of defence had been contrived by the person just now mentioned that the besieged were at no time idle, but were ready at every new attack to meet the motions and repel the efforts of the enemy. Appius, however, advancing with his blinds and ladders, endeavored to approach that part of the wall which was joined to the Hexapylum, on the eastern side of the city. At the same time, Marcellus directed his course toward Achradina with a fleet of sixty quinqueremes, from one side of which the benches had been removed—from the right side of some, and from the left of others. These vessels, being joined two and two together on the sides from which the benches had been taken, were rowed by the oars on the opposite side, and carried to the walls certain machines called *sackbuts*, the construction and use of which may be thus described: A ladder is made which has four feet in breadth and such a length as may make it equal, when raised, to the height of the walls. On either side of it is a high breastwork in the form of a balustrade. This ladder is laid at length upon

the sides in which the vessels are joined, but extending far beyond the prows, and at the top of the masts of the vessels are fixed pulleys and ropes. At the proper time the ropes are fastened to the top of the machine, and while some, standing on the stern of the vessels, draw the ladder upward by the pulleys, others, on the prow, at the same time assist in raising it with bars and levers. The vessels being then rowed near to the shore, endeavors are used to fix the machine against the walls. At the top of the ladder is a little stage guarded on three sides with blinds and containing four men upon it, who engage with those upon the walls that endeavor to obstruct the fixing of the machine. And when it is fixed, these men, being now raised above the top of the wall, throw down the blinds on either side and advance to attack the battlements and towers. The rest at the same time ascend the ladder without any fear that it should fall, because it is strongly fastened with ropes to the two vessels. The name of "sackbut" is bestowed not improperly upon this machine; for when it is raised, the appearance of the ladder and the vessels, joined thus together, very much resembles the figure of that instrument.

In this manner, then, when all things now were ready, the Romans designed to attack the towers. But Archimedes had prepared machines that were fitted to every distance, and while the vessels were yet far removed from the walls employing catapults and balistæ that were of the largest size and worked by the strongest springs, he wounded the enemy with his darts and stones and threw them into great disorder. When the darts passed beyond them, he then used other machines, of a smaller size and still proportioned to the distance. By these means the Romans were so effectually repulsed that it was not possible for them to approach. Marcellus, therefore, perplexed with this resistance, was forced to advance silently with his vessels in the night; but when they came so near to the land as to be within the reach of darts, they were exposed to new danger from another invention which Archimedes had contrived. He had caused openings to be made in many parts of the wall equal in height to the stature of a man and to the palm of the hand in breadth, and, having planted on the inside archers and little scorpions, he discharged a multitude of arrows through the openings, and disabled the soldiers that were on board. In this manner, whether the Romans were at a great distance or whether they were near, he not only rendered useless all their efforts, but destroyed, also, many of their men. When they attempted also to raise the sackbuts, certain machines which he had raised along the whole wall on the inside, and which were before concealed from view, suddenly appeared above the walls and stretched their beaks far beyond the battlements; some of these machines carried masses of lead and stones not less than ten talents in weight. And when the vessels with the sackbuts came near, the beaks, being first turned by ropes and pulleys to the proper point, let fall their stones, which broke not only the sackbuts, but the vessels, and threw all those that were on board into the greatest danger. In the same manner, also, the rest of the machines, as often as the enemy approached under the cover of their blinds and had secured themselves by that precaution against the darts that were discharged through the

openings of the wall, let fall upon them stones of so large a size that all the combatants upon the prow were forced to retire from their station. He invented, likewise, a hand of iron hanging by a chain from the beak of a machine, which was used in the following manner: The person who like a pilot guided the beak, having let fall the hand and caught hold of the prow of any vessel, drew down the opposite end of the machine, that was on the inside of the walls; and when the vessel was thus raised erect upon its stern, the machine itself was held immovable, but, the chain being suddenly loosened from the beak by the means of pulleys, some of the vessels were thrown upon their sides, others turned with the bottom upward, and the greatest part, as the prows were plunged from a considerable height into the sea, were filled with water and all that were on board thrown into tumult and disorder.

Marcellus was in no small degree embarrassed when he found himself encountered in every attempt by such resistance; he perceived that all his efforts were defeated with loss, and were even derided by the enemy. But, amidst all the anxiety that he suffered, he could not help jesting upon the intentions of Archimedes. "This man," said he, "employs our ships as buckets to draw water, and, boxing about our sackbuts as if they were unworthy to be associated with him, drives them from his company with disgrace." Such was the success of the siege on the side of the sea.

Appius also, on his part, having met with the same obstacles in his approaches, was in like manner forced to abandon his design; for while he was yet at a considerable distance great numbers of his army were destroyed by the balistæ and catapults, so wonderful was the quantity of stones and darts, and so astonishing the force with which they were thrown. The machines, indeed, were worthy of Hiero, who had furnished the expense, and of Archimedes, who designed them, and by whose direction they were made. If the troops advanced nearer to the city, they either were stopped in their approach by the arrows that were discharged through the openings in the walls, or if they attempted to force their way under the cover of their bucklers were destroyed by stones and beams that were let fall upon their heads. Great mischief, also, was occasioned by those hands of iron that have been mentioned, which lifted men with their armor into the air and dashed them against the ground. Appius was, therefore, constrained to return back again to his camp; and when he had held a consultation with the tribunes, it was with one consent determined by them that every other method should be tried to obtain possession of Syracuse, but that they would no more attempt to take it by assault. Nor did they afterward depart from this resolution; for, though they remained eight months before the city and during that time invented various stratagems and carried into execution many bold designs, they never had the courage to attack the place in the regular forms. So wonderful, and of such importance upon some occasions, is the power of a single man and the force of science properly employed. With so great armies both by land and sea, the Romans could scarcely have failed to take the city if one old man had been removed; but while he is present they dare

not even make the attempt—in the manner, at least, which Archimedes was able to oppose.

Translation of JAMES HAMPTON.

BOSTON AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT LIANCOURT'S "TRAVELS" FROM 1795 TO 1797.

THE State levies a tax for the support of government, amounting to forty thousand pounds sterling, or one hundred and fifty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars. The quota of each contributing inhabitant toward this tax, as well as the county and parish rates, is very trifling, though more considerable than in the States of New York and Pennsylvania. Property, both personal and real, is taxed, and such parts of it as are not evident are rated by commissioners, against whom bitter complaints are preferred at Boston relative to the arbitrary manner in which they frequently proceed. Out of the parish rates, among other articles, the schools are supported, of which, according to the laws of the State, a certain number must be kept in each township, proportionate to its extent and population. In addition to these schools, many colleges have been instituted in this State, which are scattered through its whole extent for the convenience of those who possess sufficient property and wish to pursue their studies beyond the instruction which common schools can afford. The university at Cambridge offers also ample means for acquiring extensive erudition. This university, which is modelled after the English universities, has professorships for every branch of the sciences. It possesses a fine library, a tolerably complete philosophical apparatus and a museum, which is yet rather incomplete, but will, no doubt, soon be improved. The whole instruction is apparently managed on very good principles. The funds assigned for its support not being sufficiently considerable to instruct the scholars *gratis*, they are obliged to pay quarterly the moderate sum of sixteen dollars. They also pay six dollars a month for their board, and are admitted after a previous examination by the professors. They remain here four years; if they desire to continue longer for the purpose of taking a degree, they pay no longer the above sixteen dollars, but merely for their lodgings. Mr. Willard, president of the university, from whom I learned these particulars, is a man of uncommon merit, versed in all the sciences which are taught here.

The town of Boston, seated on two or three eminences and in the small intervening vales, is but of little compass. It has no regular streets, but is nevertheless very pleasant. The houses are neat and cleanly; a great number have gardens adjoining to them, and all afford delightful prospects. The manners of the inhabitants are mild and hospitable; they are much like the English. The opulent inhabitants have, most of them, country-seats at some distance from the town, where they reside in summer. A foreigner easily obtains an extensive acquaintance, and is everywhere invited in a manner so extremely obliging as to preclude all doubts of the sincerity of the invitation. My state of health, which was but slowly recovering, prevented me from accepting the invitations I received.

I must mention in this place that in the

vicinity of Boston I found again Mr. Adams, Vice-President of the United States, a man of such uncommon merits, abilities and talents that he has few equals in America, and is not everywhere sufficiently esteemed. He is one of the most respectable men in the United States. No one contributed more to the American Revolution, from the beginning to the end, than he. The agents of the British ministry entertain, therefore, much ill-will against him, although he has defended the English constitution in a book full of profound researches, which he entitled *A Defence of the Government of the United States*. John Adams resides with his lady, remote from all intrigues, in a small house fifteen miles from Boston, which no Paris advocate of the lowest rank would choose for his country-seat. Here he spends all the time which his situation as Vice-President allows him to pass from Philadelphia, in reading and agricultural employments. He sees but little company, since the very moderate fortune he possesses prevents him from receiving many visitors at his house. He is generally respected; his conversation is extremely agreeable, and tinged with a sort of sarcastic yet courteous wit which renders it highly pleasing. Translation of H. NEUMAN.

LIFE IS AN EDUCATION.

LIFE is an education. The object for which you educate your son is to give him strength of purpose, self-command, discipline of mental energies, but you do not reveal to your son this aim of his education: you tell him of his place in his class, of the prizes at the end of the year, of the honors to be given at college.

These are not the true incentives to knowledge; such incentives are not the highest—they are even mean and partially injurious; yet these mean incentives stimulate and lead on, from day to day and from year to year, by a process the principle of which the boy himself is not aware of. So does God lead on through life's unsatisfying and false reward, ever educating—Canaan first, then the hope of a Redeemer, then the millennial glory. Now, what is remarkable in this is that the delusion continued to the last: they *all* died in faith, not having received the promises; all were hoping up to the very last, and all died in faith, not in realization; for thus God has constituted the human heart. It never will be believed that this world is unreal. God has mercifully so arranged it that the idea of delusion is incredible. You may tell the boy or girl, as you will, that life is a disappointment; yet, however you may persuade them to adopt your tone and catch the language of your sentiment, they are both looking forward to some bright distant hope—the rapture of the next vacation or the unknown joys of the next season—and throwing into it an energy of expectation which a whole eternity is only worth. You may tell the man who has received the heart-shock from which in this world he will not recover that life has nothing left, yet the stubborn heart still hopes on, ever near the prize—"wealthiest when most undone." He has reaped the whirlwind, but he will go on still, till life is over, sowing the wind.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

CREATION.

OU ask us why the soil the thistle breeds,
Why its spontaneous birth are thorns and weeds,
Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?

The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
And all its face in flowery scenes displayed;
The glebe untilled might plenteous crops have borne
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn;
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crowned, have honored all the plains;
This Nature might have boasted had the Mind
Who formed the spacious universe designed
That man from labor free, as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But he his creature gave a fertile soil—
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil—
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.

But while insulting you arraign the land,
Ask why it wants the plough or laborer's hand,
Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they without the sculptor's skill and pain
No perfect statue yield, no basse-relieve
Or finished column for the palace give.
Yet if from hills, unlabored, figures came,
Man might have ease enjoyed, though never fame.

You may the world of more defect upbraid
That other works by Nature are unmade—
That she did never at her own expense
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Outrival art to grace the stately rooms,
That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand these various works prepared,
What thoughful care, what labor, had been spared!
But then no realm would one great master show,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.

With equal reason, too, you might demand
Why boats and ships require the artist's hand,
Why generous Nature did not these provide
To pass the standing lake or flowing tide.

You say the hills which high in air arise
Harbor in clouds and mingle with the skies,
That earth's dishonor and encumbering load
Of many spacious regions man defraud,
For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.

But can the objector no convenience find
In mountains, hills and rocks which gird and bind
The mighty frame that else would be disjoined?
Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Do not the rivers from the mountains flow
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
From the high ridges to the flatter land!
The lofty lines abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure and metallic ore.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

SHE LOOKED FOR HIM.

SHE looked for him. Long years had fled
Since Edwin was to Anna wed,
For in her hour of bridal joy
Was called away her sailor-boy,
Swift to defend his country's laws,
Perchance to die in freedom's cause;
One parting word, love's tender tone,
And Anna's early bliss had flown.
No other thought but Edwin came,
For faithful was his youthful dame;
She heard of gallant deeds in fight
Where he had battled for the right.
But peace had come in bright array,
And there was gladness on that day;
Yet unto Anna came no joy,
For where was now her sailor-boy?

She looked for him. With bearing bold
He came, set free from prison-hold—
A man with rank and stately form
That oft had breasted battle's storm.
Alone no more by morning tide
She sees the sails o'er ocean glide:
In happy hours of heartfelt joy
She wanders with her sailor-boy.

GEORGE LEDLIE.

HOW THE MAIDENS OF CIRCÈ ATTENDED ULYSSES.

FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER'S "ODYSSEY."*

MEANWHILE
Four diligent maidens ministered within
The palace—servants of the household they,
Who had their birth from fountains and from groves,
And sacred rivers flowing to the sea.
One spread the thrones with gorgeous coverings:
Above was purple arras, and beneath
Were linen webs; another, setting forth
The silver tables just before the thrones,
Placed on them canisters of gold; a third
Mingled the rich wines in a silver bowl
And placed the golden cups; and, last, the fourth
Brought water from the fountain and beneath
A massive tripod kindled a great fire
And warmed the water. When it boiled within
The shining brass, she led me to the bath
And washed me from the tripod. On my head
And shoulders pleasantly she shed the streams
That from my members took away the sense
Of weariness, unmanning body and mind;
And when she thus had bathed me, and with oil

* Published by James R. Osgood & Co.

Anointed me, she put a princely cloak
And tunic on me, led me in and showed
My seat—a stately silver-studded throne
High-wrought—and placed a footstool for my feet.
Then came a handmaid with a golden ewer,
And from it poured pure water for my hands
Into a silver laver. Next she placed
A polished table near to me, on which
The matron of the palace laid the feast
With many delicacies from her store,
And bade me eat.

Translation of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MY STEED.

I KNOW by the ardor thou canst not restrain,
By the curve of thy neck and the toss of thy mane,
By the foam of thy snorting, which spangles my brow,
The fire of the Arab is hot in thee now.
'Twere harsh to control thee, my frolicsome steed:
I give thee the rein, so away at thy speed!
Thy rider will dare to be wilful as thee,
Laugh the future to scorn and partake in thy glee.
Away to the mountain! What need we to fear?
Pursuit cannot press on my Fairy's career;
Full light were the heel and well balanced the head
That ventured to follow the track of thy tread
Where roars the loud torrent and starts the rude plank,
And thunders the rock-severed mass down the bank,
While, mirrored in crystal, the far-shooting glow
With dazzling effulgence is sparkling below.
One start and I die; yet in peace I recline:
My bosom can rest on the fealty of thine;
Thou lov'st me, my sweet one, and wouldst not be free
From a yoke that has never borne rudely on thee.
Ah! pleasant the empire of those to confess
Whose wrath is a whisper, their rule a caress.

Behold how thy playmate is stretching beside,
As loath to be vanquished in love or in pride,
While upward he glances his eyeball of jet,
Half dreading thy fleetness may distance him yet.
Ah, Marco, poor Marco! our pastime to-day
Were reft of one pleasure if he were away.

How precious these moments! Fair Freedom expands
Her pinions of light o'er the desolate lands;
The waters are flashing as bright as thine eye,
Unchained as thy motion the breezes sweep by:
Delicious they come o'er the flower-scented earth,
Like whispers of love from the isle of my birth,
While the white-blossomed Cistus her perfume exhales
And sighs out a spicy farewell to the gales.
Unfeared and unfearing, we'll traverse the wood
Where pours the rude torrent the turbulent flood;

The forest's red children will smile as we scour
By the log-fashioned hut and the pine-woven bower,
The feathery footsteps scace bending the grass
Or denting the dew-spangled moss where we pass.

What startles thee? 'Twas but the sentinel-gun
Flashed a vesper salute to thy rival the sun;
He has closed his swift progress before thee, and sweeps
With fetlock of gold the last verge of the steeps.
The firefly anon from his covert shall glide,
And dark fall the shadows of eve on the tide.
Tread softly; my spirit is joyous no more:
A northern aurora, it shone and is o'er;
The tears will fall fast as I gather the rein
And a long look reverts to yon shadowy plain.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH
(Mrs. C. E. [Brown] Tonna).

WHAT IS LIFE?

AND what's a life? A weary pilgrimage
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood and decrepit age.

And what's a life? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day: hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.
Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made—
Fair copies of my life—and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial: night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit, how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here's nothing worth a smile.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

FRIENDSHIP.

EVERY one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery;
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king!"
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;

Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

THE ANTHEM.

SWEET rose the sacred song to thee, O God—
Those notes of praise which youthful voices sang;
Oh, not more sweet ascendeth to thy throne
That melody sublime which angels sing.
For when to thee on earth resoundeth praise,
Not heaven can holier theme enjoy,
And thou thyself wilt lend a listening ear,
While seraphs tune their harps to join that theme.
All mortal strains fade in sublimity
To songs of praise to Nature's sovereign Lord,
Raising the human soul from earthly things,
Charming each loving heart with love of thee.

GEORGE LEDLIE.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRANCESCO PETRARCH.

My sullen care
Was like to theirs who are more grieved to know
Another's happiness than their own woe;
For seeing her who had enthralled my mind
Live free in peace and no disturbance find,
And seeing that I knew my hurt too late
And that her beauty was my dying fate,
Love, jealousy and envy held my sight
So fixed on that fair face no other light
I could behold; like one who in the rage
Of sickness greedily his thirst would 'suage
With hurtful drink which doth his palate please,
Thus (blind and deaf 't all other joys are ease)
So many doubtful ways I followed her
The memory still shakes my soul with fear.
Since when mine eyes are moist and view the ground,
My heart is heavy, and my steps have found
A solitary dwelling amongst the woods,
I stray o'er rocks and fountains, hills and floods;
Since when such store my scattered papers hold
Of thoughts, of tears, of ink, which oft I fold,
Unfold, and tear; since when I know the scope
Of Love, and what they fear and what they hope,
And how they live, that in his cloister dwell,
The skilful in their face may read it well.
Meanwhile, I see how, fierce and gallant, she
Cares not for me, nor for my misery,
Proud of her virtue and my overthrow;
And, on the other side (if aught I know),
This lord who hath the world in triumph led,
She keeps in fear; thus all my hopes are dead,
No strength nor courage left, nor can I be
Revenged, as I expected once, for he
Who tortures me and others is abused
By her; she'll not be caught, and long hath used
(Rebellious as she is!) to shun his wars,
And is a sun amidst the lesser stars.
Her grace, smiles, slights, her words in order set,
Her hair dispersed or in a golden net,

Her eyes inflaming with a light divine
So burn my heart I dare no more repine.
Ah! who is able fully to express
Her pleasing ways, her merit? No excess,
No bold hyperboles, I need to fear:
My humble style cannot enough come near
The truth; my words are like a little stream
Comparèd with th' ocean, so large a theme
Is that high praise; new worth not seen before
Is seen in her, and can be seen no more;
Therefore all tongues are silencèd, and I,
Her prisoner now, see her at liberty,
And night and day implore (O unjust Fate!):
She neither hears nor pities my estate.
Hard laws of Love! But though a partial lot
I plainly see in this, yet must I not
Refuse to serve: the gods, as well as men,
With like reward of old have felt like pain.
Now know I how the mind itself doth part
(Now making peace, now war, now truce), what art
Poor lovers use to hide their stinging woe,
And how their blood now comes and now doth go
Betwixt their heart and cheeks, by shame or fear;
How they be eloquent, yet speechless are,
And how they both ways lean: they watch and sleep,
Languish to death, yet life and vigor keep:
I trod the paths made happy by her feet,
And search the foe I am afraid to meet.
I know how lovers metamorphosèd are
To that they love; I know what tedious care
I feel, how vain my joy, how oft I change
Design and countenance, and (which is strange)
I live without a soul; I know the way
To cheat myself a thousand times a day;
I know to follow while I flee my fire:
I freeze when present; absent, my desire
Is hot; I know what cruel rigor Love
Practiseth on the mind and doth remove
All reason thence, and how he racks the heart,
And how a soul hath neither strength nor art
Without a helper to resist his blows,
And how he flees, and how his darts he throws,
And how his threats the fearful lover feels,
And how he robs by force, and how he steals;
How oft his wheels turn round (now high, now low)
With how uncertain hope, how certain woe;
How all his promises be void of faith,
And how a fire hid in our bones he hath;
How in our veins he makes a secret wound
Whence open flames and death do soon abound.
In sum, I know how giddy and how vain
Be lovers' lives; what fear and boldness reign
In all their ways; how every sweet is paid,
And with a double weight of sour allayed.
I also know their customs, sighs and songs,
Their sudden muteness and their stammering tongues;
How short their joy, how long their pain, doth last,
How wormwood spoileth all their honey's taste.

Translation of ANNA HUME.

OUR LOVED ONE.

PRING now returns again,
And Nature's resurrection is at hand;
Her tombs are opening; through her vast domains
New forms of beauty stand.

The song of birds I hear;
The zephyrs coming from the South I feel;
While flowers—sweet-scented flowers—again appear,
Their treasures to reveal.

But ah! it brings not joy,
As it hath done in other years, to me;
E'en now the matin-songs which birds employ
Seem void of melody.

For oh, my heart is sad,
Since earth hath taken to her cold, damp breast
A precious form which much of beauty had,
There, there, alas! to rest.

She was my darling child,
The first-born of our little tender band,
As pure as truth, as meek as faith, and mild
As mercy's soothing hand.

Daughter, I loved thee well—
Much more than smiles or warm embrace expressed—
And, now that thou art gone, no tears can tell
The anguish of my breast.

When far in distant lands,
O'er trackless steeps, through forests wild, I've roamed,
Where barbarous hordes and cruel savage bands
Their frightful sway have owned,

Or when upon the sea,
Where lashing waves and howling winds have warred,—
Thine image, love, was present there with me,
Nor seemed my lot so hard.

E'en there 'twas sweet to me,
While thus from home and dear companions riven,
To pray, if I no more should meet with thee,
That we might meet in heaven.

And thou art safely there,
Landed in triumph on that peaceful shore,
Clothed in immortal vestments, free from care,
Exposed to death no more,

While I am toiling on,
A voyager still o'er life's stormy main,
Where the tempests will sweep and billows yawn
Till I the haven gain.

And shall I gaze no more
  Upon those sparkling eyes, nor catch the song
Which daily from thy childish lips did pour
  Its music sweet along?

Wilt thou not come again?
  Thy bonnet, satchel, books and slate are here,
Waiting for thee, my child; but ah, in vain!
  No more wilt thou appear.

For grass is growing green
  O'er the faded form which I loved so well;
Ah! perished now is its beauteous sheen
  In earth's dark prison-cell.

LUTHER MARTIN.

VIRGIN PURITY.

THE morning pearls
  Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom are
  Less chastely cool ere the meridian sun
  Hath kissed them into heat.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

SPRING.

BEHOLD! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
  Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm and lofty ash disclose;
  The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
  Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground or on the branches green
  Hop to and fro and glitter in the sun.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
  Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove
  And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

DYING WORDS.

COME closer to my heart, father; I do not fear to die,
But this last night I want you near: then closer, closer lie;
You'll come to me beyond the grave, or else this heart shall rend;
It would be dreadful, oh, father, to miss you at the end!

Through long, long nights you've tended me; your love the death-blow stayed,
And thou hast been my shield on earth: I've lived beneath thy shade;
But now I go to Christ my Lord, on him for life depend;
It would be dreadful, oh, father, to miss you at the end!

I would have lived could I have done aught for my fellow-men,
But thou wilt stand within the breach and try to rescue them;
Tell all our loved ones, too, to trust to our undying Friend;
It would be dreadful, oh, father, to miss them at the end!

No more I'll guard my sisters now—how
dear to me they are!—
But let them trust that Brother's arm "that
sticketh closer" far:
He'll guard them safe through every snare,
in danger still defend;
It would be dreadful, oh, father, to miss them
at the end!

And my loved mother, she shall miss her
own, her darling, boy;
I know I've been her pride through life, her
true and heartfelt joy;
But she must come with her loved one eter-
nal years to spend;
It would be dreadful, oh, father, to miss her
at the end! MARGARET L. CARSON.

STORM SONG.

THE clouds are scudding across the moon,
A misty light is on the sea,
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,
And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom
Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar;
Thank God, he has given us broad sea-room,
A thousand miles from shore!

Down with the hatches on those who sleep:
The wind and whistling deck have we;
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep,
While the tempest is on the sea.

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip
And the naked spars be snapped away,
Lashed to the helm, we'll drive our ship
In the teeth of the whelming spray.

Hark! how the surges o'erleap the deck!
Hark! how the pitiless tempest raves!
Ah! daylight will look upon many a wreck
Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet courage, brothers: we trust the wave,
With God above us our guiding-chart;
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,
Be it still with a cheery heart.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BUILD ON HIGH GROUND.

BESIDES, the sportive brook for ever
shakes
The trembling air; that floats from hill to
hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes:
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

FANCY'S PICTURE OF WAR.

I FEEL, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
"Give me another horse," I cry:
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly.
Whence is this rage? What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy in her fiery car
Transports me to the thickest war,

There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign—
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to the ensanguined field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon shield.

JOSEPH WARTON.

THE LEARNED LOVERS.

FATE heard her prayer: a lover came
Who felt, like her, th' innoxious flame—
One who had trod, as well as she,
The flowery paths of poesy;
Had warmed himself with Milton's heat,
Could every line of Pope repeat,
Or chant in Shenstone's tender strains
"The lover's hopes," "the lover's pains."
Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him she thought no evening long;
With him she sauntered half the day,
And sometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not:
"Consider, sir, we're near relations."—
"I hope so, in our inclinations."
In short, she looked, she blushed, consent;
He grasped her hand, to church they went,
And every matron that was there,
With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said for her part she must declare
She never saw a finer couple.

W. WHITEHEAD.

PHILLIS.

ON a hill there grows a flower:
Fair befall the dainty sweet:
By that flower there is a bower
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair
Fringèd all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright—
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *ipsa quæ*, the which
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

NICHOLAS BRETON

THE GOLDEN AGE.

FORTITUDE then stood steadfast in his might,
Defended widows, cherished chastity;
Knighthood in prowess gave so clear a light,
Girt with his sword of truth and equity.

JOHN LYDGATE.

THE LAW.

I LENT my gossop my meir to fetch hame coals,
And he her drouned into the querrel holes,
And I ran to the consistory for to plenyé,
And there I happened amang ane greedy menyé.

They gave me first ane thing they call *citandum;*
Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum;*
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum;*
In ane half year I gat *inter loquendum;*
An syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum;*
But I could never ane word yet understand him.
An then they gart me cast out mony placks,
An gart me pay for four and twenty acts;
But or they came half gate to *concludendum,*
The fient a plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
Syne, *hodie ad octo,* bade me come again.
An then thir rooks they roupit wonder fast,
For sentence silver they cryit at the last.
Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain,
But I gat ne'er my gude grey meir again.

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

A SIMPLE LIFE THE BEST.

BLISSED be simple life withouten dreid,
Blissed be sober feast in quieté;
Wha has eneuch of no more has he neid,
Though it be little into quantity.
Grit abundance and blind prosperity
Oft timis make ane evil conclusion;
The sweetest life, theirfor, in this country,
Is of sickerness, with small possession.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

FLOWER of the waste, the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood;
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art,
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath, whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor,
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valor's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou decked, a favorite flower.

MRS. ANNE GRANT
(Miss Anne MacVicar).

THE AUTHOR.

LIKE all mankind, with vanity I'm blessed,
Conscious of wit I never yet possessed;
To strong desires my heart, an easy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway;
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe,
The next I wonder why I should do so;
Though poor, the rich I view with careless eye,
Scorn a vain oath and hate a serious lie;
I ne'er for satire torture common sense,
Nor show my wit at God's nor man's expense;
Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown,
Wish well to all, and yet do good to none;

Unmerited contempt I hate to bear,
Yet on my faults, like others, am severe;
Dishonest flames my bosom never fire,
The bad I pity and the good admire;
Fond of the Muse, to her devote my days,
And scribble—not for pudding, but for praise.
These careless lines if any virgin hears,
Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,
She may consent a generous flame to own,
And I no longer sigh the nights alone.
But should the fair, affected, vain or nice
Scream with the fears inspired by frogs or mice,
Cry, "Save us, Heaven! A spectre, not a man!"
Her hartshorn snatch or interpose her fan,
If I my tender overture repeat,
Oh, may my vows her kind reception meet!
May she new graces on my form bestow
And with tall honors dignify my brow!

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

AUTUMN.

THE days grow chill and drear; now comes the time
When Nature, fully tired, prepares to sleep.
The heavy sky hangs dark o'er all the deep;
The birds fly southward to a warmer clime,
And, borne upon the chilly breeze, the chime
Of pealing bells proclaims how sure the hours creep:
They bid the sinning soul for sin to weep
And turn his thoughts to things sublime.
Now, like a bride upon her wedding-night,
All Nature blushes crimson ere she sleeps
Beneath her spotless counterpane of snow.
The fallen leaves fly wildly round in dread affright;
They gather here and there in rustling heaps,
And shiver as the autumn breezes blow.

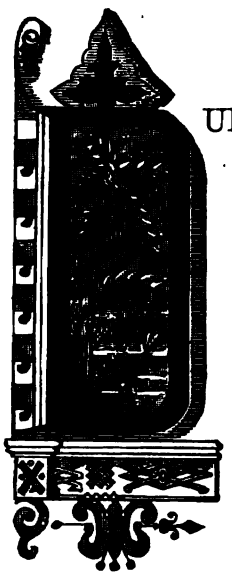
HOWARD SPURGEON.

THE ADORATION OF GOD.

FROM THE GATHA OF ZOROASTER (about B. C. 1500).

BLESSED is he, blessed are all men, to whom the living wise God of his own command should grant those two everlasting powers (viz., immortality and wholesomeness). . . . I believe thee, O God, to be the best thing of all, the source of light for the world. Everybody shall choose thee as the source of light—thee, thee, holiest spirit Mazda! Thou createst all good things by means of the power of thy good mind at any time, and promisest us who believe in thee a long life. I believe thee to be the powerful holy god Mazda, for thou givest with thy hand, filled with helps, good to the pious man, as well as to the impious, by means of the warmth of the fire strengthening the good things. From the reason, the vigor of the good mind has fallen to my lot. . . . Who was in the beginning the father and the creator of truth? Who showed to the sun and the stars their way? Who causes the moon to increase and wane if not thou? . . . Who is holding the earth and the skies above it? Who made the waters and the trees of the field? Who is in the winds and in the storms that they so quickly run? Who is the creator of the good-minded beings, thou wise? Who made the lights of good effect and the darkness? Who made the sleep of good effect and the activity? Who made morning, noon and night?

From the French translation of the GATHA.



THE JURY-ROOM.

AN EXCITING TOPIC.

DURING the assize-week of an important city in the South of Ireland, a grave-looking gentleman dressed in a sober suit of brown and Petersham top-coat was observed riding with a somewhat inquisitive air through the dense crowds who thronged the open space before the city and county court-house. Everything in his appearance announced a person of good sense and prudence. His dress was neither too good for the road nor too mean for the wearer's rank as indicated by his demeanor; his hat was decent, but evidently not his best; a small spotted shawl folded cravat-wise protected his throat and ears from the rather moist and chilly air of an early Irish spring. A pair of doeskin caps, or overalls, buttoned on the knees, defended those essential hinges of the lower man from the danger of contracting any rheumatic rust in the open air; while gloves of the same material and top-boots neatly foxed evinced in the extremities of the wearer's person the same union of economy and just sufficient attention to appearances which was observable in all the rest of his attire. The countenance, likewise, was one which at the first glance attracted the respect and confidence of the beholder. It was marked by a certain air of good-will and probity of character, with a due consciousness of the owner's position in life and an expression which seemed to intimate that he would not be willingly deficient in what was due to others, nor readily forfeit any portion of what was fairly owing to himself.

As is usually the case when a stranger makes his appearance amid an idle crowd, all eyes were fixed upon him as he leisurely walked his horse toward a small hotel which stood at a little distance from the court-house. Giving the bridle to the hostler with the easy air of one who seldom hurries about anything, and of the two feels less satisfaction in motion than in rest, he alighted, and after desiring, in what seemed an English accent, that the horse should not be fed until he had leisure himself to visit the animal in the stall, he drew off his gloves, looked up and down the street, then up at the sky, where the clouds seemed just deliberating whether they would rain or no, took off his hat, inspected it all over, thrust his gloves into the pocket of his great-coat, and finally entered the coffee-room. It may seem trifling to mention all these motions of the traveller with so much precision, but not one of them was lost upon the intelligent observers in the street, who doubtless would not have employed a thing so valuable as time in watching the movements of an entire stranger if there were not something very important, though still a mystery, to them in every turn he took.

The coffee-room was at this instant the scene of a very animated discussion. It needed only a few minutes' standing at the

fire and lending an ear occasionally to what went forward to render the grave-looking gentleman somewhat curious to know more of the affair at issue. Some asked with sparkling eyes "whether the penal code was to be re-enacted." Others talked of the "enlightened age in which we live," and said very often that "the days had gone by when the people could be trampled on with impunity." Others, who seemed of an opposite way of thinking, talked with equal vehemence of "the Dark Ages," of "the fires of Smithfield" and "the Gunpowder Plot," with sundry other allusions to bygone massacres and conflagrations, and asked "if the Inquisition was about to be again established in all its terrible power."

These alarming expressions whetted the curiosity of the stranger, who looked vainly around for some time in search of a neutral face to which he might address an inquiry with some chance of his being listened to. His eyes at length alighted on that of a middle-aged, quiet-looking person who sat on one side of the fire with half-closed eyes, a newspaper in his hand and an expression on his countenance as if he were rather amused than interested by what was going forward. On hearing the stranger's question he civilly laid aside the paper, and, turning his person toward the fire, said with a smile,

"It appears you are but newly arrived, sir, or you would have no necessity to ask that question."

"You are quite right; I never was in the town before the last quarter of an hour."

"That is evident by your knowing nothing of the affair which has kept the whole city, and county likewise, in a state of commotion during the last fortnight."

"Bless me! Some conspiracy discovered?"

"Not exactly."

"Some appalling murder, then—some clergyman shot on account of tithes? Or perhaps an affray between the peasantry and police?"

"Why, sir," replied the quiet-looking gentleman, still smiling, "after all your grand conjectures, I confess I am ashamed to tell you the exact truth, it must cut so paltry a figure in the comparison. But if you be an Englishman, as I suppose" (the stranger bowed), "and on a tour of pleasure" (the stranger shook his head), "or business" (the stranger protruded his lips and lifted his eyebrows with a half-dissenting air), "or both, perhaps, united" (the stranger nodded his head, as if to say, "You have gone nearer to the mark"), and are desirous of carrying home with you some notion of the state of society in this country" (another nod of assent), "the circumstance may be worth your hearing. You should know, in the first place, that in every city, town and village in Ireland, from the metropolis down to the pettiest municipality that is kept in order by a few police and a court of petty sessions, there are two parties who between them continue to keep society in one continual uproar. Now, in such a state of things, if there be any disgrace in neutrality, I confess there are some few besides myself who make a principle of incurring it. It is not that I am insensible to the good or evil being of the country that gives me bread, but I hate both bigotry and balderdash, and, as it seems impossible to meddle in public

affairs and at the same time steer a clear course between the one and the other with any chance of being attended to, I content myself with doing whatever little good I can in a quiet way, and feel inclined rather to be amused by the vehemence of others than to be induced to imitate them."

"Since you are so moderate," said the stranger, "I will not fear wounding your nationality by saying that you have just uttered the most rational speech I have heard since I arrived in Ireland."

"Ah! you know that the compliment to my personal vanity is sufficient to cover any umbrage I might feel on the score of country. However, so it is. Well, out of such a state of affairs it arises that every mole-hill between the parties is magnified into an Olympus. The local newspapers teem with rumors, with national misdeeds upon the one side and ready contradictions of the 'foul calumny' upon the other; for, as you may have observed since you entered the room, neither party is deficient in vigor of language. Then there are meetings and counter-meetings; letters from 'Veritas,' 'Eye-Witness,' 'Victor,' 'Fair Play,' 'Lovers of Truth' and 'Lovers of Justice,' the most of whom prove each other to deserve any character rather than that which their signature assumes. 'Veritas' is shown to be a hired official whom nobody could trust; 'Eye-Witness,' to have been fifty miles away at the time the occurrence took place; 'Victor,' to be a constant resident in the neighborhood he affects to have visited with the impartiality of a disinterested traveller; 'Fair Play,' to be a notoriously one-sided partisan; and the whole bunch of 'Lovers of Truth' and 'Lovers of Justice,' to be remarkable amongst all their acquaintances for the total absence of those qualities. I declare to you, though I love my country and am not in the habit of carrying any sentiment to an extreme, when I consider such a state of society and the total absence of peace and happiness which it involves, I am often tempted to turn heretic to the 'enlightened opinions of the age' and long for a good stout despotism which would compel them all to hold their tongues. But what has all this to do with the question you asked me? You shall judge for yourself, and probably you will see no great apparent connection when I tell you that all you have heard relates to a trial for breach of promise of marriage which has been this moment called on in our court-house."

"'Breach of promise'!" exclaimed the stranger.

"It is a fact, I assure you. The parties are, unhappily, of the opposite factions. Not that I believe either the lady or the gentleman cares much whether they break their eggs at the big or little end—and, indeed, it is generally supposed that the affair would have been long since arranged in the happiest manner for both were it left in their own hands—but the gentleman, against his better will, has been led to act unhandsomely by his friends of one party, and the lady, against her inclination also, has been moved to commence law-proceedings by her friends who are of another side; and so the town has been all alive in expectation of the result, and the court-house is thronged with partisans who see a great deal more in the case than a mere suit at *nisi prius*. Challenging has run so high that counsel have been already compelled to pray a tales."

A JUROR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

Stimulated rather by a general feeling of curiosity than moved by any particular interest in the suit at issue, the stranger, after politely thanking the quiet gentleman for his civility, put on his hat and walked out in the direction of the court-house. There was something in his appearance which opened a way for him through the crowd, and the police and bailiffs were seen to push aside all the country-people with the butts of their carbines and hold the little iron gateways open as he drew nigh. After listening for some time to the counsel and witnesses, who seemed bent up to harangue and swear their best in honor of the occasion, our traveller began to feel as if he had heard enough of it, and, returning to the inward flagged hall, cast his eyes about and seemed desirous to inspect the remainder of the building. Passing along a somewhat lengthy hall which divided the civil from the criminal court, he ascended a short circular flight of stairs which brought him to a landing-place on which he could perceive several doors leading in different directions. One of these, by some unaccountable neglect, stood ajar at the present moment. It would appear that if the grave-looking stranger had a foible it was that for which the tender-hearted wife of Bluebeard was so near forfeiting her life. The silence of the place, the mystery of so many closed doors at a moment of so much bustle and confusion, and the tempting air of that which stood invitingly half open, provoked his curiosity with a degree of force which he had not firmness to resist. He pushed in the door. All was silent inside. The room had a bare and scantily-furnished appearance. A painted deal table stood in the centre, on which were scattered some paper, pens and ink. Near it, irregularly placed, stood one or two wooden forms and a few chairs. On the side of the chamber opposite to the door by which he had entered was a window, dim with dust, which looked out upon the narrow and ill-paved back street of the city. A neglected though still tolerable fire burned in the capacious grate. In one corner was a large press or double cupboard inserted into the wall, the upper portion of which was locked. Not so the lower, in which the inquisitive stranger only observed a few acts of Parliament in stitched covers, barony books and some torn lawpapers. Near this stood an enormous basket filled with turf for the purpose of replenishing the fire.

It needed not now the aid of a conjurer to tell our traveller into what chamber of the building he had penetrated: it was the jury-room. Struck by the natural reflections which the place was calculated to excite in any mind, but more especially in one of a thoughtful and generous turn, such as that of the grave stranger, it was some time before he recollected the awkwardness of his own situation in the absorbing revery which seized upon him. The many fellow-beings on whom the fiat of life or death had been passed within that room, the families who had been consigned to misery, the many occasions on which passion and interest had there taken the place of justice, to the condemnation, perhaps, of the innocent or the absolution of the guilty,—all these and other circumstances furnished matter which detained him in the mood of thought for a considerable time. Insensibly he passed to the institution of the

much-valued system, thence to the manifold schemes by which the "wisdom of ages" has sought at various times to defend the pure administration of justice from the intermeddling of human passion, and thence again, ascending higher in abstraction as he continued his musing, to the corruption of society in general and the misery of man, whom not even a device so beautiful as this great boast of the British constitution could protect against the evil of his own perverse and fallen nature.

By this time the night had already begun to close. The din of the city was hushed into a low murmur, in which might be distinguished the call of the watchman in the street, the occasional rattle of a passing vehicle and the ringing of some of the chapel bells summoning the people to the evening prayers usual in the time of Lent. The same evening silence had fallen within the circuit of the place of justice, and the voice of the presiding judge was heard distinctly, though faintly, in the act of delivering his concluding charge. Even this sound ceased at length, and nothing was heard except that general murmur which arises in a crowd when something occurs to relax the absorbing attention in which all have been enchained for a considerable time before.

"'And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine!'"

exclaimed the stranger, awaking from his revery, when he was startled by an alarming sound which first brought to his mind the critical position in which he had placed himself. A door was heard to open and shut, and presently the clattering of a bailiff's halberd and the tramp of many feet were heard upon the little flight of steps by which he had ascended. The jury were coming! What was to become of him? There was only one legitimate point of entrance or of exit, and that was the door through which he came, and which the important twelve were now approaching brimful of law and evidence. The window was on the first floor, and looked out upon an uninviting stone pavement. What should he do? The consequences of being detected were unknown to him. He had heard much of the crime of attempting to tamper with a jury. The cupboard behind the turf-basket! It was not a very dignified resource, but it was his only one, and, being a time, not for deliberation, but for action, he managed to secrete himself just as the bailiff had thrown the door open and ushered the jurymen into the chamber. Our traveller heard, with a feeling more easily imagined than described, the door shut fast again and the key turned in the lock outside.

After a few moments of deliberative silence the discussion commenced, and was not long in reaching a height which did not forbode a speedy unanimity of opinion on the case in hand. What amused the stranger, notwithstanding his awkward situation, was to hear how little they dwelt upon the nature of the evidence that had been brought before them or on the points of law laid down by the judge in his charge. The chief points of contention soon became restricted to questions of theology and history, between which and the guilt or innocence of the defendant our traveller would have found it hard to trace any connection were it not for the hints previously thrown out by the quiet gentleman at the hotel. The allusions made, if not so broad as in the coffee-room, were fully as

much to the point and as remarkable for their severity and lucid vigor. The lash was administered freely, though politely, on both sides, and the deeds of buried popes and kings were insinuated into the discussion, evidently more in aid of the immediate purpose than with any unkindly or vindictive feeling toward the ashes of the long-mouldering delinquents. Hits, however, were dealt liberally against the living and the dead. St. Gregory VII. and Harry VIII., Anna Boleyn and Catherine de Medicis, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, all came in for their share; and if the opposing parties were not always successful in the defence they set up for their friends, they seldom failed to make up for the deficiency by a well-aimed thrust at some cherished name upon the enemy's side.

Perceiving that it was not likely they could agree, the foreman knocked at the door and bade the bailiff call the county high sheriff. When that personage arrived, the foreman, in the name of the jury, requested him to inform the judge that they had not been able to agree upon their verdict, nor was it likely they should do so for a considerable time. He departed, and they awaited his return in almost unbroken silence.

In a short time his footsteps were heard ascending the small staircase.

"Gentlemen," said he, "His Lordship desires me to tell you that, such being the case, you must only make up your minds to remain in until you can agree upon what verdict you are to give. His Lordship does not think proper to detain the court any longer at so late an hour."

"Then we are to remain here all night, I suppose?" exclaimed the foreman.

"If you should agree upon your verdict long before morning," continued the sheriff, in the same sedate tone, every accent of which was drunk with thirsty stillness by all ears in the jury-room, not excepting the pair in the cupboard, "His Lordship is pleased to say that you can send word to his lodgings in —— street."

What a prospect for all in the room, but more than all for our friend in the cupboard, who had not tasted food since morning, and was, moreover, in a position far from being the easiest in the world! There was, however, no help for it. Whatever difficulty he might have felt in revealing himself in the first instance was increased a hundred fold by the suspicious mode of concealment which he had since adopted and the dire fact of his having wilfully overheard a portion of the private deliberations of the jury. There was, therefore, no other resource than hope and patience. The sheriff descended the staircase; the jurymen separated, murmuring, into different corners of the room. The regulations of the court were too well understood to allow them to hope that they could be successful in any attempt to obtain refreshments from the officials in attendance, and they only deliberated each within his own mind in what manner they should pass the long winter night without either sleep or food. Sighing deeply, though inaudibly, our traveller resigned himself to his fate without troubling himself further about devising means of escaping it. The discontented jurymen sought comfort as they could, some occupying the few chairs that stood near the fire, while some, tying silk handkerchiefs about their heads and turning the collar of their coat over their ears, stretched themselves at

full length on the wooden forms and courted slumber with indifferent success.

It was now approaching midnight, and a universal stillness had fallen upon the city, interrupted only at intervals by the louder footfall of some belated passenger or the merry converse of a group returning homeward from some evening party. On a sudden a rough, sonorous voice was heard in the narrow street, already described, which passed beneath the window of the jury-room:

"Oyst—e—rs! Oysters! Fine Burren oysters! Choice Burren oysters!"

There was a general movement amongst the gentlemen of the jury. The foreman raised his head from the form on which he had laid his aching joints and advanced toward the window. After a moment's consultation with some of his fellow-prisoners, he threw up the sash, and, leaning forward, said in a low but distinct tone which could not fail to reach the ears for which it was intended,

"I say, oysters!"

"Who's that? Who calls oysters?"

"Oysters!" repeated the foreman.

"Oh, I beg Your Honor's pardon! Would you want any oysters, sir? They're as fresh as daisies, Your Honor."

"Come hither! Do you think if we took your oysters you could get us something to eat with them?"

"To be sure I could, Your Honor. But what good was that for me, when I've no means o' gettin' 'em up there?"

This difficulty was speedily removed. A number of cravats and pocket-handkerchiefs were tied together, so as to form a line long enough to reach the street. A whip was now raised for defraying the expenses of the projected entertainment, and the amount, as soon as collected, was made fast in the corner of a silk handkerchief which formed one extreme of the line. The whole apparatus was then carefully lowered from the window until it reached the hands of the expectant vender of shellfish:

> Like Iris' bow down darts the painted line—
> Starred, striped and spotted, yellow, red and blue,
> Old calico, torn silk and muslin new.

Having extracted the treasure from the handkerchief, the oysterman disappeared, and during the succeeding quarter of an hour the silence of an anxious suspense possessed all tongues with the exception of one or two, which gave expression to an ungenerous doubt as to whether they were likely ever again to see either their money or the value. At the end, however, of that space of time those unworthy murmurs were put to shame by the return of the well-principled object of those suspicions. Admiring his integrity, the foreman drew up the basket which he had carefully fastened at the end of the line of handkerchiefs. The feelings of our fasting tourist in the cupboard may be more easily imagined than described while he overheard from his lurking-place such exclamations as the following, uttered in an eager and authentic tone:

"What beautiful oysters!"

"And abundance of bread! He's a thoughtful fellow. What's that in the bottles?"

"Montmellick ale and cider," said the foreman.

"And here's a knife!" cried one juryman.

"And pepper!" exclaimed another.

"And a napkin and oyster-knife and two glasses!" exclaimed several voices in succession.

"And the remaining change!" cried the foreman, holding up a small brown-paper parcel in which a few shillings and some copper money had been carefully wrapped up.

This final circumstance completed the admiration of the jury, and it was proposed by the foreman and carried by acclamation that the surplus should be handed to the oysterman as a testimony of their esteem for his punctuality and disinterestedness. Accordingly, the line of handkerchiefs with the basket and money was lowered from the window, and the grateful oysterman departed after telling them that he would return in the course of the night to take away the empty bottles and the rest of the table-equipage when they should be no longer needed. In a few minutes his sonorous voice was heard resounding through the deserted streets to the customary burden of "Oysters! Fine Burren oysters! Choice Burren oysters!"

Supper now proceeded merrily, all party differences being forgotten in the flow of social glee which was set in motion by the good cheer which was so unexpectedly acquired. Often, in the mean time, did the unfortunate traveller call to mind the story of the highwayman and the first of the three beggars, and more than once was tempted to wish that the whole jury had been sharers in their infirmity, in order that he might have an opportunity of partaking in the feast without detection. He had, however, a touch of the philosopher about him which prevented his yielding to any useless repinings, and he contented himself with opening one of the doors of his retreat just so far as to enable him to see what was going forward, and to hear with more distinctness all that was said amongst the company outside.

Having done sufficient justice to the oysterman's feast, a glow of genial good-humor succeeded in the breasts of all to the anxiety and discontent which before had kept them silent and apart. More fuel was heaped upon the fire, the forms and chairs were drawn closer round it, and conversation became general and animated. It was at length interrupted by the foreman, who after requesting the attention of his fellow-jurors for some moments addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, although we have already fared so much better than we had expected, it yet remains for us to consider in what way the long interval is to be spent which we must pass between this and daybreak. The forms and the few chairs which we possess offer little inducement in the way of sleep, and I do not see the advantage of reviving any discussion on the case which has been submitted to our judgment, being always unfriendly to the introduction of party questions in mixed company where it can possibly be avoided. I therefore propose that we leave the question of the defendant's guilt or innocence between himself, his conscience and his Maker, and turn our attention to the passing of our remaining term of confinement in such a manner as may be most profitable, under the circumstances, to ourselves and to each other."

This address was received with general applause; which having subsided after a little time, the foreman was permitted to resume:

"I have heard it remarked, gentlemen, by learned men, that the word *Erin*—which, as you are all aware, is the poetical name for Ireland—forms likewise the accusative case of a Greek noun signifying 'strife' or 'discord.' Whatever analogy the present state of our country may enable a satirical mind to imagine between the word and its Greek meaning, I am sure there is no one in this room but will agree with me in hoping that the time may yet arrive when no handle shall be found for such invidious sallies, when the rocks and shoals of party feeling, which at present wreck the peace and happiness of society shall be covered by the advancing tide of good-will and brotherly affection, and when Irishmen, instead of maintaining a selfish struggle for partial or individual interests, shall labor heart and hand for the peace and welfare of the whole."

Renewed applause interrupted the current of the foreman's discourse, and it was only after a few minutes that he was permitted to proceed:

"At all events, gentlemen, there is nothing to hinder us from trying the experiment and setting our countrymen an example—for one night, at least—of the triumph of social feeling over prejudice and opinion. My proposal is, therefore, that we draw closer around the fire and each in succession either pay a fine of one shilling sterling or relate some amusing and characteristic tale such as he may have gathered in the course of reading or experience, and conclude by singing a song for the entertainment of the company; and, in order that this may proceed with all freedom, I move that no one shall take offence at what may be said, but that every one be at liberty to tell his story after his own fashion, with a *carte blanche* for the full utterance of everything that may come into his mind, excepting, of course, questions of mere controversy, for which this is not the time nor place, and for the introduction of which a fine of one shilling is to be imposed. I say this not that I hold a man's opinions to be a matter of indifference, but merely that no feeling of restraint or awkwardness should embarrass the chain of the narrative, and consequently diminish the amusement of the listeners."

A fresh burst of applause announced the unanimous assent of all present to this proposal, and preparations were immediately made for carrying it into effect. A fresh supply of turf was heaped upon the fire, the chairs were arranged in semicircular fashion around the hearth, and the foreman was placed in the only arm-chair in the room, with the additional dignity of president and full authority to decide all points of order which might arise.

THE JURY ALARMED.

The traveller, who had been lying in the cupboard during the whole night and listening with exemplary attention to the various narratives which had been served up for the entertainment of the company, was betrayed into an act of remarkable forgetfulness immediately on the conclusion of the twelfth juror's tale. Whether it was that his olfactory organs had been irritated by some particles of dust which had found its entrance into the cupboard, or that the dampness of his uncomfortable retirement had given him a cold, or that by some unaccountable fatality the fit seized him, certain it is that at this instant he so totally forgot the precari-

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ous situation in which he stood as to give a sudden and violent sneeze in his hiding-place. Let the reader imagine the effect produced by this unexpected sound upon the astonished jurors. They started from their seats as we are told men do in tropical climates on feeling the first shock of an earthquake. "What noise was that?"—"Didn't somebody sneeze?"—"Where was it?"—"Who was it?"—"'Tis from the cupboard!" etc., were exclamations which broke from the lips of the company—not *seriatim*, as we have been obliged to transcribe them, but almost at the same instant, and as it were in the same breath. Some of the most courageous, arming themselves with poker, tongs, and such other weapons, offensive and defensive, as the place afforded, advanced to the corner in which the now silent and trembling intruder lay half dead with apprehension of he knew not what, and mentally bewailing the fit of absence which had rendered all his caution and previous self-denial vain and useless.

There was some discussion as to whose duty it was to open the cupboard, which occasioned —for men in despair will catch at straws—a wild hope in the breast of the stranger that none amongst them might be found hardy enough to take the task upon him. The difficulty, however, was removed by the foreman, who, with an intrepidity worthy of imitation, taking the poker from the timorous hand of the juror who stood next him, advanced so near the cupboard that he was able, by extending the poker at arm's length and inserting the point of it between the two doors, to throw one of them back on the hinges, so as to disclose the pent-up figure of the listener inside. A single glance was sufficient to show the jurors that he was in a greater fright than they were, on which their courage rose to such a degree that all simultaneously rushed upon him and dragged him forward into the centre of the room.

Language would only expose its poverty in attempting to describe the scene that followed. Let it suffice to say that after about a quarter of an hour consumed in vociferations which led to nothing the stranger was able to obtain something like a hearing, and was allowed to explain in a consecutive manner the circumstances which had brought him into his present very questionable position. These, however, he related with so much candor and energy of manner that he evidently produced a favorable impression on the greater portion of his hearers. He was subjected to a vigorous cross-examination, which, however, did not in the least degree shake "his own original testimony." After some further deliberation the case was submitted to the foreman, who decided that, presuming on the good intentions of the stranger, the jury would be willing to favor his escape on condition that he would submit to the regulation of the night and add his story or song to those of which he had been in so extraordinary a manner a covert auditor.

"I cannot, gentlemen," said he, "better acknowledge your very great indulgence and kindness than by at once complying with your wishes, so far as my ability enables me. I will attempt a song which as a composition of my wooing-days—long gone by—I yet remember, perhaps, with as much interest as an Irishman could."

Smiling as he uttered these few words of preface, the stranger began:

"I love my love in the morning,
For she like morn is fair—
Her blushing cheek its crimson streak,
Its clouds her golden hair,
Her glance its beams so soft and kind,
Her tears its dewy showers,
And her voice the tender whispering wind
That stirs the early bowers,

"I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at noon,
For she is bright as the lord of light,
Yet mild as autumn's moon;
Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
Her faith my fostering shade,
And I will love my darling one
Till even that sun shall fade.

"I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at even;
Her smile's soft play is like the ray
That lights the western heaven.
I loved her when the sun was high,
I loved her when he rose,
But best of all when evening's sigh
Was murmuring at its close."

No sooner had the stranger concluded his song than all declared with one voice that he merited his liberty, and they accordingly began to devise means of procuring him that valuable boon. The window was raised, and it was soon found that by lowering him no farther than their arms might reach he could reach a projection in the building from whence his descent to the pavement was but an easy fall. Shaking hands warmly with each of the jurors in succession, and thanking them with the liveliest gratitude both for the entertainment he had derived from their narratives and for the kindness with which they connived at his escape, the stranger, having ascertained by a previous glance of inspection that there was no person within sight, suffered three or four of the jurors to grasp his wrists and lower him from the window, and in a few seconds found himself in the little street with no other injury than a slight momentary inconvenience from the concussion and the stiffness in his limbs occasioned by his having been so long in one position. Waving his hand again and again to the jurors, who stood looking from the window to see that he had reached *terra firma* in safety, he hastened to his hotel, where he found the Boots already stirring and commencing his daily avocations. The stranger hurried to bed, where he soon lost all recollection of the jurors and their stories, and slept so soundly that he was only awakened some hours after by the trumpeters who preceded the judges on their way to the courthouse.

The instant he heard the sound of the trumpet our traveller was seized with an irresistible desire to learn, and if possible to witness, the issue of the trial which had already awakened so lively an interest in his mind. Dressing with all possible speed, he was able to make his way into court just as the jury entered the box to give His Lordship an account of their proceedings since the previous evening. To the traveller, who knew so much more than the rest of the spectators of the manner in which the jurors had been passing their time, it was amusing to observe the gravity with which they took their seats and prepared to answer the questions of the judge.

"Well, gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?"

"No, My Lord."

"You have considered the evidence?"

"We have fully considered it, My Lord."

The traveller groaned.

"Is there any point—" His Lordship began; but before he could complete the sentence one or two persons hastily entered the

court, and an extraordinary commotion was presently observed amongst the gentlemen of the long robe, which soon extended itself through the body of the court. A general whispering and tittering commenced, which soon became so loud as to call for the attention of the Bench. In answer to a question from His Lordship, one of the defendant's counsel rose and with a voice half broken with laughter said,

"My Lord, you may remember I gave Your Lordship and the gentlemen of the jury to understand that there was some influence connected with this cause foreign to the inclinations and judgment of both the parties immediately concerned. The defendant, my client, was, I grieve to say, led, against his will, to give cause for this action by the instigation of his friends, who are of one political party; and the plaintiff, I understand, was persuaded against her will to institute this action in compliance with the wishes of *her* friends, who hold political principles of a different kind. Both parties were thus made to sacrifice their own happiness to the prejudices of others, but now I have the satisfaction to inform Your Lordship that they have this morning saved Your Lordship and the gentlemen of the jury the trouble of proceeding farther with the case. They have very wisely taken their own business out of their friends' hands and taken it into their own. In a word, My Lord, not to keep Your Lordship and those respectable gentlemen any longer in suspense, I have just learned that the plaintiff and defendant have decided the case by running away with each other after being legally married by special license at five o'clock this morning, and are now actually on their way together to the Lakes of Killarney, leaving us old fools with wigs on our heads to pore through spectacles over our briefs, while they have done more in half an hour to bring the litigation to a satisfactory close than all our law could effect for a whole term together."

The scene which followed was such as one does not often witness in a court of law. The counsel threw up their briefs amid roars of laughter; the jurors, who had entered heartily into the general mirth, were immediately discharged; and the traveller, as he took his way from the court, could not help suffering a sigh to mingle with his mirth as he murmured a wish that party spirit might never lead to worse consequences than it had on this occasion, when its utmost activity had led to no more injurious result than the imprisonment of an over-curious stranger during one night in the corner of a jury-room.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

LINCOLN AT SPRINGFIELD.

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THAT CITY, DECEMBER 12, 1865, BY HIS LAW-PARTNER.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. He moved to Indiana in 1816, came to Illinois in March, 1830, to old Sangamon county in 1831, settling in New Salem, and from this last place to this city in April, 1837, coming as a rude, uncultivated boy without polish or education and having no friends. He was about six feet four inches high, and when he left this city was fifty-one years old, having good health and no gray hairs, or but few, on his head. He was thin, wiry, sinewy, raw-boned; thin through the

breast to the back and narrow across the shoulders; standing, he leaned forward—was what may be called stoop-shouldered, inclining to the consumptive build. His usual weight was one hundred and sixty pounds. His organization—rather, his structure and functions—worked slowly. His blood had to run a long distance from his heart to the extremities of his frame, and his nerve-force had to travel through dry ground a long distance before his muscles were obedient to his will. His structure was loose and leathery; his body was shrunk and shrivelled, having dark skin, dark hair, looking woe-struck. The whole man, body and mind, worked slowly, creakingly, as if it needed oiling. Physically, he was a very powerful man, lifting with ease four hundred or six hundred pounds. His mind was like his body, and worked slowly but strongly. When he walked, he moved cautiously but firmly, his long arms, and hands on them hanging like giant's hands, swung down by his side. He walked with even tread, the inner sides of his feet being parallel. He put the whole foot flat down on the ground at once, not landing on the heel; he likewise lifted his foot all at once, not rising from the toe, and hence he had no spring to his walk. He had economy of fall and lift of foot, though he had no spring or apparent ease of motion in his tread. He walked undulatory, up and down, catching and pocketing tire, weariness and pain all up and down his person, preventing them from locating. The first opinion of a stranger or a man who did not observe closely was that his walk implied shrewdness, cunning—a tricky man; but his was the walk of caution and firmness. In sitting down on a common chair he was no taller than ordinary men. His legs and arms were abnormally, unnaturally long and in undue proportion to the balance of his body. It was only when he stood up that he loomed above other men.

Mr. Lincoln's head was long and tall from the base of the brain and from the eyebrows. His head ran backward, his forehead rising as it ran back at a low angle, like Clay's, and unlike Webster's, almost perpendicular. The size of his hat, measured at the hatter's block, was seven and one-eighth, his head being, from ear to ear, six and one-half inches and from the front to the back of the brain eight inches. Thus measured, it was not below the medium size. His forehead was narrow, but high; his hair was dark, almost black, and lay floating where his fingers or the winds left it, piled up at random. His cheek-bones were high, sharp and prominent, his eyebrows heavy and prominent; his jaws were long, upcurved and heavy; his nose was large, long and blunt, a little awry toward the right eye; his chin was long, sharp and upcurved; his eyebrows cropped out like a huge rock on the brow of a hill; his face was long, sallow and cadaverous, shrunk, shrivelled, wrinkled and dry, having here and there a hair on the surface; his cheeks were leathery; his ears were large and ran out almost at right angles from his head, caused partly by heavy hats and partly by nature; his lower lip was thick, hanging and undercurved, while his chin reached for the lip upcurved; his neck was neat and trim, his head being well balanced on it; there was the lone mole on the right cheek, and Adam's apple on his throat.

Thus stood, walked, acted and looked Abraham Lincoln. He was not a pretty man by any means, nor was he an ugly one; he

was a homely man, careless of his looks, plain-looking and plain-acting. He had no pomp, display or dignity, so called. He appeared simple in his carriage and bearing. He was a sad-looking man; his melancholy dripped from him as he walked. His apparent gloom impressed his friends and created a sympathy for him—one means of his great success. He was gloomy, abstracted and joyous—rather, humorous—by turns. I do not think he knew what real joy was for many years.

Mr. Lincoln sometimes walked our streets cheerily—good-humoredly, perhaps joyously—and then it was, on meeting a friend, he cried, "How d' y?" clasping one of his friend's hands in both of his, giving a good hearty soul-welcome. Of a winter's morning he might be seen stalking and stilting it toward the market-house, basket on arm, his old gray shawl wrapped around his neck, his little Willie or Tad running along at his heels, asking a thousand little quick questions which his father heard not, not even then knowing that little Willie or Tad was there, so abstracted was he. When he thus met a friend, he said that something put him in mind of a story which he heard in Indiana or elsewhere, and tell it he would, and there was no alternative but to listen.

Thus, I say, stood and walked and looked this singular man. He was odd; but when that gray eye and face and every feature were lit up by the inward soul in fires of emotion, *then* it was that all these apparently ugly features sprang into organs of beauty or sunk themselves into a sea of inspiration that sometimes flooded his face. Sometimes it appeared to me that Lincoln's soul was just fresh from the presence of its Creator.

All the wise and good things Mr. Lincoln ever did sprang or came out of his great reason, his conscience, his understanding and his heart, his love of truth, right and the good. Each man and woman must form his or her own estimate of the man in the mind. Run out these facts, qualities and faculties, and see what they must produce. For instance, a tender heart, a wise, strong reason, a good understanding, an exalted conscience, a love of the good, must, in such combination, practically applied, produce a man of great humanity.

Mr. Lincoln's eloquence lay in the strength of his logical faculty, his supreme power of reasoning, his great understanding and his love of principle; in his clear, exact and very accurate vision; in his cool and masterly statement of his principles, around which the issues gather; in the statement of those issues and the grouping of the facts that are to carry conviction, aided by his logic, to the minds of men of every grade of intelligence. He was so clear that he could not be misunderstood nor misrepresented. He stood square and bolt upright to his convictions, and formed by them his thoughts and utterances. Mr. Lincoln's mind was not a wide, deep, broad, generalizing and comprehensive mind, nor versatile, quick, bounding here and there, as emergencies demanded it. His mind was deep, enduring and strong, running in deep iron grooves, with flanges on its wheels. His mind was not keen, sharp and subtile: it was deep, exact and strong.

Whatever of life, vigor, force and power of eloquence the whole of the above qualities or a wise combination will give; whatever there is in a fair, manly, honest and impartial administration of justice, under law, to all men

at all times, through these qualities and capabilities given never deviating; whatever there is in a strong will in the right, governed by tenderness and mercy; whatever there is in toil and a sublime patience; whatever there is in particular faculties, or a wise combination of them, not forgetting his weak points, working wisely, sagaciously and honestly, openly and fairly,—I say whatever there is in these, or a combination of them, that Mr. Lincoln is justly entitled to in all the walks of life. These limit, bound and define him as statesman, orator, as an executive of the nation, as a man of humanity, a good man and a gentleman. These limit, bound and define him every way, in all the ways and walks of life. He is under his law and his nature, and he never can get out of it.

This man—this long, bony, wiry, sad man—floated into our county in 1831 in a frail canoe down the north fork of the Sangamon River, friendless, penniless, powerless and alone, begging for work in this city, ragged, struggling for the common necessaries of life. This man—this peculiar man—left us in 1861, President of the United States, backed by friends and power, by fame and human force.

To sum up, let us say, Here is a sensitive, diffident, unobtrusive, natural-made gentleman. His mind was strong and deep, sincere and honest, patient and enduring, having no vices and having only negative defects, with many positive virtues. His is a strong, honest, sagacious, manly, noble life. He stands in the foremost rank of men in all ages, their equal, one of the best types of this Christian civilization.

HON. WILLIAM H. HERNDON.

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GOOD AND GREAT MEN.

IT is delightful to remember that there have been men who in the cause of truth and virtue have made no compromises for their own advantage or safety, who have recognized "the hardest duty as the highest," who, conscious of the possession of great talents, have relinquished all the praise that was within their grasp, all the applause which they might have so liberally received if they had not thrown themselves in opposition to the errors and vices of their fellow-men, and have been content to take obloquy and insult instead. They, without doubt, have felt that deep conviction of having acted right which supported the martyred philosopher of Athens when he asked, "What disgrace is it to me if others are unable to judge of me, or to treat me as they ought?" There is something very solemn and sublime in the feeling produced by considering how differently these men have been estimated by their contemporaries from the manner in which they are regarded by God. We perceive the appeal which lies from the ignorance, the folly and the iniquity of man to the throne of eternal Justice. A storm of calumny and reviling has too often pursued them through life, and continued, when they could no longer feel it, to beat upon their graves. But it is no matter. They had gone where all who have suffered and all who have triumphed in the same noble cause receive their reward, but where the wreath of the martyr is more glorious than that of the conqueror.

ANDREWS NORTON.

LOUIS XI. OF FRANCE.

Reigned from A. D. 1461 to A. D. 1483.

From the French of Philip de Commines.

OUR king was at Plessis with little company but his archers; he allowed no person of whom he had any suspicion to remain either in the town or country, but he sent his archers not only to warn, but to conduct, them away. No business was communicated to him but what was of great importance and highly concerned him. To look upon him, one would have thought him rather a dead than a living man. He was grown so lean it was scarce credible. His clothes were now richer and more magnificent than they had ever been before; his gowns were all of crimson satin lined with rich martens' furs, of which he gave several away without being requested, for no person durst ask a favor of him or scarce speak to him of anything. He inflicted very severe punishments to inspire dread and for fear of losing his authority, as he told me himself. He removed officers, disbanded soldiers, retrenched pensions and sometimes took them away altogether; so that, as he told me not many days before his death, he passed his time in making and ruining men, which caused him to be talked of more than any of his predecessors, and he did this that his subjects might take notice he was not yet dead, for few were admitted into his presence (as I said before); and when they heard of his vagaries, nobody was willing to believe he was sick.

He also sent agents to all foreign courts. In England their business was to carry on the treaty of marriage and pay King Edward and his ministers of state their pensions very punctually. In Spain their instructions were to amuse that court with fair words and to distribute presents as they found it necessary for the advancement of his affairs. In remoter countries, where he had no mind his indisposition should be known, he caused fine horses or mules to be bought at any rate whatever; but this was not done in France. He had a mighty curiosity for dogs, and sent into foreign countries for them—into Spain for mastiffs, into Bretagne for greyhounds and spaniels, to Valentia for little shaggy dogs—and bought them at a dearer price than the people asked. He sent into Sicily to buy a mule of an officer of that country, and paid him double the value. At Naples he bought horses, and purchased strange creatures wherever they could be found, such as a sort of lions from Barbary no bigger than foxes, and which are called adits. He sent into Sweden and Denmark for two sorts of beasts those countries afforded, one of them called an elk, of the shape of a stag and the size of a buffalo, with short and thick horns; the other called reindeers, of the shape and color of a fallow-deer, but with much larger horns. Indeed, I have seen reindeers with fifty-four

horns, for six of each of which beasts he gave the merchants four thousand five hundred Dutch florins. Yet when all these rarities were brought to him, he never valued them, and many times would not so much as see the persons who brought them to him. In short, he behaved himself after so strange a manner that he was more formidable both to his neighbors and subjects than he had ever been before, and, indeed, that was his design and the motive which induced him to act so unaccountably.

He was continually discoursing on some subject or another, and always with a great deal of sense and judgment. His last illness (as I said before) continued from Monday to Saturday night; upon which account I will now make comparison between the evils and sorrows which he brought upon others and those which he suffered in his own person, for I hope his torments here on earth have translated him into Paradise and will be a great part of his purgatory; and if, in respect of their greatness and duration, his sufferings were inferior to those he had brought upon other people, yet if you consider the grandeur and dignity of his office, and that he had never before suffered anything in his own person, but had been obeyed by all people as if all Europe had been created for no other end but to serve and be commanded by him, you will find that little which he endured was so contrary to his nature and custom that it was more grievous for him to bear.

It was the advice of a certain grave divine, and others who were about him, that it should be declared to him that there was no hope left for him but in the mercy of God, and it was also agreed among them that his physician, Master James Coctier (in whom he had great confidence), should be present when this declaration was made him. This Coctier received of him every month ten thousand crowns, in the hope that he would lengthen his life. This resolution was taken to the end that he should lay aside all other thoughts and apply himself wholly to the settlement of his conscience. And as he had advanced them, as it were, in an instant and against all reason, to employments beyond their capacities, so they took upon them fearlessly to tell him a thing that had been more proper for other people to communicate; nor did they observe that reverence and respect toward him which was proper in such a case, and would have been used by those persons who had been brought up with him, or by those whom in a mere whim he had removed from court but a little before. But, as he had sent a sharp message of death to two great persons whom he had formerly beheaded (the duke of Nemours and the count of St. Paul), by commissioners deputed on purpose, who in plain terms told them their sentence, appointed them confessors to arrange their consciences and acquainted them that in a few hours they must resolve to die, so with the same bluntness and without the least circumstance of introduction these imprudent persons told our king: "Sire, we must do our duty. Do not place your hopes any longer in this holy hermit, or anything else, for you are a dead man. Think, therefore, upon your conscience, for there is no remedy left." Every one added some short saying to the same purpose; to which he answered, "I hope God will assist me, for perhaps I am not so ill as you imagine."

What sorrow was this to him to hear this

news! Never man was more fearful of death nor used more means to prevent it. He had all his life long commanded and requested his servants—and me among the rest—that whenever we saw him in any danger of death we should not tell him of it, but merely admonish him to confess himself, without ever mentioning that cruel and shocking word "death," for he did not believe he could ever endure to hear so cruel a sentence. However, he endured that virtuously, and several more things equally terrible, when he was ill; and, indeed, he bore them better than any man I ever saw die. He spoke several things which were to be delivered to his son, whom he called king, and he confessed himself very devoutly, said several prayers suitable to the sacraments he received and called for the sacraments himself. He spoke as judiciously as if he had never been ill, discoursed of all things which might be necessary for his son's instruction, and among the rest gave orders that the Lord des Cordes should not stir from his son for six months, and that he should be desired to attempt nothing against Calais or elsewhere, declaring that though he had designed himself to undertake such enterprises for the benefit of both the king and the kingdom, yet they were very dangerous, especially that against Calais, because the English might resent it; and he left it in especial charge that for five or six years after his death they should above all things preserve the kingdom in peace, which during his life he had never suffered. And, indeed, it was no more than was necessary; for though the kingdom was large and fertile, yet it was grown very poor, upon account of the marching and countermarching of the soldiers up and down in their passage from one country to another, as they have done since to an even worse extent. He also ordered that nothing should be attempted against Bretagne, but that Duke Francis should be suffered to live in peace, that both he and his neighbors might be without fear and the king and kingdom remain free from wars till the king should be of age to take upon himself the administration of affairs.

You have already heard with what indiscretion and bluntness they acquainted the king with his approaching death, which I have mentioned in a more particular manner because in a preceding paragraph I began to compare the evils which he had made others suffer who lived under his dominion with those he endured himself before his death, that it might appear that though they were not perhaps of so long a duration, yet they were fully as great and terrible, considering his station and dignity, which required more obedience than any private person, and had found more; so that the least opposition was a great torment to him. Some five or six months before his death he began to suspect everybody, especially those who were most capable and deserving of the administration of affairs. He was afraid of his son and caused him to be kept close, so that no man saw or discoursed with him but by his special command. At last he grew suspicious of his daughter and of his son-in-law the duke of Bourbon, and required an account of what persons came to speak with them at Plessis, and broke up a council which the duke of Bourbon was holding there by his order.

At the time that the count of Dunois and the said duke of Bourbon returned from conducting the ambassadors who had been at

Amboise to attend the marriage of the dauphin and the young queen, the king, being in the gallery at Plessis and seeing them enter with a great train into the castle, called for a captain of the guards and commanded him to go and search the servants of those lords, to see whether they had any arms under their robes, and ordered him to do it in discourse, so as no notice might be taken. Behold, then, if he had caused many to live under him in continual fear and apprehension, whether it was not returned to him again; for of whom could he be secure when he was afraid of his son-in-law, his daughter and his own son? I speak this not only of him, but of all other princes who desire to be feared, that vengeance never falls on them till they grow old, and then, as a just penance, they are afraid of everybody themselves; and what grief must it have been to this poor king to be tormented with such terrors and passions!

He was still attended by his physician, Master James Coctier, to whom in five months' time he had given fifty-four thousand crowns in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates for himself and his friends; yet this doctor used him very roughly indeed: one would not have given such outrageous language to one's servants as he gave the king, who stood in such awe of him that he durst not forbid him his presence. It is true he complained of his impudence afterward, but he durst not change him as he had done all the rest of his servants, because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, "I know well that some time or other you will dismiss me from court, as you have done the rest; but be sure" (and he confirmed it with a great oath) "you shall not live eight days after it;" with which expression the king was so terrified that ever after he did nothing but flatter and bribe him, which must needs have been a great mortification to a prince who had been humbly obeyed all his life by so many good and brave men.

The king had ordered several cruel prisons to be made; some were cages of iron, and some of wood, but all were covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible locks, about eight feet wide and seven high. The first contriver of them was the bishop of Verdun, who was immediately put in the first of them that was made, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since for his invention, and some from me as I lay in one of them eight months together in the minority of our present king. He also ordered heavy and terrible fetters to be made in Germany, and particularly a certain ring for the feet, which was extremely hard to be opened and fitted like an iron collar, with a thick weighty chain and a great globe of iron at the end of it most unreasonably heavy; which engines were called the "king's nets." However, I have seen many eminent and deserving persons in these prisons with these nets about their legs who afterward came forth with great joy and honor and received great rewards from the king.

As in his time this barbarous variety of prisons was invented, so before he died he himself was in greater torment and more terrible apprehension than those whom he had imprisoned; which I look upon as a

great mercy toward him, and as part of his purgatory, and I have mentioned it here to show that there is no person, of what station or dignity soever, but suffers some time or other, either publicly or privately, especially if he has caused other people to suffer. The king, toward the latter end of his days, caused his castle of Plessis-les-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron in the form of thick grating, and at the four corners of the house four sparrow-nests of iron, strong, massy and thick, were built. The grates were without the wall on the other side of the ditch, and sank to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible, and each furnished with three or four points. He likewise placed ten bowmen in the ditches, to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle before the opening of the gates, and he ordered they should lie in the ditches, but retire to the sparrow-nests upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such an attack; his great apprehension was that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, might attempt to make themselves masters of the castle by night, and, having possessed themselves partly of it by favor and partly by force, might deprive him of the regal authority and take upon themselves the administration of public affairs, upon pretence he was incapable of business and no longer fit to govern.

The gate of the Plessis was never opened, nor the drawbridge let down, before eight o'clock in the morning, at which time the officers were let in, and the captains ordered their guards their several posts, with pickets of archers in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that is closely guarded; nor was any person admitted to enter except by the wicket and with the king's knowledge, unless it were the steward of his household and such persons as were not admitted to the royal presence.

Is it possible, then, to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) in a closer prison than he kept himself? The cages which were made for other people were about eight feet square, and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers on his way to mass, but never passed through the court. Who can deny that he was a sufferer as well as his neighbors, considering how he was locked up and guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced? and though they owed all their preferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and enclosures. If the place where he confined himself was larger than a common prison, he also was much greater than common prisoners.

It may be urged that other princes have been more given to suspicion than he, but it was not in our time, and perhaps their wisdom was not so eminent, nor were their subjects so good. They might, too, probably have been tyrants and bloody-minded, but our king never did any person a mischief who had not offended him first, though I do not say all who offended him deserved death. I have not recorded these things merely to

represent our master as a suspicious and mistrustful prince, but to show that by the patience which he expressed in his sufferings (like those which he inflicted on other people) they may be looked upon, in my judgment, as a punishment which our Lord inflicted upon him in this world in order to deal more mercifully with him in the next, as well in regard to those things before mentioned as to the distempers of his body, which were great and painful, and much dreaded by him before they came upon him, and likewise that those princes who may be his successors may learn by his example to be more tender and indulgent to their subjects, and less severe in their punishments, than our master had been; although I will not censure him or say I ever saw a better prince, for, though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by anybody else.

After so many fears, sorrows and suspicions, God by a kind of miracle restored him both in body and mind, as is his divine method in such kind of wonders, for he took him out of this miserable world in perfect health of mind and understanding and memory after having received the sacraments himself, discoursing without the least twinge or expression of pain, and repeating his paternosters to the very last moment of his life. He gave directions for his own burial, appointed who should attend his corpse to the grave and declared that he desired to die on a Saturday, of all days in the week, and that he hoped our Lady would procure him that favor, for in her he had always placed great trust and served her very devoutly. And so it happened, for he died on Saturday, the 30th of August, 1483, at about eight in the evening, in the castle of Plessis, where his illness seized him on the Monday before. May our Lord receive his soul and admit it into his kingdom of Paradise!

Translation of ANDREW R. SCOBLE.

THE INDIAN CHIEF LOGAN.

FROM "THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED AMERICAN INDIANS."

THIS unfortunate chief—better known to the world by the eloquent and pathetic speech which he has left as a record of his misfortunes and sorrows than by his exploits in war—was of the Mingo, or Cayuga, tribe. His father, Shikellimus, was a personal friend of the benevolent James Logan, the friend of William Penn, and the founder of the Loganian Library, at Philadelphia. The name of the son was probably derived from this person. During the war with the French, when the Indian confederates, under the guidance of Pontiac, threatened the North-western settlements with extermination, Logan refused to take up arms against the whites, to whom he was attached by the most friendly feelings, and exerted himself as a peacemaker. He became known throughout all the neighboring tribes as the white man's friend, and continued on terms of the most perfect amity with all the Western settlers till the year 1774, when his friendship was requited with a series of acts of such barbarous and wanton cruelty as rendered him at once a most vindictive and implacable enemy to the whole civilized race.

The whole of the family of Logan perished in wanton massacres; in the last were his brother and sister, the latter in a delicate situation which aggravated the enormity of

the crime and augments our sympathy for the fate of the unfortunate victim. It will excite the wonder of no man that Logan from this moment breathed nothing but vengeance against the treacherous and inhuman whites. A general Indian war immediately followed. Logan was the foremost in leading his countrymen to the slaughter of their perfidious enemies. On the 12th of July, with a party of only eight warriors, he attacked a settlement on the Muskingum, captured two prisoners and carried them off. When they arrived at an Indian town, they delivered them to the inhabitants, who instantly prepared to put them to death in torture. Logan, however, in the heat of his vindictive feelings, displayed the humanity of his nature. He cut the cords of one of the prisoners, who was about to be burnt at the stake, and saved his life. This man was afterward adopted into an Indian family, and became Logan's scribe.

A chief named Cornstalk was the leader of the Indians in this war. Large bodies of warriors were collected, and they abandoned the usual mode of savage warfare, and, instead of making petty incursions upon the settlements, they resolved to meet the whites in the open field with a strong army and give them battle in their own way. This new scheme of military tactics, however, they had not the skill to follow up with success, and the contest was brought to a close much more speedily than would have been the case had the savages pursued their old method of hostilities. The whites everywhere along the frontier abandoned their settlements, and either fled from the scene of warfare or took shelter in the forts. Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, ordered out the militia, and an army of three thousand men was equipped for the campaign. One-half this force, under the command of Colonel Lewis, marched toward the mouth of the Great Kanawha, and the other division, under Dunmore, proceeded toward the Indian towns on the Ohio with the design of destroying them in the absence of the warriors, who were drawn off by the approach of Lewis's army.

At Point Pleasant, on the Great Kanawha, a sanguinary battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1774, between Lewis's army and the combined forces of the Shawanese, Mingoes and Delawares. The two armies were about equal in numbers. The action commenced a little after sunrise by a furious attack from the Indians, who drove in the advanced body of three hundred Virginians with great slaughter. The main body coming up, the fight was renewed, and continued with the utmost obstinacy through the day. The Indians, with great military skill and calculation, had completely invested their opponents, who were hemmed in upon a point of land at the junction of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers, having the Indian line of battle in their front and no possibility of a retreat in any direction. Cornstalk commanded the savage forces, and this tawny son of the forest distinguished himself in all his manœuvres throughout the engagement by the skill as well as the bravery of a consummate general. During the whole of the day his stentorian voice was heard throughout the ranks of his enemies vociferating, "Be strong! be strong!" After an incessant fire for twelve hours darkness ended the conflict. The Virginians lost one hundred and forty killed and wounded; the loss of the Indians was about the same.

The Indians retreated the next day, and shortly afterward made proposals for peace. Logan, who had fought with great bravery throughout the war, refused to be a suppliant on the occasion. Cornstalk, with eight other chiefs, visited the camp of Lord Dunmore to open negotiations, but Logan remained at his cabin in sullen seclusion, refusing to meet the whites. He was too distinguished a personage to be neglected in this important matter, and a messenger was sent to him to inquire whether the proposals for peace met his approbation. Under these circumstances he delivered the celebrated speech to which he owes his reputation. According to the best-authenticated accounts, after shedding an abundance of tears for the loss of his friends, he addressed the messenger in the following language:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat, if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that this is the joy of fear: Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

Every reader has been touched with the simple eloquence and pathos of this famous speech. Mr. Jefferson has indulged in no exaggeration in asserting, that neither Greek, Roman nor modern oratory has any passage that surpasses it. Logan's affecting appeal to the white man will be longer remembered than any other existing specimen of Indian rhetoric.

SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH
(Peter Parley).

PROGRESS.

AMIDST the varied reflections which the nineteenth century is in the habit of making on its condition and its prospects, there is one common opinion in which all parties coincide—that we live in an era of progress. Earlier ages, however energetic in action, were retrospective in their sentiments. The contrast between a degenerate present and a glorious past was the theme alike of poets, moralists and statesmen. When the troubled Israelite demanded of the angel why the old times were better than the new, the angel admitted the fact while rebuking the curiosity of the questioner. "Ask not the cause," he answered. "Thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." As the hero of Nestor's youth flung the stone with ease which twelve of the pigmy chiefs before Troy could scarcely lift from the ground, so "the wisdom of our ancestors" was the received formula for ages with the English politician. Problems were fairly deemed insoluble which had baffled his fathers, "who had more wit and wisdom than he." We now know better—or we imagine

that we know better—what the past really was. We draw comparisons, but rather to encourage hope than to indulge despondency or foster a deluding reverence for exploded errors. The order of the ages is inverted. Stone and iron came first. We ourselves may possibly be in the silver stage. An age of gold, if the terms of our existence on this planet permit the contemplation of it as a possibility, lies unrealized in the future. Our lights are before us, and all behind is shadow. In every department of life—in its business and in its pleasures, in its beliefs and in its theories, in its material developments and in its spiritual convictions —we thank God that we are not like our fathers. And, while we admit their merits, making allowance for their disadvantages, we do not bind ourselves in mistaken modesty to our own immeasurable superiority.

Changes analogous to those which we contemplate with so much satisfaction have been witnessed already in the history of other nations. The Roman in the time of the Antonines might have looked back with the same feelings on the last years of the republic. The civil wars were at an end. From the Danube to the African deserts, from the Euphrates to the Irish Sea, the swords were beaten into ploughshares. The husbandman and the artisan, the manufacturer and the merchant, pursued their trades under the shelter of the eagles, secure from arbitrary violence and scarcely conscious of their masters' rule. Order and law reigned throughout the civilized world. Science was making rapid strides. The philosophers of Alexandria had tabulated the movements of the stars, had ascertained the periods of the planets, and were anticipating by conjecture the great discoveries of Copernicus. The mud cities of the old world were changed to marble. Greek art, Greek literature, Greek enlightenment, followed in the track of the legions. The harsher forms of slavery were modified. The bloody sacrifices of the pagan creeds were suppressed by the law; the coarser and more sensuous superstitions were superseded by a broader philosophy. The period between the accession of Trajan and the death of Marcus Aurelius has been selected by Gibbon as the time in which the human race had enjoyed more general happiness than they had ever known before, or had known since up to the date when the historian was meditating on their fortunes. Yet during that very epoch and in the midst of all that prosperity the heart of the empire was dying out of it. The austere virtues of the ancient Romans were perishing with their faults. The principles, the habits, the convictions, which held society together were giving way, one after the other, before luxury and selfishness. The entire organization of the ancient world was on the point of collapsing into a heap of incoherent sand.

If the merit of human institutions is at all measured by their strength and stability, the increase of wealth, of production, of liberal sentiment, or even of knowledge, is not of itself a proof that we are advancing on the right road. The unanimity of the belief, therefore, that we are advancing at present must be taken as a proof that we discern something else than this in the changes which we are undergoing. It would be well, however, if we could define more clearly what we precisely do discern. It would at once be a relief to the weaker brethren whose minds occasionally misgive

them, and it would throw out into distinctness the convictions which we have at length arrived at on the true constituents of human worth and the objects toward which human beings ought to direct their energies.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THIS eminent scholar and classic poet was born at Berlin, Connecticut, September 15, 1795, and graduated at Yale College in 1815 with high honor. After leaving college he entered the medical school connected with the same, and received the degree of M. D. He did not, however, engage in practice, but devoted himself chiefly to the cultivation of his poetical powers and to the pursuits of science and literature. He first appeared before the public as an author in 1821, when he published a volume containing some minor poems and the first part of his "Prometheus," which was very favorably noticed in the *North American Review*. In 1822 he published two volumes of miscellaneous poems and prose writings and the second part of "Prometheus," a poem in the Spenserian measure. In 1824 he was for a short time in the service of the United States as professor of chemistry in the Military Academy at West Point, and subsequently as a surgeon connected with the recruiting-station at Boston. But his tastes lay in a different direction, and he gave himself to the Muses and to historical, philological and scientific pursuits. In 1827 he was employed to revise the manuscript of Dr. Webster's large dictionary, and not long after this he published a corrected translation of Malte-Brun's geography. In 1835 he was appointed, in connection with Professor C. U. Shepard, to make a survey of the geological and mineralogical resources of the State of Connecticut. Dr. Percival took charge of the geological part, and his report thereon was published in 1842. In 1843 appeared, at New Haven, his last published volume of miscellaneous poetry, entitled *The Dream of Day, and other Poems*. In 1854 he was appointed State geologist of Wisconsin, and his first report on that survey was published in January, 1855. The larger part of this year he spent in the field. While preparing his second report his health gave way, and after a gentle decline he expired on the 2d of May, 1856, at Hazel Green, Wisconsin.

However much distinguished Mr. Percival may be for his classical learning and for his varied attainments in philology and general science, he will be chiefly known to posterity as one of the most eminent of our poets, for the richness of his fancy, the copiousness and beauty of his language, his lifelike descriptions, his sweet and touching pathos, as well as, at times, his spirited and soul-stirring measures.

CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY, son of Hon William Pinkney, of Baltimore, Maryland, was born in London in October, 1802, his father being at that time minister at the court of St. James. On the return of the family he entered St. Mary's College, about 1812, and at the age of fourteen was appointed midshipman in the navy. After a varied service of nine years he resigned his place in the navy, was married, and was ad-

mitted to the bar in 1824. But his previous habits of life were not favorable to the steady and earnest pursuit of legal investigations, and his poetic temperament did not suit well with the contentions of the court-room; consequently, he had but little success as a lawyer. His health, too, had been for some time feeble, so that he had hardly the physical powers necessary to attain distinction in any profession. He had been for some years known as a poet to his circle of friends, and in 1825 a small volume appeared, entitled *Rodolph, and other Poems.* "Rodolph"—his longest work—has not much merit, but some of his minor pieces are very beautiful and richly merit preservation. Had his life been spared, he would doubtless have trodden a higher walk; but he died on the 11th of April, 1828, at the early age of twenty-five.

CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

RAPHAEL.

THE answer to the question, "Who was the greatest painter that ever lived?" is clear and prompt: Raphael, or, in his Italian name, Raffaello Sanzio d'Urbino. In a comparatively short life, and with little aid from others, this great genius wrought his beautiful visions on canvas and wall in great numbers, and achieved the fame of being first in his art in all the periods from the beginning of Art to the present time. He was born on the 28th of March, 1483; this day was Good Friday of that year, and he died, curiously enough, on Good Friday of the year 1520, being the 6th of April. Especially renowned for his matchless delineations of the *new-born* Christ, he is thus strangely associated with the day of his *death upon the cross.*

The father of Raphael was an artist, and the boy was sent as a scholar to the painter Pietro Vannuci, who from his later residence at Perugia bears the name of Perugino. With him Raphael remained from twelve years old to twenty. His first original work, "The Marriage of the Virgin," was quite in the style of his master, and was given to the world in 1500. Four years later he went to Florence, where he was incited to his best efforts by the works and example of Michael Angelo. He made some drawings illustrative of the Florentine wars. He became the warm friend of Fra Bartolomeo. The list would be long of his various works. Many of them were on religious and Scripture subjects; a few were of Grecian and Latin mythology, among which is noted "The Triumph of Galatea." For Leo X. he decorated with fine works of art the "loggie," or galleries, of the Vatican. In 1513–1516 he produced those beautiful Cartoons which have so often been reproduced, to the delight of all lovers of art, and which present the best specimens of distemper in color. To the Madonna and the Holy Family he chiefly devoted his pencil, and thus we have in the many galleries of Europe notable and well-known types of his conception of the virgin mother. Among them, the most famous are "The Madonna di San Sesto," a lovely standing figure now in the Dresden gallery; the "Vièrge au Diademe," in the Louvre; the very familiar group known as "Della Sedia, or Seggiola," in the Pitti gallery of Florence. There are also pictures of his on this subject in the Museo at Madrid and in the Escurial. He painted many portraits, among which the most valued are those of Popes Julius II. and Leo X. and the *Fornarina,* his mysterious relations with whom

lend a romance to his life. He is said to have made one statue, and his powers as an architect are manifest from the fact that after the death of Bramante he was chosen to carry on the building of St. Peter's at Rome.

Raphael died of a malarious fever caught while superintending some excavations at Rome. After accomplishing so much, the wonder is that he had attained the age of only thirty-seven years. The greatest of his paintings is doubtless "The Transfiguration." It taxed his utmost power to present that marvellous meeting of Christ with Moses and Elias and the resplendent glory of the mysterious change. He succeeded, and then dared the incongruity of placing another group below the figures on the mount—the demoniac child and the power of the transfigured Christ to cure him when the disciples failed. He painted a portrait of himself. Whether it is a good likeness or not it is now difficult to decide.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY?

IF I were asked to describe as briefly and popularly as I could what a university was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *studium generale*, or "school of universal learning." This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot—from all parts, else how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge? and in one spot, else how can there be any school at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea embodied in this description, but such a university seems to be in its essence a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse through a wide extent of country.

There is nothing far-fetched or unreasonable in the idea thus presented to us; and if this be a university, then a university does but contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular department, out of many which might be adduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose and partly not. One generation forms another, and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say—that is, the *littera scripta*—are one special instrument. It is true, and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press and how they are developed at this time in the never-intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in serious, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and instruction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intellectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and diversified and persevering a promulgation of all kinds of knowledge? Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sybil wrote her proph-

ecies upon the leaves of the forest and wasted them, but here such careless profusion might be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained ancients an immortality issue forth every morning and are projected onward to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day. Our seats are strewed, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts, and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom by largely informing us where we can at once cheaply purchase it.

I allow all this, and much more; such, certainly, is the popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after all, even in this age, when men are really serious about getting what, in the language of trade, is called "a good article," when they aim at something precise, something refined, something really luminous, something really large, something choice, they go to another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of teaching, of the personal influence of a master and in the humble initiation of a disciple, and, in consequence, of great centres of pilgrimage and throng which such a method of education necessarily involves. This, I think, will be found good in all those departments or aspects of society which possess an interest sufficient to bind men together or to constitute what is called "a world." It holds in the political world and in the high world and in the religious world, and it holds also in the literary and scientific world.

If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions, then we have reason for saying this—viz., that the province and the inestimable benefit of the *littera scripta* is that of being a record of truth and an authority of appeal and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher, but that if we wish to become exact and fully furnished in any subject of teaching which is diversified and complicated we must consult the living man and listen to his living voice. I am not bound to investigate the cause of this, and anything I may say will, I am conscious, be short of its full analysis. Perhaps we may suggest that no books can get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or hit upon the very difficulties which are respectively felt by each reader in succession; or, again, that no book can convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind through the eyes, the look, the accent and the manner, in casual expressions thrown off at the moment and the unstudied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home, but the detail, the color, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us,—you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already.

You must imitate the student in French or German who is not content with his grammar, but goes to Paris or Dresden; you must take example from the young artist who aspires to visit the great masters in Florence and in Rome. Till we have discovered some intellectual daguerreotype which takes off the course of thought and the form, lineaments and features of truth as completely and minutely as the optical instrument produces the sensible object, we must come to the teachers of wisdom to learn wisdom; we must repair to the fountain and drink there. Portions may go from thence to the ends of the earth by means of books, but the fulness is in one place alone. It is in such assemblages and congregations of intellect that books themselves, the masterpieces of human genius, are written, or at least originated.

The principle on which I have been insisting is so obvious, and instances in point so ready, that I should think it tiresome to proceed with the subject, except that one or two illustrations may serve to explain my own language about it, which may not have been as clear as the subject on which it has been employed.

For instance, the polished manners and high-bred behavior which are so difficult of attainment and so strictly personal when attained, which are so much admired in society, from society are obtained. All that goes to constitute a gentleman—the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the success in not offending; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candor and consideration, the openness of hand,—these qualities, some of them, come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity; but the full assemblage of them bound up in the unity of an individual character—do we expect they can be learned from books? Are they not necessarily acquired where they are to be found—in high society? The very nature of the case leads us to say so. You cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis, and in like manner it stands to reason you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with; you cannot unlearn your natural bashfulness or awkwardness or stiffness, or other besetting deformity, till you serve your time in some school of manners.

THE STUDENT AT ATHENS.

Learned writers assure us distinctly that the houses of Athens were for the most part small and mean, that the streets were crooked and narrow, that the upper stories projected over the roadway, and that staircases, balustrades and doors that opened outward obstructed it—a remarkable coincidence of description. I do not doubt at all, though history is silent, that that roadway was jolting to carriages and all but impassable, and that it was traversed by drains as freely as any Turkish town now. Athens seems in these respects to have been below the average cities of its time. "A stranger," says an ancient, "might doubt, on the sudden view, if really he saw Athens."

I grant all this, and much more if you will; but, recollect, Athens was the home of the intellectual and beautiful, not of low mechanical contrivances and material organiza-

tion. Why stop within your lodging, counting the rents in your wall or the holes in your tiling, when Nature and Art call you away? You will find just such a chamber and a table and a stool and a sleeping-board anywhere else in the three continents. One place does not differ from another in-doors; your magalia in Africa or your grottos in Syria are not perfection. I suppose you did not come to Athens to swarm up a ladder or to grope about a closet: you came to see and to hear what hear and see you could not elsewhere. What food for the intellect is a procurable article in-doors that you stay there looking about you? Do you think to read there? Where are your books? Do you expect to purchase books at Athens? You are much out in your calculations. True it is we at this day, who live in the nineteenth century, have the books of Greece as a perpetual memorial, and copies there have been since the time that they were written; but you need not go to Athens to procure them, nor would you find them in Athens. Strange to say, strange to the nineteenth century, that in the age of Plato and Thucydides there was not, it is said, a bookshop in the whole place, nor was the book-trade in existence till the very time of Augustus. Libraries, I suspect, were the bright invention of Attalus or the Ptolemies; I doubt whether Athens had a library till the reign of Hadrian. It was what the student gazed on, what he heard, what he caught by the magic of sympathy, not what he read, which was the education furnished by Athens.

He leaves his narrow lodging early in the morning, and not till night—if even then—will he return. It is but a crib or kennel in which he sleeps when the weather is inclement or the ground damp, in no respect a home. And he goes out of doors, not to read the day's newspaper or to buy the gay shilling volume, but to imbibe the invisible atmosphere of genius and to learn by heart the oral traditions of taste. Out he goes, and, leaving the tumble-down town behind him, he mounts the Acropolis to the right or he turns to the Areopagus on the left. He goes to the Parthenon to study the sculptures of Phidias, to the temple of the Dioscuri to see the paintings of Polygnotus. We indeed take our Sophocles or Æschylus out of our coat-pocket; but if our sojourner at Athens would understand how a tragic poet can write, he must betake himself to the theatre on the south and see and hear the drama literally in action. Or let him go westward to the Agora, and there he will hear Lysias or Andocides pleading or Demosthenes haranguing. He goes farther west still, along the shade of those noble planes which Cimon has planted there, and he looks around him at the statues and porticos and vestibules, each by itself a work of genius and skill enough to be the making of another city. He passes through the city gate, and then he is at the famous Ceramicus; here are the tombs of the mighty dead, and here, we will suppose, is Pericles himself, the most elevated, the most thrilling, of orators, converting a funeral oration over the slain into a philosophical panegyric of the living. Onward he proceeds still, and now he has come to that still more celebrated Academe which has bestowed its own name on universities down to this day, and there he sees a sight which will be graven on his memory till he dies. Many are the beauties of the place—the groves and the statues and the temple, and the stream of the Cephissus flowing by—many are the lessons which will

be taught him day after day by teacher or by companion; but his eye is just now arrested by one object: it is the very presence of Plato. He does not hear a word that he says; he does not care to hear; he asks neither for discourse nor disputation: what he sees is a whole complete in itself, not to be increased by addition and greater than anything else. It will be a point in the history of his life, a stay for his mind to rest on, a burning thought in his heart, a bond of union with men like himself, ever afterward. Such is the spell which the living man exerts on his fellows for good or for evil. How Nature impels us to lean upon others, making virtue or genius or name the qualification for our doing so! A Spaniard is said to have travelled to Italy simply to see Livy; he had his fill of gazing, and then went back again home. Had our young stranger got nothing by his voyage but the sight of the breathing and moving Plato, had he entered no lecture-room to hear, no gymnasium to converse, he had got some measure of education and something to tell of to his grandchildren.

But Plato is not the only sage, nor the sight of him the only lesson to be learned in this wonderful suburb. It is the region and the realm of philosophy. Colleges were the inventions of many centuries later, and they imply a sort of cloistered life—or, at least, a more than Athenian observance of rule. It was the boast of the philosophic statesman of Athens that his countrymen achieved by the mere force of nature and the love of the noble and the great what other people aimed at by laborious discipline, and all who came among them were submitted to the same method of education. We have traced our student on his wanderings from the Acropolis to the Sacred Way, and now he is in the regions of the schools. No awful arch, no window of many-colored lights, marks the several seats of learning: Philosophy lives out of doors. No close atmosphere oppresses the brain or inflames the eyelid; no long session stiffens the limbs. Epicurus is reclining in his garden; Zeno looks like a divinity in his porch; the restless Aristotle, on the other side of the city, as if in antagonism to Plato, is walking his pupils off their legs in his Lyceum by the Illyssus. Our student has determined on entering himself as a disciple of Theophrastus, a teacher of marvellous popularity who has brought together two thousand pupils from all parts of the world. He himself is of Lesbos; for masters as well as students come hither from all regions of the earth—as befits a university. How could Athens have collected hearers in such numbers unless she had selected teachers of such power? It was the range of territory which the notion of a university implies which furnished both the quantity of the one and the quality of the other. Anaxagoras was from Ionia, Carneades from Africa, Zeno from Cyprus, Protagoras from Thrace, and Gorgias from Sicily. Andromachus was a Syrian, Proæresius an Armenian, Hilarius a Bithynian, Philiscus a Thessalian, Hadrian a Syrian. Rome is celebrated for her liberality in civil matters; Athens was as liberal in intellectual. There was no narrow jealousy directed against a professor because he was not an Athenian: genius and talent were the qualifications, and to bring them to Athens was to do homage to it as a university. There was a brotherhood and a citizenship of mind.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D. D.
(Cardinal Newman).

THE HORSEBACK-RIDE.

HEN troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens and shrink from its strife,
When its fruits, turned to ashes, are mocking my taste,
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste,
Then come ye not near me my sad heart to cheer
With friendship's soft accents or sympathy's tear—
No pity I ask, and no counsel I need—
But bring me, oh, bring me my gallant young steed,
With his high-arched neck and his nostril spread wide,
His eye full of fire and his step full of pride.
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength to my spirit returneth again;
The bonds are all broken that fettered my mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind;
My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed down,
And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown.

Now we're off—like the winds, to the plains whence they came;
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame!
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod.
On, on like a deer when the hound's early bay
Awakes the wild echoes, away, and away;
Still faster, still farther, he leaps at my cheer,
Till the rush of the startled air whirs in my ear.
Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track;
See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back!
Now a glen dark as midnight. What matter? We'll down
Though shadows are round us and rocks o'er us frown;
The thick branches shake as we're hurrying through,
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew.

What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand
Such a steed in the might of his strength may command!
What a glorious creature! Ah! glance at him now
As I check him a while on this green hillock's brow:
How he tosses his mane with a shrill, joyous neigh
And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play!
Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in ire,
Till the long flinty pathway is flashing with fire.

Ho! a ditch! Shall we pause? No; the bold leap we dare;
Like a swift-wingèd arrow we rush through the air.
Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,
Not the 'wildering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
Nor the sail high-heaving waters o'er,
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT
(Grace Greenwood).

THE RIVER.

RIVER! river! little river!
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth,
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!
Broad and deep, and still as Time,
Seeming still, yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! river! rapid river!
Swifter now you slip away,
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! river! headlong river!
Down you dash into the sea—
Sea that line hath never sounded,
Sea that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

MRS CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

NEVER TO KNOW.

ONE within in a crimson glow
Silently sitting,
One without on the fallen snow
Wearily flitting,
Never to know
That one looked out with yearning sighs,
While one looked in with wistful eyes,
And went unwitting.

What came of the one without that so
Wearily wended?
Under the stars and under the snow
His journey ended,
Never to know
That the answer came to those wistful eyes,
But passed away in those yearning sighs
With night-winds blended.

What came of the one within that so
Yearned forth with sighing?
More sad, to my thinking, her fate, the glow
Drearily dying,
Never to know
That for a moment her life was nigh,
And she knew it not and it passed her by,
Recall denying.

These were two hearts that long ago,
Dreaming and waking.
Each to a poet revealed its woe,
Wasting and breaking,
Never to know
That if each to other had but done so
Both had rejoiced in the crimson glow,
And one had not lain 'neath the stars and snow
Forsaken—forsaking.

ISA CRAIG.

MAGNA CHARTA OF TURKEY—HATTI SCHERIFF OF GULHANE.

Prepared by Sultan Mahmoud II., and decreed Nov. 2, 1839, by Sultan Abdul Medjid Khan.

"IT is decreed, that in future the cause of every individual shall be tried publicly, according to our divine laws, after mature inquiry and examination; and till a regular sentence has been pronounced, no one shall have it in his power, either secretly or publicly, to put an individual to death, either by poison or by any other means.

"It is not permitted to attack the honor of any individual, unless before a court of justice.

"Every individual shall be allowed to be master of his own property, of whatsoever kind, and shall be allowed to dispose of it with full liberty, without any obstacle being offered by any one. For instance, the innocent heirs of a criminal shall not forfeit their right to his property, nor shall the property of a criminal be any longer confiscated.

"These imperial concessions extend to all our subjects, of whatever religion or sect they may be, and these advantages they shall, without exception, enjoy.

"Thus we grant full security to the inhabitants of our empire of life, honor, and property, as we are bound to do, according to the text of our holy law.

"As to the other subjects, they are subsequently to be regulated after the decision of the enlightened members of our Council of Justice, the members of which will be increased according to necessity, which is to meet on certain days, which we shall appoint. Our ministers and dignitaries of the empire will assemble to establish laws for the security of life and property and the assessment of taxes, and every member of these assemblies shall be free to express his opinion and to give his advice.

"Laws concerning the regulation of the military service will be debated at the military council, which will hold its meetings at the palace of the Seraskier.

"As soon as one law is settled, in order that it may be for ever valid it shall be presented to us, and we shall honor it with our sanction, and to the head thereof we shall affix our imperial seal."

Translation of HENRY CHRISTMAS, M. A.

ORDER FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE REMNANT OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

BY CALIF OMAR.

"IF what is contained in these volumes be contrary to the Koran, they are mischievous: if in accordance with the Koran, they are superfluous;—let them be burned."

Translation of HENRY CHRISTMAS, M. A.

THE BATTLE OF THE STORE.

FROM "THE OUTCAST, AND OTHER POEMS."

I WAS poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
And counting up my profits
In a calculating way.
How I strove and worried and dreamed,
And dreamed and talked and swore,
As I fought the fight through many a year—
The battle of the store!

I was thinking it over and over—
The percent. I should lose on Brown,
And whether I'd sell to Smith again
Whenever he came to town,
And whether my draft on Jones
Would trouble me any more;
And so I went fighting, fighting on,
The battle of the store.

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
When I heard a voice at my elbow
In a supplicating way:
"Will you let me entreat your notice
Toward this little book?
The price is only a shilling;
I think you will buy if you look."

I turned my head to my shoulder,
To a figure gaunt and gray,
Whose coat was shabby, and very thin
For this cold November day;
He had every look about him
Of a room in a dirty street
With a smoky fire in it,
And never enough to eat.

He stood at my elbow humbly
And stared a vacant stare,
While I took his book with a business-smile
And motioned him to a chair;
For somehow in the ledger
I had entered that old man gray,
And I knew I should find the entry
At no far-distant day.

I would give him a touch of nature,
Forgetting the god I obeyed;
So I gave the fire a goodly stir,
And I asked him, "How is trade?"—
"Ah! trade is very, very low,
And bread and meat are high;
And the weather is very, very cold;
And do you not wish you could die?"

I said that I thought I was willing to live
And struggle on for a while;
So the old man said it was very well,
And smiled a ghostly smile:
"But when you have lived as I have lived,
And lost as I have lost,
You will wish for death as the only rest
That is left for the tempest-tossed.

"It was many and many a year ago:
I could look in my ledger and see

The names of my debtors in every land,
  And my ships on every sea;
I sat and counted the loss and gain
  As 'tis counted to-day by you,
And I looked on my God and my love of truth
  In a business point of view.

"I have seen my dream of gold dispelled,
  My friends among the dead,
And the name that stood for a million once
  Not good for a loaf of bread;
I have lived to see far more than this—
  My wife and my children fair
Go one by one to the silent land:
  They tarry for me there."

He ceased and wiped the dropping tears
  From off his withered face,
Then slowly from his pocket took
  A strip of ragged lace;
He kissed and pressed it to his lips,
  And, speaking thick and fast,
"This is the only relic left
  That binds me with the past."

O sad and desolate old man,
  Thou type of all thy race,
Like thee they cling unto the past
  By bits of ragged lace;
Like thee they pace the dreary round
  Of pleasure or of pain;
Like thee they dwell upon a life
  They would not live again.

Good-night, thou man of many woes!
  Come not again to me,
For I have debts in every land
  And ships on every sea;
And I have wife and children fair;
  My friends are not yet dead;
But still I'll close my ledger up
  And think on what you've said.

J. W. WATSON.

LIFTED OVER.

FROM "POEMS BY H. H."

AS tender mothers, guiding baby-steps,
  Where places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled of
Myself, but strove to help my darling on:
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us where my arms would fail,
So reached from heaven, and, lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me. Shall I not, then, be glad,
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

MRS. HELEN HUNT
(Miss Helen Fiske).

CAPTIVITY.

WHEREAS in ward full oft I would bewail
  My deadly life full of pain and pennance,
Saying right thus: "What have I guilt, to fail
  My freedom in this world and my pleasaunce?
Since every wight thereof has suffisance,
That I behold, and I, a creature
Put from all this: hard is mine aventure.

"The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,
They live in freedom everich in his kind,
And I a man, and lacketh liberty!
What shall I sayn? What reason may I find
That fortune should do so?" Thus in my mind
My folk I would argewe, but all for nought:
Was none that might that on my painès rought.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLÜCK.

METHINKS it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'ercanopies the west—
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And like an infant fall asleep
On Earth my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity;
These clouds are living things:
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day—
Life's tedious nothing o'er—
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day,
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains;
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear:
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates, thy rest is bliss:
I would I were away.

Translation ANONYMOUS.

DEJANIRA LAMENTS THE DEATH OF HERCULES.

FROM THE LATIN OF OVID.

[Dejanira, having sent the poisoned shirt of Nessus to her husband, Hercules, in the belief that it would reawaken his love for her, thus laments her fatal error on hearing that it caused his death.]

YOU loved me too, alas! upon a time;
Our holy union was without a crime;
You thought it no disgrace to risk your life
In mortal fight for her you made your wife;
When Achelous, subdued, dismembered fled,
Shorn of one horn, to his deep oozy bed,
Nessus, the Centaur, where Evenus flowed,
Tinged its clear waters with his brutish blood.

Wretch that I am, what do I hear?
The dreadful tidings have just reached my ear
That Hercules by a poisoned shirt expires,
Consumed within by fierce tormenting fires!
To win him to my arms the gift I made,
And was by too much love to crime betrayed.
And can I harbor now a thought to live?
Can Dejanira her lost lord survive?
Can the vile wretch, alas! who caused his death
On Œta still retain her vital breath?

No, wretched Dejanira; you must show
A deed that fits Alcides' wife to do;
Nor will great Meleager too disown
A sister who such scorn of life has shown.
Then welcome, death, thrice welcome to my mind—
The only rest a wretch on earth can find!
Ill-fated race, what woes has Œneus known!
His brother Agrius robbed him of his throne;
While foreign climes an exile Tydeus sees,
My other brother burned by slow degrees;
My mother, late repenting of the deed,
By her own hand with fatal rashness bled.

With all these horrors pressing on my brain,
Can Dejanira yet her life retain?
Oh, let my dying breath with pity plead
To make you think me guiltless of the deed;
Thy wandering love to gain was my sole view—
Oh, witness Heaven!—and not to injure you.
Nessus, when pierced and streaming with his gore,
Declared his blood would a lost love restore;
I dipped a shirt in his perfidious blood,
And for that end on you the gift bestowed.
Such anguish, Dejanira, canst thou feel,
And plunge not in thy heart the fatal steel?
Adieu, my father, sister, brother too,
And thou, Alcides, take my last adieu;
Thou light, farewell, these eyes shall no more view,
And, Hyllus, thou unhappy boy, adieu.

Translation of JOHN FRANCIS BYRNE.

UPON THE LUTE.

UPON the lute
Then playit I twenty springis perqueir
Quhilk was great plesour for to heir;
Fra play thou leit me never rest,
But "Gynkertoun" thou luffit ay best;
And ay quhen thow come fra the scuel
Then I behaffit to play the fule.

DAVID LINDSAY.

A STORY.

[In a contest between three parties as to who would tell the most improbable story, the prize was awarded by a peddler, who was judge, to the one who narrated the following.]

AND this I would ye should understand:
I have seen women five hundred thousand,
And oft with them have some time tarried;
Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew, in my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience.

JOHN HEYWOOD

THERE IS A GARDEN.

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies show;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow.
There cherries hang that none may buy
Till "Cherry ripe!" themselves do cry.

RICHARD ALISON.

MAN.

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

JOHN FLETCHER.

SONGS OF OUR LAND.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home:
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, sweet, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

OH, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner. Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

* Under this title we give, among other poems, some representing both sides of our civil war. Many of them are excellent. They exhibit the spirit of our people during that epoch.

A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain-height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rearest aloft thy regal form
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
And see the lightning-lances driven
When strive the warriors of the storm
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun, to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier-eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean-wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;

When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel-hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin-dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play,
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior-rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his sweet, pale face,
Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould:
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush his wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now:
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take:
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! He has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart,
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

MARIE LA COSTE.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead;

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came,

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well,

And through the hill-gaps sunset-light
Shone over it with a warm "Good-night."

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law,

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MY MARYLAND.

WRITTEN AT POINTE COUPÉE, LA., APRIL 26, 1861.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain:
"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But, lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb:
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes, she burns! She'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

JAMES R. RANDALL.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

FOUR hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain-glen,
On battle-plain, in prison-pen,
Lie dead for me and you.
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave
For me and you,
Good friends, for me and you.

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp
And died for me and you.
From Western plain to ocean-tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you,
Good friends, for me and you.

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood like the rain,
A home, a heritage, to gain—
To gain for me and you.
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched and fought and bravely died,
For me and you,
Good friends, for me and you.

Up many a fortress-wall
They charged, those boys in blue,
'Mid surging smoke and volley's ball:
The bravest were the first to fall—
To fall for me and you.
The noble men, the nation's pride,
Four hundred thousand must have died
For me and you,
Good friends, for me and you.

Within that prison-hold
  Their martyr-spirits grew
To stature like the giant of old,
While amid agonies untold
  They starved for me and you.
The good, the patient and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died
  For me and you,
  Good friends, for me and you.

A debt we ne'er can pay
  To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
  "They died for me and you."
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave
  For me and you,
  Good friends, for me and you.

ROUND TABLE.

THE TWO GRAVES: THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

EACH thin hand resting on a grave,
  Her lips apart in prayer,
A mother knelt and left her tears
  Upon the violets there;
O'er many a rood of vale and lawn,
  Of hill and forest gloom,
The reaper, Death, had revelled in
  His fearful "harvest-home."
The last unquiet summer shone
  Upon a fruitless fray:
From yonder forest charged the Blue;
  Down yonder slope, the Gray.

"The hush of death was on the scene,
  And sunset o'er the dead
In that oppressive silentness
  A pall of glory spread;
I know not, dare not, question how
  I met the ghastly glare
Of each upturned and stirless face
  That shrunk and whitened there.
I knew my noble boys had stood
  Through all that withering day—
I knew that Willie wore the Blue,
  That Harry wore the Gray.

"I thought of Willie's clear blue eye,
  His wavy hair of gold,
That clustered on a fearless brow
  Of purest Saxon mould;
Of Harry with his raven locks
  And eagle-glance of pride;
Of how they clasped each other's hand
  And left their mother's side;
How, hand in hand, they bore my prayers
  And blessing on the way—
A noble heart beneath the Blue,
  Another 'neath the Gray.

"The dead with white and folded hands
  That hushed our village homes
I've seen laid calmly, tenderly,
  Within their darkened rooms,
But here I saw distorted limbs
  And many an eye aglare
In the soft purple twilight of
  The thunder-smitten air;
Along the slope and on the sward
  In ghastly ranks they lay,
And there was blood upon the Blue,
  And blood upon the Gray.

"I looked and saw his blood, and *his!*
  A swift and vivid dream
Of blended years flashed o'er me; then
  Like some cold shadow came

A blindness of the eye and brain,
The same that seizes one
When men are smitten suddenly
Who overstare the sun;
And while blurred with the sudden stroke
That swept my soul I lay,
They buried Willie in his Blue,
And Harry in his Gray.

"The shadows fall upon their graves:
They fall upon my heart,
And through the twilight of my soul
Like dew the tears will start;
The starlight comes so silently,
And lingers where they rest!
So Hope's revealing starlight falls
And sinks within my breast.
They will not ask in yonder heaven,
Where smiles eternal day,
Why Willie wore the loyal Blue,
Why Harry wore the Gray."

WILLIAM WARD.

ONLY A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

ONLY a soldier's grave! Pass by,
For soldiers, like other mortals, die.
Parents he had: they are far away;
No sister weeps o'er the soldier's clay;
No brother comes with a tearful eye;
It's only a soldier's grave: pass by.

True, he was loving and young and brave,
Though no glowing epitaph honors his grave,
No proud recital of virtues known,
Of griefs endured or of triumphs won;
No tablet of marble or obelisk high;
Only a soldier's grave: pass by.

Yet bravely he wielded his sword in fight,
And he gave his life in the cause of right,
When his hope was high and his youthful dream
As warm as the sunlight on yonder stream,
His heart unvexed by sorrow or sigh;
Yet 'tis only a soldier's grave: pass by.

Yet should we mark it, the soldier's grave:
Some one may seek him in hope to save;
Some of the dear ones far away
Would bear him home to his native clay:
'Twere sad indeed should they wander nigh,
Find not the hillock and pass him by.

S. A. JONES.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

FORTH from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee;
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of right,
Its stainless sheen like a beacon-light
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky,
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow, and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,

Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee.

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be!
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
Tis shrouded now in its sheath again:
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town—
A good, broad highway—leading down,
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle-flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs thundering south
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed like a bark fed with furnace ire
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.

What was done? what to do? A glance
told him both,
And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of
huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course
there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to
pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger
was gray;
By the flash of his eye and his nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's temple of Fame—
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away."

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

WOUNDED.

LET me lie down
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn
tree—
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I
may see
The surge of the combat, and where I may
hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer.
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph
to share:
The tempest, its fury and thunder were there,
On, on o'er entrenchments, o'er living and
dead,
With the foe under foot and our flag over-
head.
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah! how can I
rest
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-
pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be
sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I
fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel
and shell,
Through, without falt'ring—clear through,
with a yell—
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and
gloom,
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom.
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others
so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood:
For freedom and union each man owes his
part,
And here I pay my share all warm from my
heart.
It is duty!

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you for ever and aye!
Oh that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first pressed!
Dying at last!

Ah! I'm no saint,
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins
"Our Father," and then says "forgive us our sins;"
Don't forget that part—say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say "Amen!"
Ah! I'm no saint.

Hark! there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!
Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah! there flies the flag with its star spangles bright,
The promise of glory, the symbol of right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod
I die for the nation, the Union and God!
I'm mustered out!

WILLIAM E. MILLER.

THE MEN.

IN the dusk of the forest-shade
A sallow and dusty group reclined;
Gallops a horseman up the glade:
"Where will I your leader find?
Tidings I bring from the morning's scout;
I've borne them o'er mound and moor and fen."—
"Well, sir, stay not hereabout:
Here are only a few of the men.

"Here no collar has bar or star,
No rich lacing adorns a sleeve;
Farther on our officers are:
Let them your report receive.
Higher up, on the hill up there,
Overlooking this shady glen,
There are their quarters. Don't stop here:
We are only some of the men.

"Yet stay, courier! If you bear
Tidings that the fight is near,
Tell them we're ready, and that where
They wish us to be we'll soon appear;
Tell them only to let us know
Where to form our ranks, and when,
And we'll teach the vaunting foe
That they've met a few of the men.

"We're the men, though our clothes are worn—
We're the men, though we wear no lace—
We're the men who the foe hath torn
And scattered their ranks in dire disgrace;
We're the men who have triumphed before,
We're the men who will triumph again;
For the dust and the smoke and the cannon's roar
And the clashing bayonets, we're the men."

Ye who sneer at the battle-scars
Of garments faded and soiled and bare,
Yet who have for the stars and bars
Praise and homage and dainty fare,
Mock the wearers and pass them on,
Refuse them kindly word, and then
Know, if your freedom is ever won
By human agents, these are the men.

MAURICE BELL.

CIVIL WAR.

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet."

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead:
There's music around when my barrel's in tune."
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood—
A button, a loop or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."

"Oh, captain, I staggered and sunk on my track
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you as he lay on his back
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha, rifleman, fling me the locket! 'Tis she—
My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband! Hush, soldier! 'twas Heaven's decree:
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon.

"But hark! The far bugles their warnings unite:
War is a virtue, weakness a sin.
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, rifleman: keep your hand in."

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out all alone the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above with their glittering eyes
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother: may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree;
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river—
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead:
The picket's off duty for ever.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

THE OLD BLUE COAT.

YOU asked me, little one, why I bowed,
Though never I passed the man before?
Because my heart was full and proud
When I saw the old blue coat he wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

I know not, I, what weapon he chose,
What chief he followed, what badge he wore;
Enough that in the front of foes
His country's blue greatcoat he wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,
Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor;

To want or wealth my eyes were shut:
I only marked the coat he wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

It mattered not much if he drew his line
From Shem or Ham in the days of yore,
For surely he was a brother of mine
Who for my sake the war-coat wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

He might have no skill to read or write,
Or he might be rich in learnèd lore,
But I knew he could make his mark in fight,
And nobler gown no scholar wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

It may be he would plunder and prowl,
And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore,
But I would not guess a spot so foul
On the honored coat he bravely wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

He had worn it long and borne it far,
And perhaps on the red Virginia shore
From midnight chill till the morning star
That worn greatcoat the sentry wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore;
Perhaps on the mountain-side with Banks
In the burning sun no more he wore
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

Perhaps in the swamps was a bed for his form,
From the seven days' battling and marching sore,
Or with Kearney and Pope 'mid the steely storm,
As the night closed in, that coat he wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

Or when right over as Jackson dashed
That collar or cape some bullet tore,
Or when far ahead Antietam flashed
He flung to the ground the coat that he wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar,
Or saw with Grant the unchained waves
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

The garb of honor tells enough,
Though I its story guess no more;
The heart it covers is made of such stuff,
The coat is mail which the soldier wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

He may hang it up when the peace shall come,
And the moth may find it behind the door,
But the children will point, when they hear a drum,
To the proud old coat their father wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

And so, my child, will you and I,
For whose fair home their blood they pour,
Still bow the head as one goes by
Who wears the coat that soldier wore—
The blue greatcoat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

BISHOP BURGESS
(Rhode Island).

"STACK ARMS!"*

"STACK ARMS!" I've gladly heard the cry
When, weary with the dusty tread
Of marching troops, as night drew nigh,
I sank upon my soldier-bed
And calmly slept, the starry dome
Of heaven's blue arch my canopy,
And mingled with my dreams of home
The thoughts of peace and liberty.

"Stack arms!" I've heard it when the shout
Exulting rang along our line
Of foes hurled back in bloody rout,
Captured, dispersed; its tones divine
Then came to mine enraptured ear,
Guerdon of duty nobly done,
And glistened on my cheek the tear
Of grateful joy for victory won.

"Stack arms!" In faltering accents, slow
And sad, it creeps from tongue to tongue,
A broken, murmuring wail of woe
From manly hearts by anguish wrung.
Like victims of a midnight dream
We move, we know not how nor why;
For life and hope but phantoms seem,
And it would be relief—to die!

JOSEPH BLYTH ALSTON.

* Written in the prison of Fort Delaware, Delaware, on hearing of the surrender of General Lee.

READING THE LIST.

"IS there any news of the war?" she said.—
"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"
Was the man's reply,
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by—
"'Tis the very thing I want," she said;
"Read me a list of the wounded and dead."

He read the list: 'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray;
In the very midst was a pause to tell
Of a gallant youth who fought so well
That his comrades asked, "Who is he, pray?"—
"The only son of the Widow Gray,"
Was the proud reply
Of his captain nigh.
What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear.

"Well, well, read on! Is he wounded? Quick!
O God! but my heart is sorrow-sick!"—
"Is he wounded? No! He fell, they say—
Killed outright—on that fatal day."
But see! the woman has swooned away.

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light,
Slowly recalled the events of the fight;
Faintly she murmured, "Killed outright!
It has cost me the life of my only son,
But the battle is fought and the victory won:
The will of the Lord, let it be done!"

God pity the cheerless Widow Gray,
And send from the halls of eternal day
The light of his peace to illumine her way!

ANONYMOUS.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

WE sit together in our homes; the brief
spring day is done;
The shouting newsboys through the streets
proclaim the victory won.
We hail with blended thankfulness the tri-
umph bought so dear;
Our hearts one instant leap for joy; the next,
they thrill with fear.

We know that our beloved one was in that
fearful fray,
And stood a mark for rebel shot throughout
the bloody day;
We know that young heroic form was fore-
most in the fight,
That where the bravest were was he. Oh,
where is he to-night?

We check the supplications wild that fain
would fill the air;
Our lips are frozen when we think, "It is
too late for prayer!"
Either he bides in safety where the wearied
armies lie,
Or he looks upon our anguish from the other
side the sky.

We lift our tear-dimmed glances to the blue
and starry sky:
No voice from out the azure depths gives
answer, "Here am I!"
And silent lies the sleeping earth beneath
the moon's pale light;
O Earth and Heaven, which of you holds
our beloved to-night?

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-
swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the footpath damp

Across the clover and through the wheat
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying
feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom,
And now, when the cows came back at
night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm,
That three were lying where two had lain,
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess—
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass;
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue,
And, worn and pale, from the crisping hair
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn
And yield their dead unto life again,
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes,
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

A CRY TO ARMS.

HO, woodsmen of the mountain-side!
Ho, dwellers in the vales!
Ho, ye who by the chafing tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Leave barn and byre, leave kin and cot,
Lay by the bloodless spade;
Let desk and case and counter rot,
And burn your books of trade.

The despot roves your fairest lands,
And till he flies or fears
Your fields must grow but armèd bands,
Your sheaves be sheaves of spears.
Give up to mildew and to rust
The useless tools of gain,
And feed your country's sacred dust
With floods of crimson rain.

Come with the weapons at your call—
With musket, pike or knife:
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest hold his life.
The arm that drives its unbought blows
With all a patriot's scorn
Might brain a tyrant with a rose
Or stab him with a thorn.

Does any falter? Let him turn
To some brave maiden's eyes,
And catch the holy fires that burn
In those sublunar skies.
Oh, could you like your women feel
And in their spirit march,
A day might see your lines of steel
Beneath the victor's arch.

What hope, O God! would not grow warm
When thoughts like these give cheer?
The lily calmly braves the storm,
And shall the palm tree fear?
No! rather let its branches court
The rack that sweeps the plain,
And from the lily's regal port
Learn how to breast the strain.

Ho, woodsmen of the mountain-side!
Ho, dwellers in the vales!
Ho, ye who by the roaring tide
Have roughened in the gales!

Come flocking gayly to the fight
From forest, hill and lake;
We battle for our country's right,
And for the lily's sake.

HENRY TIMROD
(South Carolina).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

ASSASSINATED APRIL 14, 1865.

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier—
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please!

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain,

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes! He had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen,
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows,

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be,
How in good fortune and in ill the same,
Nor bitter in success nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Men's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle on the side
That he felt clear was liberty's and right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights.

* The London *Punch*, which during the war ridiculed President Lincoln both with pen and pencil, upon his assassination published this beautiful tribute to his memory.

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian and the prowling bear,—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up a destined work to do,
And lived to do it—four long suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,
Till, as he came on light from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon-hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore,
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

TOM TAYLOR.

YOU PUT NO FLOWER'S ON MY PAPA'S GRAVE.

WITH sable-draped banners and slow-measured tread
The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead,
And, seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,
Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.

Ended at last is the labor of love;
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move:
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief;
Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:

"Oh, sir, he was good, and they say he died brave:
Why, why, did you pass by my dear papa's grave?
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true
As ever marched into the battle with you.
His grave is so humble! no stone marks the spot;
You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there
And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.
He didn't die lowly: he poured his heart's blood
In rich crimson streams from the top-crowning sod
Of the breastworks which stood in front of the fight,
And died shouting, 'Onward for God and the right!'
O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,
But you haven't put one on my papa's grave.
If mamma were here— But she lies by his side:
Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died."

"Battalion, file left! Countermarch!" cried the chief.
"This young orphaned maid hath full cause for her grief."
Then up in his arms, from the hot, dusty street,
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate
The long line repasses, and many an eye
Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.

"This way, it is. Here, sir: right under this tree.
They lie close together, with just room for me."

"Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green mound:
A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground."

"Oh, thank you, kind sir! I ne'er can repay
The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day;
But I'll pray for you here each day while I live:
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give,
I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma too—
I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true—
And they will both bless you, I know, when I say
How you folded your arms round their dear one to-day,
How you cheered her sad heart and soothed it to rest,
And hushed its wild throbs on your strong noble breast.

And when the kind angels shall call you to come,
We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,
Where death never comes his black banners to wave,
And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave."

C. E. L. HOLMES.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

IN their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot,
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn.

Then, with eyes to the front all
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain,
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain.

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers,
And the "villanous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks,
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks.

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud,
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath,
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE LONE SENTRY.*

'TWAS in the dying of the day:
The darkness grew so still;
The drowsy pipe of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill;
Athwart the shadows of the vale
Slumbered the men of might,
And one lone sentry paced his rounds
To watch the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he
With deep and sombre brow;
The dreamful eyes seemed hoarding up
Some unaccomplished vow.
The wistful glance peered o'er the plains
Beneath the starry light,
And with the murmured name of God
He watched the camp that night.

The future opened unto him
Its grand and awful scroll;
Manassas and the Valley march
Came heaving o'er his soul;
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by
With that tremendous fight
Which gave him to the angel-hosts
Who watched the camp that night.

We mourn for him who died for us
With one resistless moan,
While up the valley of the Lord
He marches to the throne.
He kept the faith of men and saints
Sublime and pure and bright;
He sleeps, and all is well with him
Who watched the camp that night.

* Previous to the first battle of Manassas, when the troops under Stonewall Jackson had made a forced march, on halting at night they fell on the ground exhausted and faint. The hour arrived for setting the watch for the night. The officer of the day went to the general's tent and said,

"General, the men are all wearied, and there is not one but is asleep. Shall I wake them?"

"No," said Jackson; "let them sleep, and I will watch the camp to-night."

All night long he rode round that lonely camp, the one lone sentinel for that brave but weary and silent body of Virginia heroes; and when glorious morning broke, the soldiers awoke fresh and ready for action, all-unconscious of the vigils kept over their slumbers.

Brothers, the midnight of the Cause
Is shrouded in our fate;
The demon Goths pollute our halls
With fire and lust and hate.
Be strong, be valiant, be assured;
Strike home for heaven and right:
The soul of Jackson stalks abroad
And guards the camp to-night.

JAMES R. RANDALL.

AMERICA.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

ROLL-CALL.

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier standing near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!" Then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call:
Only his rear-man had seen him fall—
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two. The sad winds sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!" Then a soldier spoke;
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our ensign was shot I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke:

"Close to the roadside his body lies.
I paused a moment and gave him drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it, and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear,
For that company's roll, when called at night
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

NATHANIEL GRAHAM SHEPHERD.

ON THE HEIGHTS OF MISSION RIDGE.

WHEN the foes, in conflict heated,
Battled over road and bridge,
While Bragg sullenly retreated
From the heights of Mission Ridge,
There, amid the pines and wildwood,
Two opposing colonels fell
Who had schoolmates been in childhood
And had loved each other well.

There, amid the roar and rattle,
Facing Havoc's fiery breath,
Met the wounded two in battle
In the agonies of death.
But they saw each other reeling
On the dead and dying men,
And the old time, full of feeling,
Came upon them once again.

When, that night, the moon came creeping,
With its gold streaks, o'er the slain,
She beheld two soldiers sleeping,
Free from every earthly pain.
Close beside the mountain-heather,
Where the rocks obscure the sand,
They had died, it seems, together,
As they clasped each other's hand.

J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

HOLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so;
There's more blood to be seen than this stain on the snow:
There are pools of it—lakes of it—just over there,
And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair.
Did you think, when we came—you and I—out to-night,
To search for our dead, yon would be a fair sight?

You're his wife; you love him—you think so; and I
Am only his mother: my boy shall not lie

In a ditch with the rest while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share;
So if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go? Then no faintings! Give me the light,
And follow my footsteps: my heart will lead right.
Ah, God! what is here? A great heap of the slain,
All mangled and gory! What horrible pain
These beings have died in! Dear mothers, ye weep,
Ye weep—oh, ye weep—o'er this terrible sleep!

More! more! Ah! I thought I could nevermore know
Grief, horror or pity for aught here below
Since I stood on the porch and heard his chief tell
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,
That your red hands turn ever toward this dim light
These dead men, that stare so? Ah! if you had kept
Your senses this morning, ere his comrades had left,
You had heard that his place was worst of them all;
Not 'mid the stragglers: where he fought he would fall.

There's the moon through the clouds. O Christ, what a scene!
Canst thou from thy heavens o'er such visions lean
And still call this cursed world a footstool of thine?
Hark! a groan! There! another, here in this line
Piled close on each other. Ah! here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore. Pah! they died for this rag!

Here's the voice that we seek.—Poor soul, do not start;
We're women, not ghosts.—What a gash o'er the heart!
Is there aught we can do? a message to give
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,
To take it for the sake of the words my boy said—
"Home!" "Mother!" "Wife!"—ere he reeled down 'mong the dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point! 'Twas the Ninth!—Oh, the blood
Choking his voice! What a look of despair!
There! lean on my knee while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing.—Oh, my darling, my own,
My hands were both idle when you died alone!

He's dying—he's dead. Close his lids; let us go.
God's peace on his soul! If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies! My soul has turned sick!
Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so thick?
I cannot! I cannot!—How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of war!—

He's not here—and not here. What wild hopes flash through
My thoughts as foot-deep I stand in this dread dew
And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet sky!—
Was it you, girl, that shrieked?—Ah! what face doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain reels! 'Tis a dream! My old sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son!—oh, my son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!—
There! lift off your arms: let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled with my soul's hymn to rest.
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby-touch: was it for this?

He was yours, too? He loved you? Yes, yes! you are right.
Forgive me, my daughter: I'm maddened to-night.
Don't moan so, dear child; you're young, and your years
May still hold fair hopes, but the old die of tears.
Yes, take him again. Ah! don't lay your face there!
See! the blood from his wound has stained your loose hair.

How quiet you are!—Has she fainted? Her cheek
Is cold as his own.—Say a word to me! Speak!—
Am I crazed? Is she dead? *Her* heart broken first?
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst!
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, alone with these dead!
Those corpses are stirring! God help my poor head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing!—Dearest, don't move!—
Keep away from my boy: he's guarded by love.—
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep.

E. A. JOHNSTON.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it: it is best,

For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it.
Furl it, hide it: let it rest.

Take that banner down: 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff, and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should for ever wave—
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever
Till that flag should float for ever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it
And the hearts that fondly clasped it
Cold and dead are lying low,
And that banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
But oh, wildly they deplore it
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently: it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not; unfold it never:
Let it droop there, furled for ever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.*

BY the flow of the inland river
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robing of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

* The graves of Confederate and Union soldiers were alike decorated with flowers by the women of Columbus, Mississippi.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger for ever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. Finch.

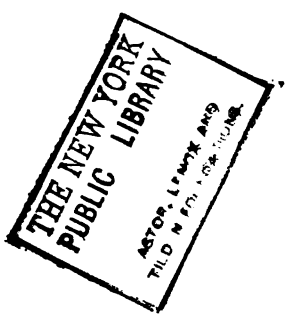
THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

BLAZE with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free:
I've mailed it with the thunder
Where the tempest muttered low,
And where it falls ye may well heed
The lightning of its blow.

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;
Go seek your chosen where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain.
I scorn your proffered treaty;
The paleface I defy;
"Revenge!" is stamped upon my spear,
And "Blood!" my battle-cry.

Some strike for hope of booty,
Some to defend their all:
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall;
I love, among the wounded,
To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream,
And struggling through the everglade
Your bristling bayonets gleam;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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye, "Come not here!"

Think ye to find my homestead?
I gave it to the fire.
My tawny household do ye seek?
I am a childless sire.
But should ye crave life's sustenance,
Enough I have, and good:
I live on hate—'tis all my bread,
And light is not my food.

I loathe ye with my bosom;
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath
And fight ye till I die;
I ne'er will ask ye quarter
And I ne'er will be your slave,
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
Till I sink beneath its wave.

G. W. PATTEN.

ONLY A YEAR.

ONE year ago, a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year! No voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die.

One year ago! What loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial-stone,
Of all that beauty, life and joy,
Remain alone.

One year, one year, one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen—
What visions fair, what glorious life—
Where thou hast been?

The veil, the veil, so thin, so strong,
'Twixt us and thee!
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear,
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE PRIMITIVE GOVERNMENT OF POLAND.

From the Polish of John N. Kryczynski.

POLAND was governed absolutely by more than one hundred thousand gentlemen, one elective king, and a perpetual senate. The assembly of the three authorities formed the legislative power. This multitude of gentlemen assembled sometimes on horseback in a vast plain, and every two years they named deputies in the districts to represent this general assembly of the nation. In order to form a resolution, it was always necessary to have a unanimity of the votes. It is impossible to fix the epoch at which their liberty commenced. The people found on their frontiers an ancient ditch, which showed the borders of the Roman Empire, the only monument which has been left of their ancestors.

The greatest part of the nation established the highest right of Polish liberty, in the facility of breaking up the diet, either by a sudden recession or by the single word *mipazualam* (I do not consent), by which all operations of the diet were suspended and sometimes stopped. Those who practised this hazardous privilege were accustomed to save themselves by flight, to escape the resentment of their fellow-citizens. They remained in concealment for some years, according to circumstances. Others, more courageous, exposed themselves with intrepidity to the first impulse of an irritated nation, which frequently excused in them an abuse which she could not help blaming, and of which, however, she was proud. In order to bring the public deliberations to a fixed determination, the session was not interrupted until labor, hunger, and exhausting of the energies had reduced all the votes to unanimity. Under the reign of Ladislaus IV., the last day of the diet had passed before they had resolved on the smallest matter; yet the king would not break up the assembly. Meanwhile an ancient law, having for its object the prevention of a too long continuance of each session, forbade anything to be done by candle-light. In order to comply with this law, they remained in darkness, each taking his seat according to his rank: and the very extraordinary thing occurred, of a senate and diet remaining assembled, every one asleep in his place, presided over by a king asleep on his throne.

Translation of Author.

CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many Western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne,
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats.

MONSIEUR CARDONNET'S ENTERPRISE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND (BARONESS DUDEVANT).

THE GIG ADVENTURE.

ONE fine day I was returning quietly on foot from a fair, when I met with a tall man with a handsome countenance, though he is not much younger than myself, and though his dark eyes and pale—or, rather, yellow—complexion give him a stern and harsh appearance. He was in a gig, and was driving down a steep descent full of pointed stones, as in the time of our fathers, and yet he was urging on his horse as if not aware of the danger. I could not forbear giving him warning.

"Sir," said I, "in the memory of man no wheeled carriage ever came down this road. I think the enterprise, if not impossible, at least likely to cause you to break your neck; and if you choose to take a longer but safer way, I will point it out to you."

"Thank you," he answered, with some roughness in his manner; "this road seems to me good enough, and I will answer for it that my horse will get through."

"It is your affair, and not mine," replied I, "and what I said was out of pure humanity."

"Thank you, sir; and, since you are so obliging, I will endeavor to acknowledge it. You are on foot, and seem to be going the same way; so if you like to take a seat in my gig, you will get on more quickly and I shall have the pleasure of your company."

I remained for a moment divided between the fear of breaking my bones and that of passing for a coward. "After all," said I to myself, "this individual does not look like a madman, and appears to have no reason for risking his life. No doubt he has a wonderful horse and an excellent gig." So I got in by his side, and we began to descend the hill at a hard trot without the horse once making a false step or the master losing his presence of mind for an instant. He talked to me of one thing or the other and asked me a good many questions about the country. I confess that I answered him somewhat confusedly, for I was not quite easy.

"Well," said I, when we arrived without accident on the banks of the Gargilesse, "we have not broken our necks, but we shall never be able to cross the river at this place; it is as low as possible, but not yet fordable. We must keep a little to the left."

"You call that a river?" said he, shrugging his shoulders. "I see nothing but stones and reeds. You wouldn't turn aside for a dry ditch?"

"As you please," said I, a little mortified. His contemptuous audacity vexed me; I knew he was going right into a gulf, and yet, as I am not of a timid nature, I refused his offer to set me down. I wished to punish him that he might have a good fright, even at the risk of drinking a little water myself—though I am not fond of water.

I had neither the satisfaction nor the inconvenience of such a catastrophe. The gig

was not upset. In the middle of the river, which had dug itself a deep bed in that part, the horse had the water as high as his nostrils and the carriage was lifted up by the current. But the gentleman whipped up the animal, who lost his footing, drifted, swam, and as if by a miracle brought us to the shore with nothing worse than a cold foot-bath. I had not lost my presence of mind, and I know how to swim as well as most men; but my companion afterward confessed to me that he could swim no more than a log, and yet he had neither blanched nor changed color. "This," thought I, "must be a stout-hearted fellow, and his coolness would not displease me, only that there is something disdainful in it, like a demon's laugh."

"If you are on your way to Gargilesse," said I to him, "I am going there too, and we may continue the journey together."

"Very well," replied he. "Where is Gargilesse?"

"Are you not going there?"

"I don't know exactly where I am going to-day," said he, "and I am ready to go anywhere."

I could not help looking at this strange personage who without any definite object was thus travelling over mountains and rivers for the sole purpose, it seemed, of risking his own life, and mine with it, and I could not but reproach myself with my folly for trusting my person in his infernal gig.

Seeing that I did not speak a word, he thought it necessary to explain himself.

"My mode of travelling astonishes you?" said he. "You must know, then, that I have come into this country with the design of founding an establishment in the place that shall appear most suitable. I have money to employ—whether for myself or others is no matter—and you may be able to give me information that will be of great service to me."

"Very true," said I, much consoled by hearing him talk so reasonably; "but before I can give you advice I must know what kind of establishment you intend to form."

"It will be enough," said he, eluding my question, "that you answer to what I ask you. For instance, what is the maximum force of the little current we have just passed, from this place to its junction with the Creuse?"

"It is very irregular; you have seen it at the minimum, but its increase of power is frequent and terrible. If you examine the principal mill, you will be convinced of the ravages of this torrent, of the continual damage sustained by that poor old piece of machinery and of the folly there would be in laying out much money upon it."

"But by the outlay of capital, sir, it is possible to chain the wild forces of Nature. Where the poor rustic machine would perish the solid and powerful engine will triumph."

"It is true," said I, "that in every river the large fish eat the small."

He answered nothing to this reflection, but continued to drive me about with him and to question me. Wishing to be civil, and inclined by nature to trifle away time, I showed him all round the country. We entered several mills; he conversed with the millers, examined everything with attention, and then returned to Gargilesse, where he talked to the mayor and the principal inhabitants, to whom he had asked me to introduce him.

He accepted the repast offered him by the curate, allowed himself to be made much of, and let it be understood that he was in a position to render more service than he received. He spoke little, heard much and inquired about everything, even to matters which seemed not directly to concern his enterprise—such as if the people of the country were truly pious or only superstitious, if the middle classes lived comfortably or closely, if public opinion inclined to moderate or democratic views, what sort of people composed the general council of the department, and so on. At nightfall he took a guide, that he might go and sleep at Pin, and I did not see him again till three days after. He then stopped at my door, to thank me, as he said, for having been so obliging, but in reality, I think, to ask me some more questions.

"I will return in a month," said he as he bade me farewell, "and I think I shall fix myself at Gargilesse. It is a central point, the spot pleases me, and I have a notion that your little river, which you described as so wicked, will not be very difficult to reduce to obedience. It will cost less to bring it into order than I should have to spend on the Creuse; and, besides, the kind of little danger we surmounted in crossing it makes me think it is my destiny to conquer in this place." Thereupon he took his departure.

This man was Monsieur Cardonnet.

In less than three weeks he returned with an English engineer and a number of workmen. From that time he has never ceased working at Gargilesse with earth, stone and iron. Ever at his post, he rises before the dawn and goes late to rest; whatever may be the weather, he wades up to his knees in mud, overlooking his workmen, knowing the why and the how of everything and directing the building of a great factory, with dwelling-house, garden and dependencies, workshops, sheds, dykes, roads, bridges—in fact, a magnificent establishment. During his absence men of business had been employed, and had purchased the ground without his appearing in the matter. As he paid a high price, it was thought at first that he knew nothing of business and that he was come here to ruin himself. He was laughed at still more when he raised the wages of workmen; and when, to induce the municipal authorities to let him divert the course of the river, he offered to make a new road at his own expense, people said, "This man is mad. His ardor in speculation will be his ruin." Yet, after all, I think him as far-sighted as others, and I wager that he will succeed in placing both his house and his money to advantage. The river troubled him a good deal last autumn, but luckily it has been pretty quiet this spring, and he will have time to finish his works before the rainy season, if we have no extraordinary storms. He does everything on a large scale, and it is true that he spends more money than necessary; but if he have a passion for finishing quickly whatever he undertakes, and if he have the means and the will to pay liberally for the sweat of the poor workman, where is the harm? It seems to me, on the contrary, that it is a great good; and, instead of accusing this man of being a hairbrained fellow, as some do, or a crafty speculator, as others will have it, we ought to be grateful to him for having conferred on our country the benefits of manufacturing industry.

MONSIEUR CARDONNET'S LAST INJUNCTIONS TO HIS CHILDREN.

"My children," he said to them, "I have made you rich, since it was necessary to do so in order to overcome the obstacles which separated you and to render you happy. My will has been long made, and the form of it I changed last night. My intentions remain the same; Emile, I think, is acquainted with them. Do not make me any reply, my children. I know your sentiments; I am acquainted with your hearts. You have been exposed to the most severe trials; you have come forth triumphant. I have full confidence in you, and I leave the future to your free disposal. You have the intention of becoming a practical man, Emile; I give you the instruments for it, but this is not saying that you will yet have the means of being so.

"You must possess social science, and this is the result of long labor, to which you will apply yourself with powers that the age in which you live—and which is no longer mine—will develop more or less speedily, more or less happily, according to the will of God. Perhaps it may not be for you, my children, but your offspring, who will see my projects realized, but in bequeathing to you my wealth I bequeath to you my opinions and my faith. You will, in your turn, bequeath it to others, should you have to pass through a phasis of humanity which will not allow of your building with good effect. But Emile once gave utterance to an expression which struck me. One day I asked him what use he would make of property like mine. He replied, 'I would try to employ it usefully.' Let him therefore try—he who has always fancied that the prosperity of the human family would be promoted by the organization and development of agricultural science; let him, after he has well reflected upon and well studied how his dreams may be successfully realized, and the means of transition which will prevent the chain that unites the past to the future from being deplorably broken.

"I confide in your intelligence because it derives its source from the heart. May God inspire you with genius, Emile, and may he also bestow it upon the men of your time! for the genius of a single individual is almost as nothing. I have now only to fall calmly asleep in my tomb. If it be granted to me to live yet a short time in the society of you both, I shall have begun to enjoy life on the eve of my death. But, idle, desponding and useless as I have been, I shall not have lived in vain if I have discovered the man who is able and destined to act in my stead.

"Keep the secret of your projects until the new and complete self-education which Emile has to undergo shall be terminated. To die calmly, I ardently desire to see you free and strong.

"And, after all, my children, whatever decision you arrive at, whatever errors you may commit or whatever success may crown your efforts, I own to you that I find it impossible to feel uneasy concerning the future condition of the world. In vain the storm will burst over the generations that are born or will be born; in vain error and falsehood will labor to perpetuate those frightful disorders which by some are called—apparently in derision—social order; in vain iniquity will triumph here on earth; and if some centuries hence my ghost be able to revisit this vast inheritance and glide beneath the ancient trees which

my hand has planted, it will behold here men free, happy, equal and united—that is to say, just and wise. These shades to which I have retired in dread from the presence of the men of the present time will then form the arched roof of a sublime temple and afford shelter to a numerous family prostrated to offer prayers and thanksgivings to the Author of nature and the Father of men. For do not talk to me of narrow spaces within which stone and cement enclose the bodies and thoughts of men; do not talk to me of rich colonnades and superb porches in comparison with the natural architecture of which the supreme Creator is the only founder. I have centred all the poetry of my ideas in trees and flowers, in streams, in rocks and in meadows. Do not deprive the old planter of his illusion—if it indeed be one—for he still cherishes the adage that God pervades all things and Nature is his temple."

Translation of PECHE DE M. ANTONIE.

THE ILIAD.

OF all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their contemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon that generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works the adamantine basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impression can be traced through successive centuries on the history of our species!

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the *Iliad* of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by the incomparable efforts of a single mind? Who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song? Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence and her matchless verse all point us to that transcendent genius who by the very splendor of his own effulgence woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist, it was Homer who inspired the poet, it was Homer who thundered in the Senate, and, more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the *Iliad* became the region of taste, the birthplace of the arts. FRANCIS WAYLAND.

THE SPHYNX.

NEAR the pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once-worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty, some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly-wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet

still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze and kiss you your charitable hand with the big, pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images—that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change, the same seeming will and intent for ever and ever inexorable. Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors, upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race, upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day,—upon all, and more, this unworldly Sphynx has watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we—we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race with those same sad, earnest eyes and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

THE ECONOMY OF NATURE.

NATURE is a great economist, and more and more every day do I perceive this to be the case. The farina of flowers, the decay of a leaf, the dead bark of a tree,—all in their turn answer some useful purpose. A piece of rush which sinks to the bottom of a river becomes the abode of an insect, and the deserted web of a spider forms part of the building-material of some of our pretty songsters. When cattle are cooling themselves in the water, the flies they whisk off with their tails become the food of numerous small fish which crowd round the herd; and when they are grazing, they are frequently followed by water-wagtails, which procure their food by the same means. The fern-owls and the bats prevent too great an increase of nocturnal insects. Though the latter have no apparent enemies to contend with, they are not permitted to become so numerous as to be an annoyance to man. Mice, which conceal themselves in the daytime and seek their food at night, are also kept within due limits by the owl, whose soft feathers and silent motions enable it to approach its prey without creating any alarm.

It is difficult to ascertain the wiles and stratagems which wild or savage animals have of securing their prey, but it is probable that if we could be acquainted with them they would evince no small degree of sagacity and forethought. We know that this is the case with the fox and the wolf, and the following instance will show that the dog sometimes shows the felonious cunning of the race to which he belongs:

My neighbor, Mr. S——, during the time he resided in Ireland, had a large flock of valuable sheep. Two of them having been killed by dogs, he set several men to watch the sheep at night, and as long as they continued to do so not a sheep was missing. The very

night, however, on which the men were withdrawn, ten of the sheep were killed; one dog was caught in the act of worrying a sheep in a ditch, and another was seen to make its escape. The captured dog was marked with paint, and had a small log fastened to him; he was then turned loose, in order that his owner might be discovered. As long as the dog was watched he lay down and refused to move, but now and then lifted up his head and looked about him. Finding this to be the case, Mr. S—— stationed men on horseback at different places, and went himself to the top of his house to give a signal of the quarter to which the dog might make. Finding no one in sight, the dog at last made off, and was traced to a house two miles distant. The other dog was also discovered in the same neighborhood, and his owner confessed that he had seen him return and go into a pond to wash himself, where he shook his head backward and forward, evidently for the purpose of washing something from his mouth. He afterward rolled on some fodder, and then hid himself amongst the straw in a barn, from whence he did not come out until he was dry. Both the dogs were shot. It appeared that they must have passed their master's sheep untouched before they began their depredations on Mr. S——'s flock, thus evincing a degree of cunning, and almost reflection, of no common kind.

EDWARD JESSE.

THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD.

THE improvements effected of late years in the microscope may well be said to have opened to us a material world of whose existence we should otherwise be wholly ignorant. The number of species of animals and plants now known whose forms are so minute that they are individually invisible to the naked eye and only appreciable when collected together in masses is very great, and the catalogue is daily enlarging as the waters of the sea and of lakes and ponds are more carefully subjected to examination. What to the naked eye seems like a green or brownish slimy scum attached to the stalks of water-plants or floating on the surface of stagnant pools displays to the microscope a series of elegant and curious forms endowed with a most perfect symmetry and delicate structure of parts, each acting in the circle of its narrow sphere as perfectly as the more bulky creations above it.

The plants included in this microscopic world are classed by botanists under two families—the Desmidieæ, which exclusively inhabit fresh water, and the Diatomaceæ, a great number of which are marine. The forms of these minute organisms are strange; they exhibit mathematical figures, circles, triangles and parallelograms such as we find in no other plants, and their surface is often most elaborately sculptured. These plants have the power of withdrawing silex, or flint-earth, in some manner from the waters of the sea and fixing it in their tissues, but the exact method in which this is effected has not been ascertained. A remarkable point in their history results from this power of feeding on flint. It is this: their bodies are indestructible. Thus their constantly-accumulating remains are gradually deposited in strata, under the waters of the sea as well as in lakes and ponds.

At first the effect produced by things so small—thousands of which might be con-

tained in a drop and millions packed together in a cubic inch—may appear of trifling moment when speaking of so grand an operation as the deposition of submarine strata. But as each moment has its value in the measurement of time, to whatever extent of ages the succession may be prolonged, so each of these atoms has a definite relation to space, and their constant production and deposition will at length result in mountains. The examination of the most ancient of the stratified rocks, and of all others in the ascending scale, and the investigation of deposits now in course of formation, teach us that from the first dawn of animated nature up to the present hour this prolific family has never ceased its activity. England may boast that the sun never sets upon her empire, but here is an ocean-realm whose subjects are literally more numerous than the sands of the sea. We cannot count them by millions simply, but by hundreds of thousands of millions. Indeed, it is futile to speak of numbers in relation to things so uncountable. Extensive rocky strata, chains of hills, beds of marl, almost every description of soil, whether superficial or raised from a great depth, contain the remains of these little plants in greater or less abundance. Some great tracts of country are literally built up of their skeletons. No country is destitute of such monuments, and in some they constitute the leading features in the structure of the soil. The world is a vast catacomb of Diatomaceæ, nor is the growth of those old dwellers on our earth diminished in its latter days.

These earliest inhabitants of the world seem destined to outlive beings of larger growth whose race has a definite limit, both ends of its existence comprised far within the duration of a species of Diatomaceæ. Many of the existing species are found in a fossil state even in early beds. No part of our modern seas is without this ever-springing vegetation. In fact, it is difficult to name a nook on the face of the earth or in the depths of the sea where they are wholly absent, either in a dead or living state; and their office in the general economy, besides affording food for the humbler members of the animal kingdom, seems to be the preparation of a soil for a higher class of vegetables. This they effect by the minute division of the silicious particles laid up in their tissues, and probably make this nearly insoluble earth more fit for assimilation by other plants. We must also suppose them endowed, like other vegetables, with the power of decomposing carbonic acid and liberating oxygen, and thus in their countless myriads exercising no mean place in the household of Nature. Like their mistress, these her humblest servants work in secret. We know not what we owe them. But continued as their existence is through all time, and dispersed as they are through every part of the world—even where the ice-bound sea is peopled by nothing else—we may rest assured that they do perform some work which renders them worthy the care of a Providence who creates nothing superfluous.

WILLIAM HENRY HARVEY.

GABRIEL ROMANOVICH DERZHAVIN.

OF all the poets of Russia, Derzhavin is, in my conception, entitled to the very first place. His compositions breathe a high and sublime spirit; they are full of inspiration. His versification is sonorous, original.

characteristic, his subjects generally such as allowed him to give full scope to his ardent imagination and lofty conceptions. His *Oda Bog* ("Ode on God"), with the exception of some of the wonderful passages of the Old Testament, "written with a pen of fire" and glowing with the brightness of heaven —passages of which Derzhavin has frequently availed himself—is one of the most impressive and sublime addresses I am acquainted with on a subject so pre-eminently impressive and sublime.

Derzhavin was born at Kasan on the 3d of July, 1743. The elements of instruction were given to him in the house of his parents; he then studied in private academies, and afterward completed his education in the imperial gymnasium. In 1760 he was inscribed in the engineer military service, and in the following year, as a reward for his great progress in the mathematics, and for his excellent description of the Bulgarian ruins on the banks of the Wolga, he was placed in the ranks of the Preobrashenshe regiment. From the year 1762 he was promoted through the different gradations to the rank of ensign, which he held in 1772, and he obtained great credit for his prudence and ability while engaged as lieutenant in the corps sent to reduce Pugachev in 1774. He advanced uninterruptedly in his military career, till in 1784 he was made a counsellor of state and appointed to the government first of Oloretz and afterward of Tambov. In 1791 the empress Catherine II. gave him the office of secretary of state; in 1793 he was called to the Senate, and the next year he was made president of the college of commerce. In the year 1800 he was appointed to the post of public cashier, and in 1802 to that of minister of justice. His official career was soon after closed by his retiring on his full allowance, in the evening of his days, to the enjoyment of the fruits of his long and active labors.

Such a life would appear little calculated for the pursuit of intellectual pleasures or for the cultivation of poetical talents, but the energies of these seem to be alike uninfluenced by the burdens of pomp or the privations of poverty. None is too high to bend down to the attractive voice of song, none too low to be raised by the awakening call of the lyre.

The most celebrated compositions of Derzhavin are his "Ode to God," "Felizia," "On the Birth of Alexander," "The First Neighbor," "On the Death of Count Meshchersky," "On the Swedish Peace," "The Fountain," "The Waterfall," "Autumn" and the Anacreontic songs. His poems were printed in four volumes in 1808. He died July 6, 1816.

JOHN BOWRING.

EPIGRAM.

A VETERAN gambler, in a tempest caught,
Once in his life a church's shelter sought,
Where many a hint pathetically grave
On life's precarious lot the preacher gave.
The sermon ended and the storm all spent,
Home trudged old Cog-die, reasoning as he went.
"Strict truth," quoth he, "this reverend sage declared;
I feel conviction and will be prepared,
Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
Give credit for a bet beyond a day."

SAMUEL BISHOP.

GOD.*

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF THE RUSSIAN POET GABRIEL ROMANOVICH DERZHAVIN.

THOU eternal One whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God, there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fillst existence with thyself alone,
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God, for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels infinite and dark,
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence; Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin, all life, all beauty thine,
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious, great,
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath;
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth, from thee,
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command.
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss,
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,

* Golovnin says of this poem that it has been translated into Japanese by order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jeddo. I learn from the periodicals that an honor something similar has been done in China to the same poem. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin.

A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea
All this magnificence in thee is lost.
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am *I*, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against thy greatness—is a cipher brought
Against infinity. What am I, then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes, in my spirit doth thy Spirit shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward thy presence, for in thee
I live and breathe and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely thou must be!

Thou art! Directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land.

The chain of being is complete in me,
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity.
I can command the lightning, and am dust;
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god.
Whence came I here, and how, so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown! This clod
Lives, surely, through some higher energy,
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator, yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me!* Thou source of life and good,
Thou spirit of my spirit and my Lord,
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to thee—its Author, there.

Oh, thoughts ineffable! Oh, visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast
And waft its homage to thy deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good,
'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

[This poem was written soon after the authoress had lost her husband and her only child.]

I SAW the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn
And the chain had been severed in two:
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe.
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee, I love thee: pass under the rod!"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh, sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart
And taken her treasure away:
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee, I love thee: pass under the rod!"

I saw the fond brother with glances of love
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,
And she hung on his arm and breathed soft in his ear
As he played with each graceful curl.
Oh, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery voice,
Let her use it in sadness or glee,
And he twined his arms round her delicate form
As she sat in the eve on his knee.
But I saw when he gazed on her death-stricken face,
And she breathed not a word in his ear,
And claspèd his arms round an icy-cold form,
And he moistened her cheek with a tear.
But the Healer was there, and he said to him thus:
"Grieve not for thy sister's short life,"

And he gave to his arms still another fair girl,
And he made her his own cherished wife.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of his God:
"I love thee, I love thee: pass under the rod!"

I saw, too, a father and mother who leaned
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hopes had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world:
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there.
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God:
"I love thee, I love thee: pass under the rod!"

MARY S. B. DANA.

THE EVENING STAR.

HOW sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star to love and lovers dear,
While trembling on the falling dew
Like beauty shining through a tear!

Or, hanging o'er that mirror-stream
To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seemest to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine
As far as thine each starry light,
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
When twilight lingers on the plain
And whispers to the closing flowers
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doomed to prove
That rapture's tears are mixed with pain,
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,
But sweeter to be loved again.

JOHN LEYDEN

THE SERENADE.

From "Random Shots."

SOON after the Orpheus Glee Club of the village of Blank was formed, a proposal was made that a serenade should be given to Miss Peterson, a young lady who was admired by all the members, but for whom the president was known to have a specially tender feeling. The proposal was agreed to, and for two or three evenings the club practised with such energy and assiduity as to excite strong discontent among the people who lived in the vicinity of the club-room.

Upon the appointed night, precisely at twelve, the club sallied forth. It carried neither lamp nor music, the members feeling confident that they could depend upon memory to enable them to go properly through the programme.

After a rapid walk the residence of Miss Peterson was reached, and the club halted upon the pavement in front of it. The windows showed no light of any kind, and the club rejoiced to think that the lovely Peterson would be awakened sweetly from her slumbers by the harmony which it would forthwith produce. The first and second tenors ranged themselves together, while the first and second basses took their appropriate places. The leader gave the pitch in a low voice, and the club dashed gallantly into "Sweet be thy Slumber, Darling." There were four verses, each ending with a chorus. When the piece was concluded, every eye in the club was raised to the windows to catch the first glimpse of the head of the enchanting Peterson. But she did not appear. There was nothing to indicate that any one in the house had heard the music, so called.

"We must put on a little more pressure," said the leader. "They don't seem to hear us."

So the club tuned up, and presently emitted the words of the song "Star of the Evening, Beautiful Star." The singers filled their lungs bravely and emptied them vigorously, the tenors trying to drown out the basses, and the basses growling away in such a manner that the tenors hardly considered they had fair play.

As the final cadence died away upon the midnight air the club looked to the windows with eager expectation, feeling sure that Miss Peterson would give some token of delight. But, strange to say, the windows remained closed, and no one appeared.

"Maybe she sleeps in a back room," suggested Philpott, one of the tenors.

"No," said the president; "her little brother told me that her room was that one there, in the front."

"She must be a very sound sleeper, then," said the leader. "Let's give her a roaring

song *fortissimo*, and see if we can't get her up."

Then the club, taking the pitch, plunged into "Hail, Happy Morn!" and sang with such vehemence that it might have been heard miles away. While the performance was proceeding, the singers heard the noise of the lifting of a window-sash, and their eyes involuntarily sought the house. But no; it was a window of the house next door on the right. From this a head protruded, listening. When the music was hushed, a voice said,

"Halloa there! What are you fellows about?"

"Singing."

"What for?"

"Serenading Miss Peterson."

"Who?"

"Miss Peterson."

The man at the window gave a short laugh and withdrew.

But Miss Peterson was yet to be heard from.

"I don't understand it," said the president, somewhat mystified; "she must have heard us."

"Mighty queer," said Philpott. "Most women are so fond of serenades, too."

"Let's quit and go home," remarked Quigg, one of the basses.

"Oh no," quickly rejoined the president. "We ought to give her one more chance. Try her with 'Row, Brothers, Row!' and sing it loud."

The club put all its strength into the song, and in the midst of the harmony another window was heard opening. A moment later an old boot descended among the singers. They stopped. The missile came from a house upon the left side of the Peterson's. Before the president could express his indignation respecting the boot a voice said,

"Why don't you vagabonds shut up and go home? It's an outrage for you to be howling out there at this time of night."

"Mind your own business," replied the president. "We're not troubling you. We're serenading Miss Peterson."

"Who?"

"Miss Peterson. Go to bed and hush."

This man also laughed, and said something to another person, who was heard to laugh too. The club began to feel angry, especially as none of the Peterson family appeared to pay the smallest attention to the serenade.

"One more, and then if she don't come we'll stop," said the president.

The man at the window laughed again and remained to listen. The club began to sing "Angels Watch Over Thee!" and it sang with the loud pedal on. But the chorus of the eighth verse died away, and still the bewildering Peterson failed to signify her delight.

"Give her another one, boys," said the man at the window. "Maybe you haven't sung anything she likes."

The club was annoyed by the remark, but it scorned to notice such impertinence.

"I wonder what can be the matter?" said Philpott.

"Maybe we've got the wrong house," exclaimed Quigg.

"Oh no; I know the house well enough," replied the president.

"Well, it's very queer," said the leader.

"Is there a door-plate on the door?" asked Quigg.

"Certainly," replied the president; "don't you see it—that white thing there?"

"Strike a match and let's look at it," said Philpott.

The leader went up the steps, followed by the club. He struck a match. Then every member of the club saw a placard upon which was written in large letters the legend,

"THIS HOUSE FOR RENT."

The shock was so great that for a moment nobody spoke; then Philpott said softly,

"By George, they have moved!"

The man at the window then observed,

"She heard you were coming boys, and she packed up and fled; she has gone into the country for the summer. Probably she will never come back until she hears that you have disbanded."

If the club had followed its impulses, it would have reduced that man to mincemeat at once. But it walked sadly away, and each man went to his own home.

At the next meeting a by-law was adopted providing that no serenade should be undertaken unless an understanding should first be had with the person to whom the compliment was offered. MAX ADELER.

ONLY WHAT I OUGHT TO BE.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF DOM PEDRO, EX-EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

IF I am pious, clement, just,
  I am only what I ought to be;
The sceptre is a mighty trust,
  A great responsibility;
And he who rules with faithful hand,
  With depth of thought and breadth of range,
The sacred laws should understand,
  But must not, at his pleasure, change.

The chair of justice is the throne;
  Who takes it, bows to higher laws;
The public good, and not his own,
  Demands his care in every cause.
Neglect of duty—always wrong—
  Detestable in young or old—
By him whose place is high and strong
  Is magnified a thousand-fold.

When in the east the glorious sun
  Spreads o'er the earth the light of day,
All know the course that he will run,
  Nor wonder at his light or way:
But if, perchance, the light that blazed
  Is dimm'd by shadows lying near,
The startled world looks on amazed,
  And each one watches it with fear.

I, likewise, if I always give
  To vice and virtue their rewards,
But do my duty thus to live;
  No one his thanks to me accords.
But should I fail to act my part,
  Or wrongly do, or leave undone,
Surprised, the people then would start
  With fear, as at the shadowed sun.

Translation of THOMAS MACKELLAR.

EXECUTIONS IN GREECE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EDMOND FRANÇOIS VALENTINE ABOUT'S TRAVELS IN GREECE IN THE YEAR 1852.

THE most horrible of all punishments inflicted by justice is in every country the easiest of application. One escapes from prison and the galleys: there is no

escape from the tomb, and a man is soon dead. It is not so in the kingdom of Greece, and the application of capital punishment was impossible there till 1847.

The government sought for an executioner in the country: it found none. It had two or three brought from abroad: it saw them massacred by the people. It thought of making use of soldiers as executioners: the Senate did not allow it. At last they found a man sufficiently starved to lend his hand to the sad work of human justice. This wretched man lives alone, far from Athens, in a fortress where he is guarded by soldiers. He is brought in a vessel clandestinely the evening before the execution; he is hastily reconducted as soon as he has performed his work; before, during and after the exercise of his functions soldiers surround him to protect his life.

When the minister of justice was fortunate enough to find an executioner, there were in the prisons thirty or forty under sentence of death who were patiently waiting for their turn. These arrears were liquidated one way or other.

The guillotine is erected at a few paces from Athens, at the entrance of the Grotto of the Nymphs. The scaffold is of the height of a man, and the horror of the spectacle is increased by it: it seems to the spectators that they have only to stretch out their hands to stay the knife, and they feel as if they were accomplices in shedding blood. But that which adds to the interest of this legal tragedy is that the patient defends his life. The law ordains that he shall walk freely to punishment, and that his hands shall not be bound. Now, the greater part of those that are sentenced —brigands by profession—are vigorous men who never fail to struggle with the executioner. Every execution begins by a duel, in which Justice always has the upper hand, for she is armed with a dagger. When the culprit has received eight or ten wounds and has lost all his strength with his blood, he goes freely to execution, and his head falls. The people return to the town asking themselves how they could best assassinate the executioner. This is the morality of this tragedy.

Translation ANONYMOUS.

HAPPINESS AND ADMIRATION.

FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

IT is said we must read to gain knowledge and we must gain knowledge to make us happy and be admired. Mere jargon! Is there any such thing as happiness in this world? No. And, as for admiration, I am sure the man who powders most, perfumes most, embroiders most and talks most nonsense is most admired. Though, to be candid, there are some who have too much good sense to esteem such monkey-like animals, in whose formation "the tailors and barbers go halves."

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

MAN.

MAN'S a poor deluded bubble
Wandering in a mist of lies;
Seeing false or seeing double,
Who would trust to such weak eyes?
Yet, presuming on his senses,
On he goes, most wondrous wise;
Doubts of truth, believes pretences,
Lost in error lives and dies.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

A SONG OF THE TROUBADOURS.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD I. OF ENGLAND DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT IN THE TOUR TENNEBREUSE, OR BLACK TOWER.

NO wretched captive of his prison speaks
Unless with pain and bitterness of soul,
Yet consolation from the Muse he seeks
Whose voice alone misfortune can control.
Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
Whose face I ne'er beheld without a smile?
Will none his sovereign to redeem expend
The smallest portion of his treasures vile?

Though none may blush that near two tedious years
Without relief my bondage has endured,
Yet know, my English, Norman, Gascon, peers,
Not one of you should thus remain immured:
The meanest subject of my wide domains,
Had I been free, a ransom should have found.
I mean not to reproach you with my chains,
Yet still I wear them on a foreign ground.

Too true it is—so selfish human race—
"Nor dead nor captive friend or kindred find,"
Since here I pine in bondage and disgrace
For lack of gold my fetters to unbind;
Much for myself I feel, yet, ah! still more
That no compassion from my subjects flows:
What can from infamy their names restore
If while a prisoner death my eyes should close?

But small is my surprise, though great my grief,
To find, in spite of all his solemn vows,
My lands are ravaged by the Gallic chief,
While none my cause has courage to espouse.
Though lofty towers obscure the cheerful day,
Yet through the dungeon's melancholy gloom
Kind Hope in gentle whispers seems to say,
"Perpetual thraldom is not yet thy doom."

Ye dear companions of my happy days,
Of Chail and Pensavin, aloud declare
Throughout the earth in everlasting lays
My foes against me wage inglorious war.
Oh, tell them, too, that ne'er among my crimes
Did breach of faith, deceit or fraud appear—
That infamy will brand to latest times
The insults I receive while captive here.

Know, all ye men of Anjou and Touraine,
And every bachelor knight robust and brave,

That duty now and love alike are vain
From bonds your sovereign and your friend to save;
Remote from consolation here I lie,
The wretched captive of a powerful foe
Who all your zeal and ardor can defy,
Nor leaves you aught but pity to bestow.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

I.

THE drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate
He was ware of a leper crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate,
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn;
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold:
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms:
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

II.

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun.
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas-time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago.
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leaped in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms
"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms!"
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side.—
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold! through him I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.
As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate—

Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In what so we share with another's need:
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall:
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

NOTE.—According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word and deed, but, one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BABY BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet like a star
Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers: those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet;
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

Oh, Baby, dainty Baby Bell!
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes!
What poetry within them lay!—
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah! never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise),
For love of Him who smote our lives
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, "Dear Christ!" our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The folded chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange,
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now;
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.
God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech,
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah! how we loved her God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours:
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger—
The messenger from unseen lands;
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair.
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapped her from head to foot in flowers;
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

NAPOLEON was endowed by nature with a clear, penetrating, vast, comprehensive and peculiarly active mind, nor had he less decision of character than clearness of intellect. He always went directly and undeviatingly to his object. In reasoning he seized at once the decisive argument; in battle, the most effective movement. To conceive, resolve and perform were with him but one indivisible act; so wonderful was his rapidity that not a moment was spent in reflection between perception and action. Any obstacle presented to such a mind by a trifling objection, by indolence, weakness or disaffection, served but to cause his anger to spring forth and cover you with its foam. Had he chosen some civil profession where success can only be attained by persuading men and winning them over, he might have endeavored to subdue or moderate his fiery temperament, but, flung into the career of arms and endowed with the sovereign faculty of seeing the surest means of conquest at a glance, he became at one bound the ruler of Italy, at a second the master of the French republic, at a third the sovereign of Europe. What wonder that a nature formed so impetuous by God should become more so from success? What wonder if he were abrupt, violent, domineering and unbending in his resolutions? If apart from the battle-field he exercised that tact so necessary in civil business, it was in the council of state, though even there he decided questions with a sagacity and clearness of judgment that astonished and subdued his hearers, except on some few occasions when he was misled for a moment by passion or want of sufficient knowledge of the subject under discussion. Both nature and circumstances combined to make him the most despotic and impetuous of men.

In contemplating his career it does not appear that this fiery, despotic nature revealed itself at once or altogether. In his youth he was lean, taciturn, and even sad —sad from concentrated ambition that feeds upon itself until it finds an outlet and attains the object of its desires. As a young man he was sometimes rude, morose, until, becoming the object of universal admiration, he became more open, calm and communicative, lost the meagreness that made his countenance so expressive, and, as one may say, unfolded himself. Consul for life, emperor, conqueror at Marengo and Austerlitz, still exercising some little restraint on himself, he seemed to have reached the apogee of his moral existence, and his figure, then moderately stout, was radiant with regular and manly beauty. But soon, when nations submitted and sovereigns bowed before him, he was no longer restrained by respect for man, or even for nature. He dared, attempted all things, spoke without restraint, was gay, familiar, and often intemperate, in language; his moral and physical nature be-

came more developed. Nor did his extreme stoutness diminish his Olympian beauty; his fuller countenance still preserved the eagle glance; and when, descending from his accustomed height, from which he excited admiration, fear and hatred, he became merry, familiar and almost vulgar, he could resume his dignity in a moment, for he was able to descend without demeaning himself; and when at length, in advancing life, he is supposed to be less active or less daring because of his increasing embonpoint, or because that fortune had ceased to smile on him, he bounds more impetuously than ever on his charger, and shows that for his ardent mind matter is no burden, misfortune no restraint.

Such were the successive developments of this extraordinary nature. It is not so easy to estimate Napoleon's moral qualities, for it is rather difficult to discover goodness in a soldier who was continually strewing the earth with dead, or friendship in a man who never knew an equal, or probity in a potentate in whose power were the riches of the universe. Still, though an exception to all ordinary rules, we may occasionally catch some traits of the moral physiognomy of this extraordinary man. In all things promptness was his distinctive characteristic. He would become angry, but would recover his calmness with wonderful facility, almost ashamed of his excitement, laughing at it if he could do so without compromising his dignity, and would again address with affectionate words or gestures the officer he had overpowered by his burst of passion. His anger was sometimes affected for the purpose of intimidating subalterns who neglected their duty. When real, his displeasure passed like a flash of lightning; when affected, it lasted as long as it was needed. When he was no longer obliged to command, restrain or impel men, he became gentle, simple and just—just as is every man of great mind that understands human nature, appreciates and pardons its weaknesses because he knows they are inevitable. At Saint Helena, deprived of all external prestige, his power departed, without any other ascendant over his companions than that derived from his intellect and disposition, Napoleon ruled them with absolute sway, won them by his unchanging amiability, and that to such a degree that, having feared him for the greater part of their lives, they ended by loving him for the remainder. On the battle-field he had acquired an insensibility that was almost fearful; he could behold unmoved the ground covered with a hundred thousand lifeless bodies, for none had ever caused so much human blood to flow as he. This insensibility was, so to speak, a consequence of his profession. Often would he in the evening ride over the battle-field which in the morning he had strewn with all the horrors of war to see that the wounded were removed—a proceeding that might be the result of policy, but was not—and frequently sprang from his horse to assure himself whether in an apparently lifeless body the vital spark did not still linger. At Wagram he saw a fine young man in the uniform of the cuirassiers lying on the ground with his face covered with clotted blood; he sprang at once from his horse, supported the head of the wounded youth on his knee, restored him by the aid of some spirituous remedy, and said, smiling, "He will recover; it is one more saved." These are no proofs of want of feeling.

In everything connected with finance he was almost avaricious, disputing even about a centime, whilst he would give millions to his friends, servants or the poor. Having discovered that a distinguished savant who had accompanied him to Egypt was in embarrassed circumstances, he sent him a large sum, blaming him at the same time for not having told him of his position. In 1813, having expended all his ready money and learning that a lady of high birth who had once been very rich was in want of the very necessaries of life, he immediately appointed her a pension of twenty-four thousand francs —as much as fifty thousand at the present time—and, being told that she was eighty-four years of age, "Poor woman," he said, "let her be paid four years in advance." These, we must repeat, are no indications of want of kindness of disposition.

Having but little time to devote to private friendships, removed from them by his superiority to other men, but still under the influence of time and habit, he did become attached to some—so strongly attached as to be indulgent even to weakness to those he loved. This was the case with regard to his relatives, whose pretensions often provoked his anger, but, seeing them annoyed, he relented, and to gratify them often did what he knew to be unwise. Although the admiration he had felt for the empress Josephine passed away with time, and though she had by many thoughtless acts lowered herself in his esteem, he always entertained for her, even after his divorce, the most profound affection. He wept for Duroc, but in secret, as though it were a weakness.

As to his probity, we know not by what standard to estimate such a quality in a man who from the very commencement of his public career had immense riches at his command. When he became commander-in-chief of the army in Italy and was master of all the wealth of the country, he first supplied his army abundantly, and then sent assistance to the army on the Rhine, reserving nothing for himself, or at most only a sum sufficient to purchase a small house, Rue de la Victoire, a purchase for which one year's pay would have sufficed; and had he died in Egypt, his widow would have been left destitute. Was this the result of pride, disdain of vulgar enjoyments or honesty? Perhaps there was a little of all in this forbearance, which was not unexampled amongst our generals, though certainly as rare then as it has ever been. He punished dishonesty with extreme severity, which might be attributed to his love of order; but, what is still better and seemed to indicate that he possessed the quality himself, was the positive affection he showed for honest people, carried so far as to take pleasure in their society and make no concealment of his feelings.

Still, this man, whom God had made so great and so good, was not a virtuous man, for virtue consists in a fixed idea of duty, to which all our inclinations, all our desires, moral and physical, must be subjected, and which could not be the case with one who, of all that ever lived, put least restraint upon his passions. But if wholly deficient in what is abstractly understood as virtue, he possessed certain special virtues, particularly those of a warrior and statesman. He was temperate, not prone to sensual gratifications, and, if not exactly chaste, he was not a libertine, never except on occasions of ceremony remained more than a few minutes at

table, slept on a hard bed though his constitution was rather weak than strong, bore without even perceiving it an amount of fatigue that would have exhausted the most vigorous soldiers, and was capable of prodigious exertion when mentally occupied with some great undertaking. He did more than brave danger: he seemed unconscious of its existence, and was ever to be found wherever he was needed to see, direct or command. Such was his character as a soldier; as a general he was not inferior. Never had the cares of a vast military command been borne with more coolness, vigor or presence of mind. If he were occasionally excited or angry, the officers who knew him best said that all was going on well. When the danger became serious, he was calm, mild, encouraging, not wishing to add the excitement attendant on his displeasure to that which naturally arose from the circumstances; he remained perfectly calm—a power acquired by the habit of restraining his emotions in great emergencies and calculating the extent of the danger, turning it aside, and thus triumphing over fortune. Formed for great emergencies and familiarized by habit to every species of peril, he stood by in 1814 a calm spectator of the suicidal destruction of his own power—a destruction achieved by his ambition—and still he hoped when all around despaired, because he perceived resources undivined by anybody else, and under all vicissitudes, soaring on the wings of genius above the shock of circumstances and with the resignation of a self-judged mind, he accepted the deserved punishment of his faults.

Such in our opinion was this man, so strange, so self-contradicting, so many-sided. If among the principal traits of his character there is one more prominent than the rest, it is a species of moral intemperance. A prodigy of genius and passion flung into the chaos of a revolution, his nature unfolds, develops itself therein; he masters that wild confusion, replaces it by his own presence, and displays the energy, audacity and fickleness of that which he replaced. Succeeding to men who stopped at nothing either in virtue or crime, in heroism or cruelty, surrounded by men who laid no restraint on their passions, he laid none on his. They wished to convert the world into a universal republic: he would have it an equally boundless monarchy; they turned everything into chaos: he formed an almost tyrannical unity; they disorganized everything: he re-established order; they defied sovereigns: he dethroned them; they slaughtered men on the scaffold: he on the battle-field, where blood was shrouded in glory. He immolated more human beings than did any Asiatic conqueror, and within the narrow precincts of Europe, peopled with opposing nations, he conquered a greater space of territory than Tamerlane or Gengiskan amidst the deserts of Asia.

Translation of D. F. CAMPBELL.

MERRY MARGARET.

AS midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness;
All good and no badness;
So joyously, so maidenly,
So womanly.

JOHN SKELTON.

THE NEW
PUBLIC

Saml Rogers.

DON GARZIA.

AMONG those awful forms in elder time
Assembled, and through many an after-age
Destined to stand as genii of the place
Where men most meet in Florence, may be seen
His who first played the tyrant. Clad in mail,
But with his helmet off, in kingly state
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass,
And they who read the legend underneath
Go and pronounce him happy. Yet, methinks,
There is a chamber that, if walls could speak,
Would turn their admiration into pity.
Half of what passed died with him, but the rest—
All he discovered when the fit was on,
All that by those who listened could be gleaned
From broken sentences and starts in sleep—
Is told, and by an honest chronicler.

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzia—
The eldest had not seen his nineteenth summer—
Went to the chase, but only one returned.
Giovanni, when the huntsman blew his horn
O'er the last stag had started from the brake
And in the heather turned to stand at bay,
Appeared not, and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas!
The trembling Cosmo guessed the deed—the doer;
And, having caused the body to be borne
In secret to that chamber at an hour
When all slept sound save she who bore them both,
Who little thought of what was yet to come,
And lived but to be told, he bade Garzia
Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
A winking lamp, and in the other a key
Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led;
And, having entered in and locked the door,
The father fixed his eyes upon the son
And closely questioned him. No change betrayed
Or guilt or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
The bloody sheet. "Look there! Look there!" he cried.
"Blood calls for blood, and from a father's hand,
Unless thyself will save him that sad office.
What!" he exclaimed, when, shuddering at the sight,
The boy breathed out, "I stood but on my guard,"
"Darest thou, then, blacken one who never wronged thee,
Who would not set his foot upon a worm?
Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all."
Then from Garzia's belt he drew the blade—

The fatal one which spilt his brother's blood—
And, kneeling on the ground, "Great God!" he cried,
"Grant me the strength to do an act of justice.
Thou knowest what it costs me; but, alas!
How can I spare myself, sparing none else?
Grant me the strength, the will; and oh, forgive
The sinful soul of a most wretched son:
'Tis a most wretched father that implores it."
Long on Garzia's neck he hung and wept,
Long pressed him to his bosom tenderly,
And then, but while he held him by the arm,
Thrusting him backward, turned away his face,
And stabbed him to the heart.

Well might a youth,
Studious of men, anxious to learn and know,
When in the train of some great embassy
He came, a visitant, to Cosmo's court,
Think on the past, and as he wandered through
The ample spaces of an ancient house,
Silent, deserted, stop a while to dwell
Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall
Together, as of two in bonds of love—
Those of the unhappy brothers—and conclude
From the sad looks of him who could have told
The terrible truth. Well might he heave a sigh
For poor humanity when he beheld
That very Cosmo shaking o'er his fire,
Drowsy and deaf and inarticulate,
Wrapt in his nightgown, o'er a sick man's mess,
In the last stage, death-struck and deadly pale,
His wife—another, not his Eleanor—
At once his nurse and his interpreter.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

DEATH OF THE ARAUCAN CHIEF.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DON ALONZO DE ERCILLA Y ZUNIGA.*

In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Caupolican, hunted from one retreat to another, and after every defeat again appearing in greater strength, is at length surprised and taken prisoner by the treachery of one of his soldiers. He voluntarily discovers his name to the Spaniards, and declares that he has the power of treating with them so as to bind the whole nation. He engages that the Araucans shall with himself embrace Christianity and submit to the dominion of Philip, and represents that his captivity may thus be the means of procuring peace to all Chili; but he announces to them at the same time that if it is necessary he is equally prepared for death.

NOR spoke the Indian more, but with an eye
Intrepid and a spirit all elate,
With unblanched cheek, the last decree of fate
Calmly awaited; or to live or die
To him was equal: Fortune's tempest dread
Could frown no further vengeance on his head;
Though bound a captive and in fetters, still
Shone through his soul th' unconquerable will,
His aspect nobly bold from innate valor bred.

Scarce had he told his name than too severe
A doom was passed. Precipitate resolve!
Impaled, with arrows pierced, he should absolve

* Born at Madrid, A. D. 1533 or 1540.

His love of country. But no dastard fear
Appalled his spirit, no appealing look
For mercy cried: Fortune he would not brook.
Though Death against him raised his fiery dart
With thousand torments armed, his valorous heart
Nor secret dread nor mortal shudder shook.

Yet in a moment, by God's awful power,
Upon his soul a mighty change was wrought:
The light of faith beamed on him, and he sought,
Amid the perils of that mortal hour,
To share the Christian's baptism and the sure
Promise of bliss that ever shall endure.
Castile's proud sons in joy and pity gazed,
While the barbarian tribes stood all-amazed,
And gushing tears their warrior-eyes obscure.

And now arrived the sad though happy day
Which death and Christian baptism to him gave;
Though that the body slew, yet this should save
His parted spirit from corruption's sway.
'Midst wondering crowds to death he then was brought,
And the high doctrine of redemption taught
That bade him to resign his mortal breath
With firmest hope to triumph over death,
While on the life to come reposed his silent thought.

His warrior-brow no gorgeous feathers deck;
His feet unsandalled, to the silent plain
Naked he came, dragging his weighty chain,
That clasped with fell embrace his royal neck,
Whence hung the hangman's rope. A martial band
And hosts of bristling spears around him stand,
And weeping crowds, who ask if this be true—
The sorrowing sight that meets their shuddering view,
This last sad triumph o'er their native land.

Thus to the bloody scaffold he drew nigh,
That, distant from the camp an arrow's flight,
Raised on the plain appeared before his sight,
And to the gazing crowd was seen on high.
Ascending then the stage with brow elate,
He saw the dread preparatives of fate—
Saw without change of temper or of blood
The armament of death that round him stood,
With placid mien, as in his free-born state.

Now reached the summit, with an eye serene
From side to side he turns his gazing view,
Admiring the vast crowd that round him drew,
The sad spectators of the deathly scene.
Wondering, his people asked how Fortune's might
Could hurl their monarch from his native height

Of glory; nor were bounds to their amaze
While, gathering fast around with tearful gaze,
They view the coming scene with terror and affright.

Then near unto the pointed stake he came
Where he ere long should pour his mortal breath
In the dire conflicts of a torturing death;
But here no terrors shook his manly frame.
"Pleased I submit, since Destiny hath cast
This bloody die: soon is the journey passed;
Contempt and proud despite shall arm my soul,"
He said, "to quaff Misfortune's bitter bowl,
Nor feel we that dread stroke that comes the last."

The busy hangman now approached his side
To seize his prey—a branded negro slave,
The wretched freightage of the Atlantic wave.
This last indignity too deeply tried
The monarch's spirit: though with soul unmoved
He yet had every frown of Fortune proved,
He could not brook, though in this bloody strife,
So base an ending to his noble life,
And, all-indignant, thus the hostile chief reproved:

"Oh deed unworthy of the Christian race!
Is this your boasted honor, this the dower
Of noble Valor in her dying-hour,
To bid me perish by a hand so base?
Death is a full atonement, and, life fled,
We war no longer with the helpless dead;
This is not death, but mockery and despite,
Thus to afflict my spirit in her flight,
And heap this dark dishonor on my head.

"Amidst your swords, that now so silent rest,
That drank my country's blood and in the strife
Of furious battle thirsted for my life,
Can none be found to pierce my warrior-breast?
Whatever sorrows on my head descend,
Whatever griefs my suffering heart may rend,
Let not a slave's polluted touch disgrace
Caupolican, the latest of his race,
Nor such a deed of shame his hour of death attend."

So spoke the indignant chief, and sudden turned
Upon the miscreant slave, and, though oppressed
With galling weight of fetters, on the breast
He smote him fierce, and from the scaffold spurned.

* * * * * *

Then from the ranks stepped forth a chosen band
Of archers, six in number, but as true
As death the feathered weapons which they drew.
At thirty paces from the chief they stand;
And though for many a year their bows had sped
Their bloody shafts and strewn the field with dead,

Yet at so great a name a sudden fear
Their courage checked: they felt the rising tear,
And from their trembling hearts their fainting spirits fled.

But cruel Fortune, whose avenging hate
Had filled so deep the martyr's cup of woe
That soon the bitter draught must overflow,
Herself now urged the bloody stroke of fate,
And as her hand the straining bowstring pressed
A hundred arrows pierced the chieftain's breast:
Nor fewer would suffice to free a way
For his great spirit from her home of clay,
And to his warrior-soul give its eternal rest.

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

THE MOTHER OF THE MACCABEES.

THAT mother viewed the scene of blood:
Her six unconquered sons were gone;
Fearless she viewed:
Beside her stood
Her last, her youngest, dearest one.
He looked upon her, and he smiled:
Oh, will she save that only child?
"By all my love, my son," she said,
"The breast that nursed, the arms that bore,
The unsleeping care that watched thee, fed,
Till manhood's years required no more—
By all I've wept and prayed for thee,
Now, now, be firm and pity me.
Look, I beseech thee, on yon heaven,
With its high field of azure light,
Look on this earth, to mankind given,
Arrayed in beauty and in might,
And think—nor scorn a mother's prayer—
On Him who said it and they were:
So shalt thou not this tyrant fear,
Nor, recreant, shun the glorious strife.
Behold! thy battlefield is near;
Then go, my son, nor heed thy life:
Go! like thy faithful brothers die,
That I may meet you all on high."

Like arrow from the bended bow
He sprang upon the bloody pile;
Like sunrise on the morning's snow
Was that heroic mother's smile.
He died—nor feared the tyrant's nod—
For Judah's law and Judah's God.

JAMES JOSEPH CALLANAN.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane:
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again;
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadows on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be
That carved this fretted door, I ween,
Acorn and fleur-de-lis;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore—as now we call
When the first James was king—
The courtly knight from yonder hall
His train did hither bring,
All seated round in order due,
With broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions decked with fringe
All-reverently they knelt,
Prayer-books with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive to the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumes the characters a while
Of their inscription-stone,
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight with all his train behold.

Outstretched together are exprest
He and My Lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast
In attitude of prayer—
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he;
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
Their numerous offspring bend,
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As if they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew,
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vaults below.

And now the polished modern squire
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire
A season every year,
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all-thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest
Another and another guest,

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all their wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane
And stand before the gate,
Brought many a distant county through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gayly o'er their heads,
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall fill the squire's deserted pew.

JANE TAYLOR.

REST.

"Give us, oh, give us rest!"

BENEATH the hill
The lake lies still;
A single cloudlet, sailing to the west,
Moves in the boundless blue,
Moves in that mirror too,
With motion most like rest.

Beside the stream
The blue flowers dream;

On banks grass-muffled, mute
To tread of any foot,
The trees stand back, that so
Their murmurs may be low,
Leaning together, by one whisper stirred,
To drown the voice of that audacious bird.

The great sea lies
By tender skies
Embraced, till, lowering his foamy crest,
Up to the shore he slips,
A murmur on his lips,
As he too prayed for rest:
"Give us, oh, give us rest!"

In vain
Nature upon her child
With her fair face hath smiled:
She cannot ease his pain;
She has no balm
That throbbing heart to calm,
Or drive Thought's hurrying crowd from that distracted brain.
The mournful mother rocks him on her breast:
She cannot give him rest.

For rest
Have all men labored all the centuries round;
O quest
By all men followed, and by none yet found!
The task, like spell by wicked wizard bound,
Grows with the labor; with the boon, the need;
The distance seems to lengthen with the speed;
The goal still to recede.

The camel kneels
With mute appeals
In her mild eyes against the crushing load;
At the sharp-pricking goad
The ox with mighty strain
Lowers his broad front in menace vain:
His strong fierce neck is tugging at the yoke;
And, quivering to the stroke,
Upon his mission speeds the fiery horse,
Nor spares his generous life to close the headlong course.

Nature at length,
As fain that man should rest,
Gives up her deeper secrets to his prayer:
To his behest
Her mighty forces shall obedience yield;
Her empire he shall share.
Yea, he shall wield
All her resistless strength,
Even that which heaved the mountains and which moves
The starry wheels in their unerring grooves.

With grind and groan,
With clank and moan,
Their task the prisoned forces ply:
The great wheels fly
As if they wove the web of Fate,
And to and fro, amid the roar,
Squalid creatures pace the floor;
Slaves of those iron wheels are they,
Bound their impulse to obey
And upon their bidding wait;
While to their service dumb
Not only men are given,
But childish troops are driven
And women come,
Till every heart with weariness is numb.

Still Nature grants
Fresh ministers of might man's needs to serve:
Lo! a fierce creature pants

To do his bidding and his burdens bear,
And its keen nerve
Hath the tamed lightning in his service spent
As laden with his message forth it went,
Nor moved the midnight air.

But faster beat
The hearts to whom that message comes:
"Haste! make the task complete;
Haste! let the rousing drums
Gather strong men to do the work of war!"
And wide and far,
As speeds the message, hands their labor ply
Faster; the forge upon the midnight sky
Sends up a steadier glare,
While instruments of death shriek bodings of despair.

Now he shall rest!
The mighty mother takes him to her breast.
Oh, mockery! this is not the rest he craves:
This dread, this utter stillness is the grave's.

What voice doth dare
Say "I will" to the universal prayer?
Above the din,
The strife and sin,
Of toiling centuries, sounds the bidding blest:
"Come, I will give you rest"—
Not to lay down your burdens, but to bear:
'Tis but to learn the yoke of love to wear—
And weariest of the weary, as was meet,
Walking those centuries with bleeding feet,
Obeyed, and found that Rest unutterably sweet.

ISA CRAIG.

A SONG.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF BERNARDIN RIBEYRO OF PORTUGAL.

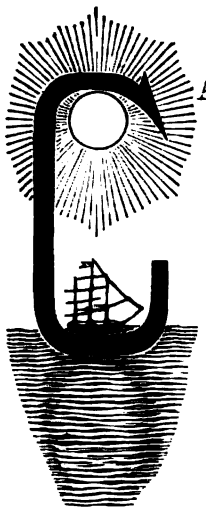
OH, wretched lover, whither flee?
What refuge from the ills I bear?
None to console me or to free,
And none with whom my griefs to share!
Sad, to the wild waves of the sea
I tell the tale of my despair
In broken accents, passion-fraught,
As, wandering by some rocky steep,
I teach the echoes how to weep
In dying strains—strains dying love hath taught.

There is not one of all I loved
But failed me in my suffering hour
And saw my silent tears unmoved.
Soon may these throbbing griefs o'er-power
Both life and love, so Heaven approved,
For she hath bade me hope no more.
I would not wish her such a doom;
No! though she break this bruisèd heart,
I could not wish her so to part
From all she loved, to seek, like me, the tomb.

How long these wretched days appear,
Consumed in vain and weak desires,
Imagined joys that end in fear,
And baffled hopes and wild love's fires!
At last, then, let me cease to bear
The lot my sorrowing spirit tires,
For length of days fresh sorrow brings.
I meet the coming hours with grief—
Hours that can bring me no relief,
But deeper anguish on their silent wings.

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

CARFINGTON BLUNDELL, ESQ.



CARFINGTON BLUNDELL, ESQ., aged six and thirty, but apparently a dozen years older, was a spare, well-dressed, sickly-looking, dry sort of leisurely individual of respectable birth, very small income and no abilities. He was the younger son of the younger son of a younger brother, and not being able to marry a fortune (which once, they say, nearly made him die for love), and steering clear, with a provoking philosophy, of the corkscrew curls and pretty staircase perplexities of the young ladies of lodging-houses, contrived to live in London upon the rent of half a dozen cottages in Berkshire.

Having, in fact, no imagination, Carfington Blundell, Esq., had no sympathies except with the wants and wishes of that interesting personage Carfington Blundell, Esq., of whom he always bore about with him as lively an image in his brain as it was possible for it to possess, and with whom, when other people were of the least consequence to his inclinations, he was astonished that the whole world did not hasten to sympathize. On every other occasion the only thing which he had to do with his fellow-creatures, all and every of them, was, he thought, to leave them alone —an excellent principle as far as concerns their own wish to be so left, but not quite so much so in the reverse instances; such, for example, as when they have fallen into ditches, or want to be paid their bills, or have a turn for delicate attentions, or under any other circumstances which induce people to suppose that you might as well do to them as you would be done by. Mr. Blundell, it is true, was a regular payer of his bills; and though, agreeably to that absorption of himself in the one interesting idea above mentioned, he was not famous for paying delicate attentions except where he took a fancy to having them paid to himself, yet, provided the morning was not very cold or muddy, and he had a stick with him for the individual to lay hold of, and could reckon upon using it without soiling his shoes or straining his muscles, the probability is that he might have helped a man out of a ditch. As people, however, are not in the habit of falling into ditches, especially about Regent street, and as it was not easy to conjecture in what other instances Mr. Blundell might have deemed it fitting to evince a sense of the existence of anything but his own coat and waistcoat, muffins, mutton cutlet and bed, certain it is that the sympathies of others were anything but lively toward himself; and they would have been less so if the only other intense idea which he had in his head—to wit, that of his birth and connexions (which he pretty freely overrated)—had not instinctively led him to hit upon the precise class of acquaintances to whom his insipidity could have been welcome.

Such was the accomplished individual who in the month of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, and in a "fashionable dress of the first water" (as Sir Hercules called it), issued forth from his lodgings near St. James's drawing the air through his teeth with an elegant indifference, coughing slightly at intervals out of emotion, and, to say the truth, as happy as coat and hat, hunger, a dinner-party and a fine day could make him. Had the weather been in the smallest degree rainy or the mansion for which he was bound at any distance, the spectators were to understand that he would have come in his own carriage, or at least intended to call a coach; but, as the day was so very fine, and he kept looking at every door that he passed as though each were the one he was about to knock at, the conclusion to be drawn was that, having but a little way to go and possessing a high taste for superiority to appearances, it was his pleasure to go on foot. Vulgar wealth might be always making out its case: dukes and he could afford to dispense with pretension.

The day was beautiful, the sky blue, the air a zephyr, the ground in that perfect state for walking (a day or two before dust) when there is a sort of dry moisture in the earth and people in the country prefer the road itself to the path. The house at which our hero was going to dine was midway between the West End and the north-east, and he had just got halfway, and was in a very quiet street, when in the "measureless content" of his anticipations he thought he would indulge his eyesight with one or two of those personal ornaments the presence of which on leaving the house he always ascertained with sundry pattings of his waistcoat and coat pockets. Having, therefore, again assured himself that he had duly got his two pocket-handkerchiefs, his ring, his shirt-pin, his snuff-box, his watch, and his purse *under* his watch, he first took off a glove that he might behold the ring, and then with the ungloved hand he took out the snuff-box, in order that he might as delicately contemplate the snuff-box.

Now the snuff-box was an ancient but costly snuff-box once the possession of his grandmother, who had it from her uncle, whose arms, flaming in *or* and *gules*, were upon the lid, and inside the lid was a most ingeniously-contrived portrait of the uncle's lady in a shepherdess's hat and powdered toupee, looking, or to be supposed to be looking, into an actual bit of looking-glass.

Carfington Blundell, Esq., in a transport of ease, hope and ancestral elegance, and with that expression of countenance the insipidity of which is bound to be in proportion to the inward rapture, took a pinch out of this hereditary amenity, and was in the act of giving a glance at his grand-aunt before he closed the lid, when a strange, respectably-dressed person who seemed to be going somewhere in a great hurry suddenly dashed against him, and, uttering the words, "With pleasure," dipped his fingers into the box, and sent it, as Carfington thought, halfway across the street.

Intense was the indignation, but at the same time highly considerate the movement, of Mr. Blundell, who, seeing the "impertinent beast" turn a corner and hearing the sound of empty metal dancing over the street, naturally judged it better to secure

the box than derange his propriety farther by an idle pursuit. Contenting himself, therefore, with sending an ejaculation after the vagabond to the purpose just quoted, and fixing his eye upon the affecting movable, now stationary, he delicately stepped off the pavement toward it with inward congratulation upon its not being muddy, when imagine his dismay and petrifaction upon lifting up, not the identical box, but one of the commonest order! To be brief, it was of pewter, and upon the lid of it, with after-dinner fork, was scratched a question which, in the immediate state of Mr. Blundell's sensations, almost appeared to have a supernatural meaning—to wit, "How's your mother?"

Had it been possible for a man of the delicacy of Mr. Blundell's life and proportions to give chase to a thief, or had he felt it of the least use to raise an immediate hue and cry in a gentlemanly tone of voice—or, indeed, in any voice not incompatible with his character—doubtless he would have done so with inconceivable swiftness; but, as it was, he happened to stand as if thunderstruck, and in an instant there were a dozen persons about him all saying, "What is it?"—"Which?"—"Who?"

Mr. Blundell, in his first emotions, hardly knew what it was himself; the "which" did not puzzle him quite so much, as often as he looked upon the snuff-box; but the "who" he was totally at a loss to conjecture, and so were his condolers.

"What? Was it that chap as run agin you," said one, "jist as I was coming in at t'other end of the street? Lord love you, you might as well run arter last year. He's a mile off by this time."

"If the gentleman'll give me a shilling," said a boy, "I'll run arter him."

"Get out, you young dog!" said the first speaker. "D'ye think the gentleman's a fool?"

"It is a circumstance," said Mr. Blundell, grateful for this question and attempting a breathless smile, "which—might have—surprised—anybody."

"What sort of a man was it?" emphatically inquired a judicious-looking person, jerking his face into Mr. Blundell's and then bending his ear close to his, as though he were deaf.

"I declare," said Mr. Blundell, "that I can—hardly say, the thing was so very unexpected; but—from the glimpse I had of him, I should—really say—he looked like a gentleman" (here Mr. Blundell lifted his eyebrows)—"not, indeed, a perfect gentleman."

"I dare say not, sir," returned the judicious-looking person.

"What is all this?" inquired a loud individual, elbowing his way through.

"A gentleman been robbed," said the boy, "by another gentleman."

"Another gentleman?"

"Yes; not a *perfect* gentleman, he says, but highly respectable."

Here, to the equal surprise and grief of the sufferer, the crowd laughed and began joking with one another, apparently, as well as his confused hearing could collect, at himself. None but the judicious-looking deaf individual seemed to keep his countenance and condole with him.

"Well," quoth the loud man, "here's a policeman coming at the end of the street; the gentleman had better apply to him."

"Yes, sir," said the deaf friend; "that's your resource, and God bless you with it!"

So saying, he grasped Mr. Blundell's hand with a familiarity more sympathizing than respectful, and, treading at the same time in his uncouth hastiness upon his toes in the most horrible manner, begged his pardon and went away.

Mr. Blundell stooped down, partly to rub his toes and partly to hide his confusion, and the policeman came up. The matter was explained to the policeman all the while he was hearing the sufferer by a dozen voices, and the question was put,

"What sort of a man was it?"

"Here is a gentleman," said Mr. Blundell, "who saw him."

The policeman looked about for the witness, but nobody answered; and it was discovered that all the first speakers had vanished—loud man, boy and all.

"Have you lost anything else, sir?" inquired the policeman.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Blundell, turning very red and feeling his pockets; "I really —positively I do fear—that—"

"You can remember, sir, what you had with you when you came out?"

"One handkerchief," continued Mr. Blundell, "has certainly gone, and—"

"Your watch is safe," returned the policeman, "for it is hanging out of your waistcoat. Very lucky you fastened it. Have you got your purse, sir?"

"The purse was under the watch," breathed Mr. Blundell, "therefore I have no doubt that— But I regret to say— that I do not—feel my ring."

A laugh and cries of "Too bad!"

"A man shook your hand, sir," said the policeman; "did you feel nothing then?"

"I did not, indeed," replied Mr. Blundell —"not in my hand, at least, though now I perceive that the fingers on each side, where the ring was, are painfully dented in."

"And you had a brooch, I perceive."

The brooch was gone too.

"Why don't you run arter him?" cried a very little boy, in an extremely high and loud voice, which set the crowd in a roar.

The policeman, as speedily as he could, dispersed the crowd and accompanied Mr. Blundell part of his way—whither, the latter knew not, for he walked along as if he had taken too much wine; and he already doubted whether he should proceed to recruit himself at a friend's table or avoid the shame of telling his story and return home. The policeman helped to allay his confusion a little by condolence and promises of search and accounts of daring robberies practised upon the most knowing, and our hero, in the gratitude of his heart, would have given him his card, but he now found that his pocket-book was gone. His companion rubbed his face to conceal a smile, and received with great respect an oral communication of the address; Mr. Blundell, to show him that his spirit as a gentleman was not subdued, told him there was half a crown for him on his calling.

Alone and meditative and astonished, and, as it were, half undone, Mr. Blundell continued his journey toward the dinner, having made up his mind that as his watch-chain was still apparent and had the watch attached to it, and as the disorder of his nerves, if not quite got rid of, might easily be referred to delicacy of health, he would refresh his spirits with some of that excellent port which always made him feel twice the man he was.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

BERNARDINO DE SAHAGUN.

BERNARDINO DE SAHAGUN, a Mexican historian, antiquarian, and a Franciscan friar, was born in Old Spain about the year 1500. In 1529 he was sent as a missionary to Mexico, where he was noted for purity of life and zeal in the cause of his religion. His greatest fame, however, will always rest on his researches into the customs and antiquities of the natives and the preservation of many important documents which throw light upon their history, mode of life, religious beliefs, and ceremonies.

The *Universal History* was first written by him in the Mexican tongue. The Provincial of his order, whose love of piety was greater than his love of learning, got possession of the manuscript of this important work, and scattered it amongst the religious institutions. Some thirty years after it was recovered by its author, when he was eighty years of age, through the influence of Don Juan de Ovando, President of the Council for the Indies. Regardless of the threat of clerical censure, he at once began to translate it into Castilian, and, notwithstanding his great age, lived to complete this work. The translation in two large folio volumes was sent to Madrid, where it once more disappeared for over two hundred years. Through the research of modern scholars this valuable and wonderful work was again brought to light. In 1829 it was first published in Mexico in three volumes octavo, edited by Bustamarte; and a year afterwards in England by Lord Kingsborough in six volumes. We give selections from two of the documents preserved by him.

The High Priest's Prayer was offered at Anahuac, Mexico, on the death of the Aztec sovereign Cuitlahua and the election of his successor Quauhtemotzin, or Guatemozin, as the Spaniards called him. Cuitlahua, the last but one of these Aztec monarchs, died after a short reign of four months, but that brief time witnessed the overthrow of the Spaniards and their expulsion from Mexico. The other selection, The Aztec Mother's Advice to her Daughter, is a remarkable paper, and most of the advice given is worthy of being followed even in our own advanced age. Sahagun died at the City of Mexico, in 1590, at a ripe old age.

THE HIGH PRIEST'S PRAYER AT THE DEATH OF CUITLAHUA.

FROM THE AZTEC NAHUATLAC DIALECT, TRANSLATED INTO CASTILIAN BY BENARDINO DE SAHAGUN.

"O Lord! Thou knowest that the days of our sovereign are at an end, for Thou hast placed him beneath Thy feet. He abides in the place of his retreat; he has trodden the path which we are all to tread; he has gone to the house whither we are all to follow,—the house of eternal darkness, where no light cometh. He is gathered to his rest, and no one henceforth shall disquiet him. . . . All these were the princes, his predecessors, who sat on the imperial throne, directing the affairs of Thy kingdom, for Thou art the universal Lord and Emperor, by whose will and movement the whole world is directed; Thou needest not the counsel of another. They laid down the intolerable burden of government, and left it to him, their successor. Yet he sojourned but a few days in his kingdom,—but a few days had we enjoyed his presence, when Thou summonedest him away to follow those who had ruled over the land before him. And great cause has he for thankfulness that Thou hast

relieved him from so grievous a load, and placed him in tranquillity and rest. . . . Who now shall order matters for the good of the people and the realm? Who shall appoint the judges to administer justice to Thy people? Who now shall bid the drum and the flute to sound, and gather together the veteran soldiers and the men mighty in battle? Our Lord and our Defence! wilt Thou, in Thy wisdom, elect one who shall be worthy to sit on the throne of Thy kingdom—one who shall bear the grievous burden of government, who shall comfort and cherish Thy poor people, even as the mother cherisheth her offspring? . . . O Lord most merciful! pour forth Thy light and Thy splendor over this Thine empire! . . . Order it so that Thou shalt be served in all, and through all." Trans. of W. H. PRESCOTT.

AN AZTEC MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE AZTEC NAHUATLAC DIALECT INTO CASTILIAN BY BERNARDINO DE SAHAGUN.

MY beloved daughter, take care that your garments are such as are decent and proper; and observe that you do not adorn yourself with much finery, since this is a mark of vanity and of folly. As little becoming is it that your dress should be very mean, dirty, or ragged; since rags are a mark of the low and of those who are held in contempt. Let your clothes be becoming and neat, that you may neither appear fantastic nor mean. When you speak, do not hurry your words from uneasiness, but speak deliberately and calmly. Do not raise your voice very high, nor speak very low,, but in a moderate tone. Neither mince when you speak, nor when you salute, nor speak through your nose; but let your words be proper, of a good sound, and your voice gentle. In walking, my daughter, see that you behave becomingly, neither going with haste, nor too slowly; since it is an evidence of being puffed up to walk too slowly, and walking hastily causes a vicious habit of restlessness and instability. Therefore neither walk very fast, nor very slow; yet, when it shall be necessary to go with haste, do so. Another thing that you must attend to, my daughter, is, that, when you are in the street, you do not go looking hither and thither, nor turning your head to look at this and that; walk neither looking at the skies, nor on the ground. Do not look upon those whom you meet with the eyes of an offended person, nor have the appearance of being uneasy; but of one who looks upon all with a serene countenance; doing this, you will give no one an occasion of being offended with you. Show a becoming countenance; that you may neither appear morose, nor, on the other hand, too complaisant. See, likewise, my daughter, that you never paint your face, or stain it or your lips with colors, in order to appear well; since this is a mark of vile and unchaste women. But, that your husband may not dislike you, adorn yourself, wash yourself, and cleanse your clothes. My daughter, this is the course you are to take; since in this manner the ancestors from whom you spring brought us up. Those noble and venerable dames, your grandmothers, told us not so many things as I have told you,—they said but few words, and spoke thus: "Listen, my daughters; in this world, it is necessary to live with much prudence and circumspection. Hear this allegory, which I shall now tell you, and preserve it, and take from it a

warning and example for living aright. Here, in this world, we travel by a very narrow, steep, and dangerous road, which is as a lofty mountain-ridge, on whose top passes a narrow path; on either side is a great gulf without bottom, and, if you deviate from the path, you will fall into it. There is need, therefore, of much discretion in pursuing the road." My tenderly loved daughter, my little dove, keep this illustration in your heart, and see that you do not forget it: it will be to you as a lamp and a beacon, so long as you shall live in this world.—Only one thing remains to be said, and I have done. If God shall give you life, if you shall continue some years upon the earth, see that you guard yourself carefully, that no stain come upon you. When it shall please God that you receive a husband, and you are placed under his authority, be free from arrogance: see that you do not neglect him, nor allow your heart to be in opposition to him. Be not disrespectful to him. Beware, that in no time or place, you commit treason against him. See that you give no favor to another; since this, my dear and much-loved daughter, is to fall into a pit without bottom, from which there will be no escape. According to the custom of the world, if it shall be known, for this crime they will kill you, they will throw you into the street, for an example to all the people, where your head will be crushed and dragged upon the ground. Of these says a proverb: "You will be stoned and dragged upon the earth, and others will take warning at your death." From this will arise a stain and dishonor upon our ancestors, the nobles and senators from whom we are descended. You will tarnish their illustrious fame, and their glory, by the filthiness and impurity of your sin. You will, likewise, lose your reputation, your nobility, and honor of birth; your name will be forgotten and abhorred. Of you will it be said, that you were buried in the dust of your sins. And remember, my daughter, that, though no man shall see you, nor your husband ever know what happens, *God, who is in every place, sees you*, and will be angry with you, My dear daughter, whom I tenderly love, see that you live in the world in peace, tranquillity, and contentment all the days that you shall live. See that you disgrace not yourself, that you stain not your honor, nor pollute the lustre and fame of your ancestors. See that you honor me and your father, and reflect glory on us by your good life. May God prosper you, my first-born, and may you come to God, who is in every place!

MONTEZUMA'S WELCOME TO CORTES.

"YOU have been told, perhaps, that I am a god, and dwell in palaces of gold and silver. But you see it is false. My houses, though large, are of stone and wood, like those of others; and as to my body," he said, baring his tawny arm, "you see it is flesh and bone like yours. It is true, I have a great empire inherited from my ancestors—lands, and gold, and silver. But your sovereign beyond the waters is, I know, the rightful lord of all. I rule in his name. You, Malinche, are his ambassador; you and your brethren shall share these things with me. Rest now from your labors. You are here in your own dwellings, and everything shall be provided for your subsistence. I will see that your wishes shall be obeyed in the same way as my own." Trans. of PRESCOTT.

NEZAHUALCOYOTL, LORD OF TEZCUCO.

THIS greatest of the Indian monarchs of the Western World was born about the year 1403, in what is now Mexico. When only fifteen years of age he saw his father killed in a battle with a neighboring nation, the Tepanecs, and he himself was taken prisoner and cast into a dungeon by the victors. He, however, succeeded by the aid of friends in making his escape. For years, pursued by his enemies, he led a romantic wandering life, seeking shelter in deep thickets and caverns, his only solace being the love of his faithful people, who could not be bribed to betray him, and frequently saved him from capture by his pursuers. At length, with an army raised by his supporters, he fought his Tepanec enemies and totally routed them, and amidst the rejoicing of his subjects he was enthroned in the halls of his fathers. His first act was to grant an amnesty to those who had aided his foes. He said, "A monarch may punish, but revenge is unworthy of him." His code of laws was written in blood; his government was divided into departments, such as a council of war, a council of finance, a council of justice, the members of which were nobles and citizens. A cabinet, or council of state, was composed of fourteen members from the highest order of chiefs. The most remarkable, however, of the departments in this Athens of the Western World was the council of music, which was devoted to the encouragement of literature, science, and art. All important works were required to be submitted to its judgment before they should be made public. In the historical department the wilful perversion of truth was a capital offence. Among the most illustrious of the poets was the monarch himself. Many of his odes descended to a late generation. We give a selection from them, translated from this dialect into the Castilian about the beginning of the sixteenth century, by the historian Fernando de Alva Ixtlilxochitl, who was a native of Tezcuco and a direct descendant of the sovereigns of that kingdom.

Nezahualcoyotl was on one occasion persuaded by the priests to offer on the altar of the gods in sacrifice the captives taken in war; but this offering did not produce the result promised, and the king indignantly exclaimed, "These idols of wood and stone can neither hear nor feel; much less could they make the heaven and the earth, and man the lord of it. This must be the work of the all-powerful, unknown God, Creator of the universe, on whom alone I must rely for consolation and support." After this he labored to raise his people above superstition and to substitute a purer spiritual conception of the Deity.

In his riches, the grandeur of his palaces, and in his great wisdom he almost equalled King Solomon. He built a gorgeous temple in the form of a pyramid, and dedicated it to "the unknown God, the Cause of causes." "No image was allowed in the edifice, as unsuited to the invisible God. The people were expressly prohibited from profaning the altars with blood or any other sacrifice than that of the perfumes of flowers and sweet-scented gums." Yet on the name of this great and wise monarch there rests a dark stain which has clouded his fame: he is accused of committing the same sin as David, the poet-king and sweet singer of Israel. Of this Indian poet-king it is said that he ordered that his vassal, the old lord of Tepechpan, be placed in the front of the battle, that the monarch

might take to himself the old lord's young and beautiful betrothed. It was probably because of this crime that in his dying hour he thought himself unworthy to have known the Creator. To his son he said that he was unworthy to know God, but intimated that the time would come when He should be known and worshipped throughout the land. When seventy-two years of age he breathed his last —about 1475, or seventeen years before Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery for the Western World.

BANISH CARE.

Song from the Tezcucan Nahuatlac dialect of the Indian monarch, Nezahualcoyotl. Translated into the Castilian by Fernando de Alva Ixtlilxochitl.

"BANISH care; if there are bounds to pleasure, the saddest life must have an end. Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and sing thy songs in praise of the all-powerful God; for the glory of this world soon fadeth away. Rejoice in the green freshness of thy spring; for the day will come when thou shalt sigh for these joys in vain; when the sceptre shall pass from thy hands, thy servants shall wander desolate in thy courts, thy sons and the sons of thy nobles shall drink the dregs of distress, and all the pomp of thy victories and triumphs shall live only in their recollection. Yet the remembrance of the just shall not pass away from the nations, and the good thou hast done shall ever be held in honor. The goods of this life, its glories and its riches, are but lent to us; its substance is but an illusory shadow, and the things of to-day shall change on the coming of the morrow. Then gather the fairest flowers from thy gardens to bind round thy brow, and seize the joys of the present ere they perish."

INDIAN THANATOPSIS.

"All things on earth have their term, and, in the most joyous career of their vanity and splendor, their strength fails, and they sink into the dust. All the round world is but a sepulchre; and there is nothing, which lives on its surface that shall not be hidden and entombed beneath it. Rivers, torrents, and streams move onward to their destination. Not one flows back to its pleasant source. They rush onward, hastening to bury themselves in the deep bosom of the ocean. The things of yesterday are no more to-day; and the things of to-day shall cease, perhaps, on the morrow. The cemetery is full of the loathsome dust of bodies once quickened by living souls, who occupied thrones, presided over assemblies, marshalled armies, subdued provinces, arrogated to themselves worship, were puffed up with vainglorious pomp, and power, and empire.

"But these glories have all passed away, like the fearful smoke that issues from the throat of Popocatepetl, with no other memorial of their existence than the record on the page of the chronicler.

"The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful,—alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod; and that which has befallen them shall happen to us and to those that come after us. Yet let us take courage, illustrious nobles and chieftains, true friends and loyal subjects,—*let us aspire to that heaven where all is eternal, and corruption cannot come.* The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the Sun, and the dark shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars."

Translated into English by Wm. H. Prescott.

HIS LAST LINES.

Saltus the polyglot poet, who died in 1891, wrote in twenty-three languages. The following were his last lines. He had for friends Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier and Victor Hugo, who admired his poems.

Joy stood upon my threshold, mild and fair,
With lilies in her hair.
I bade her enter; as she turned to go,
She answered, "No."

Fortune once tarried at my porch,
And lit it with her torch.
I asked her fondly, "Have you come to stay?"
She answered, "Nay."

Fame, robed in spotless white, before me came.
I longed her kiss to claim.
I told her how her presence I revered—
She disappeared!

Love came at last. How pure! how sweet!
With roses at her feet.
I begged her all her bounty to bestow—
She answered, "No."

Since then, *Joy*, *Fortune*, *Love*, and *Fame*
Have come my soul to claim;
I see them smiling everywhere—
But do not care.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY REFORMER'S CRITICISM ON ARISTOTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MARTIN LUTHER.

By this selection we see that great men, who contend for the right to think for themselves, may be very intolerant toward others. Aristotle "aspired to the cultivation of universal knowledge for its own sake, in which he attained a distinction without parallel in the history of the human race."

MY heart is grieved to see how many of the best Christians this accursed, proud, knavish heathen has fooled and led astray with his false words. God sent him as a plague for our sins. . . . I would, however, gladly consent that Aristotle's books of Logic, Rhetoric and Poetic should be retained, or they might be usefully studied in a condensed form to practise young people in speaking and preaching; but the notes and comments should be abolished, and just as Cicero's Rhetoric is read without note or comment, Aristotle's Logic should be read without such long commentaries. But now neither speaking nor preaching are taught out of them, and they are used only for disputation and confusion.

Translation of C. A. BUCHHEIM, PH. D.

KHEMNIZTER.

IVAN IVANOVICH KHEMNITZER was born of German parents at Petersburg, in the year 1744. His father was of Saxon origin, and was attached as physician to the country hospital of the Russian capital. From parents of distinguished excellence our poet received the elements of a careful education. It was his father's wish that his son should succeed him in his profession, but the unconquerable aversion of the latter to the study of anatomy could never be subdued. He was enrolled, in consequence, when thirteen years old, in the regiment of guards as sub-officer, and made two campaigns against the Prussians and the Turks. This, however, as he was wont to say, was "out of the rain into the river"—from the theatre of anatomy to the martyr-chamber of surgery. He became in consequence an engineer in the Berg cadet

corps, having obtained the rank of lieutenant in the Russian service. He won the love and the confidence of all his superiors by his activity and uprightness. In the year 1776 he accompanied one of his superior officers through Germany, Holland and France, and after his return to his country applied himself ardently to his literary labors. In 1778 he published the first volume of his fables, and on its reaching a second edition, about three years afterward, he added to it another volume. One of his particular friends and protectors quitting the service at this period, he determined to do the same. He had no means of living independently of his salary, and, being compelled to look round him for another engagement, he soon obtained the consul-generalship of Smyrna. The emoluments attached to this office led him to hope that in the progress of a few years he should be enabled to retire comfortably from active life, and this hope induced him to accept an office which banished him from his country. That country he abandoned with a heavy heart, and on separating from his friends, whom he loved with indescribable affection, he seemed to sink under the thought that he was bidding them a final farewell. In the autumn of 1782 he reached Smyrna; indisposition greeted him on his arrival. The climate was perhaps unfriendly, but his mind was more keenly affected by his exile from that society in which he had so long breathed and lived, and which had become a necessary element of his existence. He struggled long against his illness; it subdued him in the spring of 1784.

This is a short outline of the serene and unpretending career of an excellent man and an admirable poet whose manners were as ingenuous and unpretending as his life. In many respects he may be compared to La Fontaine, his pattern and forerunner. The same goodness of heart, the same blind confidence in his friends, the same carelessness and inoffensiveness and the same absence of mind which formed the prominent features of La Fontaine's character were developed with singular fidelity in that of Khemnitzer. Of the last trait we will give an example or two. When in Paris, he once went to see the representation of *Tancred*. On Le Cain's appearance he was so struck with the noble and majestic presence of that renowned actor that he rose from his seat and bowed with lowly reverence. A universal roar of laughter brought him back to himself. One morning a friend for whom he had the highest regard related to him an interesting piece of news. Khemnitzer dined with him afterward, and as a piece of remarkable intelligence narrated to his host that which his host had before communicated to him. His friend reminded him of his forgetfulness. Khemnitzer was greatly distressed, and in his perplexity, instead of his handkerchief, he put his host's napkin into his pocket. On rising from table Khemnitzer endeavored to slip away unobserved; his friend saw him, followed him and tried to detain him. Khemnitzer reproached him for unveiling his weaknesses, and would not listen to any entreaties. "Leave my napkin, then, at least, which you pocketed at table," said the other. Khemnitzer drew it forth, and stood like a statue. The loud laugh of the company recovered him from his trance, and with the utmost good nature he joined in the general mirth.

A very handsome edition of his fables was published in Petersburg (1799) under the title *Basna i Skaski I. I. Khemnitzer v trekh chastækh*—"Khemnitzer's fables and tales." The third part consists of posthumous fables.

JOHN BOWRING.

THE LION'S COUNCIL OF STATE.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF IVAN IVANOVICH KHEMNITZER.

A LION held a court for state affairs.
Why? That is not your business, sir:
'twas theirs.
He called the elephants for counsellors; still
The council-board was incomplete,
And the king deemed it fit
With asses all the vacancies to fill.
Heaven help the state! for, lo! the bench of asses
The bench of elephants by far surpasses.

He was a fool—the 'foresaid king—you'll say;
Better have kept those places vacant, surely,
Than fill them up so poorly.
Oh no! that's not the royal way;
Things have been done for ages thus, and we
Have a deep reverence for antiquity:
Naught worse, sir, than to be or to appear
Wiser and better than our fathers were.
The list must be complete, even though you make it
Complete with asses; for the lion saw
Such had for ages been the law:
He was no radical to break it.

"Besides," he said, "my elephants' good sense
Will soon my asses' ignorance diminish,
For wisdom has a mighty influence."
They made a pretty finish:
The asses' folly soon obtained the sway;
The elephants became as dull as they.

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

THE VOW.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ERMIL IVANOVICH KOSTROV.

THE rose is my favorite flower:
On its tablets of crimson I swore
That up to my last living hour
I never would think of thee more.
I scarcely the record had made
Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light, airy pinions conveyed
Both tablet and promise away.

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

HAMILLA.

LOOK where my dear Hamilla smiles—
Hamilla, heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The Loves and Graces arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair seats of youthful pleasures;
There Love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

Oh, fairest maid, I own thy power,
I gaze, I sigh and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

WILLIAM CRAWFURD.

GENOA.

From the French of Jules Gabriel Janin.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

OF all the cities bathed by the Italian sea, Genoa is incontrovertibly the most beautiful. She leans proudly against the Apennines; at her marble feet softly murmur the waves of Liguria, that fair sea which has been traversed by all classic antiquity in such diversified apparel and for causes so various. Two mountains of man's construction shelter the port, crowded with ships of every nation.

This collection of palaces entitled "Genoa" is incredible to all but the beholder. For two days I have minutely examined this superb city, whose heart no longer beats, whose head is cold, which yet lives and moves even with that inanimate, trunkless frame, such strength and vitality do its marble entrails still maintain; within the circumference, in effect, are two towns—life and death—side by side. On the borders of the sea, in the port, at the foot of the city, you find activity, motion, noise, a crowd—in a word, life such as comports with Italian nations, inhabited ruins, a busy, intelligent, commercial population—but ascend higher, perambulate the streets, whose broad, hollow flags resound beneath your footsteps; enter through porticos open to every storm the splendid palaces inhabited by Silence; cast your eyes upon the drapery of the depopulated saloons waving in the wind like funeral-hangings; look upward and contemplate the solemn arches whose echo once sang only verses of love: recline against the lofty windows which of yore lent their nocturnal light to so many beauties for ever vanished, which have listened to countless serenades now lost in the air; hearken to this deep silence, explore this desert for the last vestiges of annihilated grandeur, and say if even Jeremiah's lament over the cities doomed to perish, though replete with mournful energy, falls not below the level of this desolation.

Genoa, the speck of earth before us so adorned and so sad, humble yet embellished with such *chefs-d'œuvre*—how diverse have been her fortunes! The Romans have been there in turn, as they have been everywhere, bearing civilization and order in their train of conquest; the Eastern emperors have been masters there; then, like a tempest, came the barbarians, those universal incendiaries; then Charlemagne, the universal reconstructor; and then, eager with haste, the Moors, the accomplished barbarians, the finished masters of politeness, literature, gallantry and courage. On this corner of earth have Guelphs and Ghibelins fought to desperation, after the pattern of the civil wars obtained from the heroes of Florence; afterward the Pisans and Venetians coveted the port open to their adventures, and disputed it, the last as merchants, the first as gentle-

men; then France repaired to the succor of the town rent by factions; and finally came Doria, who made it a republic.

Meanwhile, there is a memorable day in the history of this city and in that of the universe when a man without name or credit, a poor obscure, despised Genoese, departed to return with a world more, which he had discovered. Singular, intelligent little nook where are associated the names of Louis XII., Christopher Columbus and Doria! Review such a town, if you can, without emotions of pity and respect. Like the capitol, Genoa was built for eternity. While obeying her doges, verily the republic sheltered worthily these monarchs of a day, for within this narrow compass are palaces meet for kings as doges. These merchants loved the fine arts as nobles and paid for them like kings. It is thus that the greatest artists of the sixteenth Italian century—which is probably the most glorious era of human genius—crowded to Genoa, understanding that on the shores of that sea so dear to poets there lived a people of rich Athenians employed in constructing a town of marble and gold. At this tidings the most illustrious painters, the most celebrated sculptors, and especially the greatest architects, of the world, abandoned their work commenced to go to embellish the rival of Venice, the *terra-firma* Venice, more free and not less fair, governed by rich merchants sprung from the people; the Venice without spies or informers, executioners, state prisons and courtesans; the pure, innocent, busy, liberal Venice covered with shade, surrounded with orange-groves and flowers. Nor has Italian art alone come hither to lavish its adorable miracles on this sea-coast: France, the East, the Indies, Spain, even the New World, have been put under contribution to found, erect, ornament and furnish these royal abodes.

THE DUCAL PALACE.

Shall we commence with the public palace in this town of palaces? *Je le veux bien*, though there is scarce a preference. And yet, as a specimen, what a marvel the ducal palace is, though ruined, insulted, squandered, as the implacable, stupid violence of revolutions have left it, as they ever have in all places! The ascent is by a magnificent marble stairway, leaving on the right the pedestal on which was the statue of Doria, wickedly broken in an *emeute*. An immense vestibule sustained by eighty columns of solid marble conducts to a grand staircase divided into spacious flights ushering into the council-chamber, and within this great hall, beneath these bold, self-supported vaults, through an admirable suite of columns and pilasters in niches dug in the wall, stands a nation of severe statues. Is it illusion? The mantles of these statues seem agitated by the wind; we might imagine these shrouds had been washed on yester evening? What, then, is this animated, waving marble that the breeze arranges with such varied, capricious grace around these heroes? Nothing, however, can be more real; these statues, fully clad and equipped, which represent the great men of the republic, her legislators, poets, artists and soldiers, were broken by the populace in one of those impulses of furious rage (*delirium tremens*) which incite multitudes to destroy everything in their passage. Juvenal has somewhere aptly said, "They crush in wrath what they have worshipped with awe." There are, to na-

tions as to individuals, hours of mental malady, and then woe to all species of glory, to virtue, centuries of antiquity, to creeds or grandeur, that fall beneath the hands of the furious zealots! Thus the people of Genoa have broken the images of their great men, as far as possible insulted, disfigured and mutilated them; they dashed in pieces the casque and cuirass, rent the toga and ermine, shivered the wand and sword, effaced the name and escutcheon, despoiled the sacred monuments of their sovereign insignia, leaving them in this state without respect or pity, not reflecting that they thus deprived history of all that made it holy, majestic and venerable. Insensate, ungrateful people! But their rage is vain: it can only break; it can annihilate nothing —above all, glory. Such is man's power that what he has himself made he is impotent to destroy. He may create: he cannot obliterate. Behold a temple he has overthrown: he thinks to subvert a structure, but he creates a ruin. He would banish history, and founds poetry instead. It is thus that scarcely were they broken ere these venerable images of illustrious Genoese have been immediately re-established; the statues assassinated at evening are on the morrow remounted on their bases as did that of the commander on his tomb, only, as the sculptor was no longer there to impart life a third time to these assassinated great men, a pious, intelligent hand has gathered dust from dust; formless clay has replaced the wrought marble of genius; over it they have thrown funeral mantles, and those severed heads have been substituted by deceptive effigies. Thus every hero is remodelled by a little clay skilfully arranged. And yet, to see them again assembled in that council-chamber which they once inhabited, the effect on the imagination is undiminished; respect has not been scattered to the winds like the dust of the broken marble. After all, what imports it that this clay be more or less fashioned? Not the representation of the man makes the statue revered, but his name; therefore this hall of council has lost nothing by such profanation. I love these phantoms of statues not less than the originals, which when extant were themselves but phantoms of heroes of other days. Among relics of past times there are some of slight significance, such as the fragment of a Carthaginian barque, the stones of a Venetian castle, brought by Genoese from Constantinople, a chain captured from the Pisans, a bronze table which has no other signification than a judgment of Roman consuls in favor of Genoa, and other petty vanities. These Italian towns are proud in their poverty. Having ceased to be rich and glorious, they desire to preserve their nobility, and, especially tenacious of maintaining the antiquity of their origin, heap up to that effect all kinds of fragments, marble, bronze and paper. After the ducal palace, the abode of the vanished supremacy of the Genoese, we shall visit the hotel of the poor, which is much richer even than that. Three great architects have reared this house, the luxury of whose arrangements is incredible. It contains a beautiful Christ of Michael Angelo, reposing in the arms of the Blessed Virgin—an admirable piece of marble. The high altar is in the complete style of Pierre Puget, the French Michael Angelo; here the Virgin, who before sustained Christ, is herself

supported by angels bearing her to the skies. What beautiful infants wafted upon their light wings! What a holy, pure, calm, charming Virgin! How much grace and strength combined in that happy group flying toward heaven bearing the mother of the Saviour, the angel without wings! Pierre Puget is assuredly the greatest artist France has produced; Genoa abounds in his works. Doubtless the Genoese, with a marvellous instinct in which Louis XIV. was deficient, were the first to divine their noble neighbor the statuary of Marseilles, for they possess more *chefs-d'œuvre* of Puget than the palace of Versailles contains. Compare them, if you be so bold, these beauteous angels of Puget, with the chubby faces of both sexes —which in reality are of no sex—in the church of St. Lawrence that Canova calls angels. Within this house—or, rather, palace—of the poor all is silence, freshness, beauty, repose and murmur. Over that exquisite chapel full of marvels open the dormitories of the happy paupers, the veritably sovereign masters of all this magnificence. The indigent, not admitted within the sanctuary, receive daily food and winter vestments at the door—a true Italian benevolence.

The ambitious aspirant is the king of the future, while the benevolent man, on the contrary, exercises for his own comfort the easiest of all virtues and the most insignificant, charity. He sows his alms at random to reap mendicants, reposes in that facile virtue which consists in bestowing the remains of his bread on those unwilling to gain it, and, destitute of foresight or precaution, trains his children to imitate their father in thus indiscriminately lavishing the embarrassing superfluity of their fortune. Around such a man industry languishes; the laborious are discouraged, and consider it folly to toil amid so many living without effort. A wise government, if desirous to advance, should mistrust charity far more than ambition. But this will ever be incomprehensible to the Italians. To give alms as they practise it is a profession of the indolent; to be really ambitious would be to them the labor of heroes to remove the Pillars of Hercules. You may imagine, if the poor are thus lodged in marble and gold, neither of these, nor rare paintings, are wanting in the churches; and, in effect, the like admirable profusion exists in all the churches of Genoa. I have examined them generally, and in these well-preserved temples, on the flags covered with escutcheons, in presence of *chefs-d'œuvre* of all the arts, in an atmosphere fragrant and balmy with flowers, under vaults glittering with graceful imagery relieved with gold, on which light breaks in colored reflections through Gothic windows, at the foot of marble where taper and incense burn unceasingly, and which are never without prayer, I have comprehended for the first time that perpetual admiration, that continual impulse to devotion, which constitutes the most lively, indestructible passion of Italy. Admiration is fatiguing, without doubt; but how shall I suppress it, how refrain from expressing my boundless enthusiasm? And when they say to me, "Beware! moderate your emotion. How will it be when before St. Peter's at Rome?" I know not; but, meanwhile, it is impossible for me not to bend the knee in the church of the Annunciation.

And how it elucidates what we before

deemed ourselves perfectly cognizant of to pass to and fro under this beautiful sky, to tread the happy earth, to enter freely beneath these arched vaults and salute such work of genius, to behold, compare, touch them and inquire, Where has life passed, unblessed by the enjoyment of these countless wonders? Repeatedly they say to me, "Thou dreamest, happy man!" and, verily, a fair vision. They believe me returned to the impassioned enchantments of early youth, when all is love, poetry, enthusiasm and admiration, the bird that sings in the tree waving its foliage in the air, the breeze rising to meet the sun, the humming insect floating over nature, the wave with its glitter, its freshness and murmur. It is in youth that we admire the grass, flowers, stars, sky, the pale scintillating light of August evening, but it is for maturer years to appreciate marble, pictures, palaces, ruins, *chefs-d'œuvre*—all the scattered beauties cast by antiquity on the Christian world which the Middle Age has bequeathed to the modern. What is the admiration of twenty years? A rose withering on a mistress's bosom. Ten years later it is a fragment of brown marble under a Grecian sun, the verse of a poet, one of those thousand rays that time has disdained to remove with the end of that scythe which is at once a crotchet and a sword. And then to comprehend finally the power of times that are no more, what modesty it induces! To survey the vast theatre of such dramas and poems, histories and visions, how it enlightens studies in which imaginary proficiency had been attained!

Translation of MRS. M. HARRISON ROBINSON.

WHERE IS HE?

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

AND where is he?" Not by the side
Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend.
That form beloved he marks no more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see;
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair; but where is he?

No, no! The radiance is not dim
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as fair,
Neglected must his garden be;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, "Where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall,
But where is now his proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures—all
Desire could frame; but where are they?
And he as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong; and where is he?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair;
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And Death displays his banner there.
The life has gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread—
Oh, where are they? And where is he?

HENRY NEELE.

JACK WENTWORTH'S FAREWELL.

[Jack, who is the heir of the Wentworths, and who is a "prodigal son," lectures his aunt Leonora because she refuses the living at Skelmersdale to her nephew, Frank, the perpetual curate, who is an exemplary young clergyman, and gives it to a stranger who is in no wise better fitted for the place, because she differs from her nephew on some question of Church ceremony.]

THE SINNER LECTURES THE SAINT.

JACK, who had begun to tire of his new character of the repentant prodigal, had shown himself in a new light that evening, and was preparing to leave, to the relief of all parties. The prodigal who no longer pretended to be penitent had taken the conversation into his own hands at dinner.

"I have had things my own way since I came here," said Jack; "somehow, it appears I have a great luck for having things my own way. It is you scrupulous people who think of others and of such antiquated stuff as duty, and so forth, that get yourselves into difficulties. My dear aunt, I am going away. If I were to remain an inmate of this house—I mean to say, could I look forward to the privilege of continuing a member of this Christian family—another day, I should know better how to conduct myself, but I am going back to my bad courses, Aunt Dora; I am returning to the world."

"Oh, Jack, my dear, I hope not," said Aunt Dora, who was much bewildered and did not know what to say.

"Too true," said the relapsed sinner; "and, considering all the lessons you have taught me, don't you think it is the best thing I could do? There is my brother Frank, who has been carrying other people about on his shoulders and doing his duty, but I don't see that you good people are at all moved in his behalf. You leave him to fight his way by himself and confer your benefits elsewhere, which is an odd sort of lesson for a worldling like me. As for Gerald, you know he's a virtuous fool, as I have heard you all declare. There is nothing in the world, that I can see, to prevent him keeping his living and doing as he pleases, as most parsons do. However, that's his own business. It is Frank's case which is the edifying case to me. If my convictions of sin had gone just a step farther," said the pitiless critic—"if I had devoted myself to bringing others to repentance, as is the first duty of a reformed sinner—my aunt Leonora would not have hesitated to give Skelmersdale to me—"

"Jack, hold your tongue," said Miss Leonora; but, though her cheeks burned, her voice was not so firm as usual, and she actually failed in putting down the man who had determined to have his say.

"Fact, my dear aunt," said Jack. "If I had been a greater rascal than I am, and gone a little farther, you and your people would have thought me quite fit for a cure of souls. I'd have come in for your good things that way as well as other ways; but

here is Frank, who even I can see is a right sort of parson. I don't pretend to fixed theological opinions," said this unlooked-for oracle, with a comic glance aside at Gerald, the most unlikely person present to make any response, "but, so far as I can see, he's a kind of fellow most men would be glad to make a friend of when they were under a cloud. Not that he was ever very civil to me. I tell you, so far from rewarding him for being of the true sort, you do nothing but snub him, that I can see. He looks to me as good for work as any man I know, but you'll give your livings to any kind of wretched make-believe before you'll give them to Frank. I am aware," said the heir of the Wentworths, with a momentary flush, "that I have never been considered much of a credit to the family; but if I were to announce my intention of marrying and settling, there is not one of the name that would not lend a hand to smooth matters. That is the reward of wickedness," said Jack, with a laugh. "As for Frank, he's a perpetual curate, and may marry perhaps fifty years hence; that's the way you good people treat a man who never did anything to be ashamed of in his life. And you expect me to give up my evil courses after such a lesson? I trust I am not such a fool," said the relapsed prodigal. He sat looking at them all in his easy way, enjoying the confusion, the indignation and wrath, with which his address was received. "The man who gets his own way is the man who takes it," he concluded, with his usual composure, pouring out Miss Leonora's glass of claret as he spoke.

Nobody had ever before seen the strong-minded woman in so much agitation.

"Frank knows what my feelings are," she said, abruptly. "I have a great respect for himself, but I have no confidence in his principles. I—I have explained my ideas about Church patronage—"

But here the squire broke in.

"I always said, sir," said the old man, with an unsteady voice," that if I ever lived to see a thing or two amended that was undoubtedly objectionable, your brother Jack's advice would be invaluable to the family as a—as a man of the world. I have nothing to say against clergymen, sir," continued the squire, without it being apparent whom he was addressing, "but I have always expressed my conviction of—of the value of your brother Jack's advice as—as a man of the world."

This speech had a wonderful effect upon the assembled family, but most of all upon the son thus commended, who lost all his ease and composure as his father spoke, and turned his head stiffly to one side, as if afraid to meet the squire's eyes; which, indeed, were not seeking his, but were fixed upon the table, as was natural, considering the state of emotion in which Mr. Wentworth was.

As for Jack, when he had steadied himself a little, he got up from his seat and tried to laugh, though the effort was far from being a successful one.

"Even my father applauds me, you see, because I am a scamp and don't deserve it," he said, with a voice which was partially choked.—"Good-bye, sir; I am going away."

The squire rose too, with the hazy, bewildered look of which his other children were afraid.

"Good-bye, sir," said the old man, and then made a pause before he held out his

hand. "You'll not forget what I've said, Jack," he added, with a little haste. "It's true enough, though I haven't that confidence in you that—that I might have had. I am getting old, and I have had two attacks, sir," said Mr. Wentworth, with dignity; "and, anyhow, I can't live for ever. Your brothers can make their own way in the world, but I haven't saved all that I could have wished. When I am gone, Jack, be just to the girls and the little children," said the squire, and with that took his son's hand and grasped it hard and looked his heir full in the face.

Jack Wentworth was not prepared for any such appeal; he was still less prepared to discover the unexpected and inevitable sequence with which one good sentiment leads to another. He quite faltered and broke down in this unlooked-for emergency.

"Father," he said, unawares for the first time for ten years, "if you wish it, I will join you in breaking the entail."

"No such thing, sir," said the squire, who, so far from being pleased, was irritated and disturbed, by the proposal. "I ask you to do your duty, sir, and not to shirk it," the head of the house said, with natural vehemence, as he stood, with that circle of Wentworths round him, giving forth his code of honor to his unworthy heir.

While his father was speaking, Jack recovered a little from his momentary *attendrissement*.

"Good-bye, sir; I hope you'll live a hundred years," he said, wringing his father's hand, "if you don't last out half a dozen of me, as you ought to do. But I'd rather not anticipate such a change. In that case," the prodigal went on, with a certain huskiness in his voice, "I dare say I should not turn out so great a rascal as—as I ought to do. Today and yesterday it has even occurred to me by moments that I was your son, sir," said Jack Wentworth; and then he made an abrupt stop and dropped the squire's hand, and came to himself in a surprising way. When he turned toward the rest of the family, he was in perfect possession of his usual courtesy and good spirits. He nodded to them all round with superb good-humor: "Good-bye, all of you.—I wish you better luck, Frank, and not so much virtue; perhaps you will have a better chance now the lost sheep has gone back to the wilderness.—Good-bye to you all. I don't think I've any other last words to say." He lighted his cigar with his ordinary composure, in the hall, and whistled one of his favorite airs as he went through the garden. "Oddly enough, however, our friend Wodehouse can beat me in that," he said, with a smile, to Frank, who had followed him out. "Perhaps in other things too: who knows? Good-bye, and good luck, old fellow." And thus the heir of the Wentworths disappeared into the darkness, which swallowed him up, and was seen no more.

MRS. MARGARET OLIPHANT.

ACTIONS AND MOTIVES.

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE A COURT OF JUSTICE.

I AM now speaking of the criminal character of conspiracy. It is not necessary that an act should be done at all. Nay, if the act be a felony, the conspiracy is lost utterly, for, being but a misdemeanor, it is

merged in the graver offence. It is the agreement to do the act which constitutes the crime. Your Honor will perceive the beautiful philosophy of the law. The whole law, and especially the criminal law, consists of a system of checks and safeguards. It is the protection of the community against vice, and subserves the divine law in forming, guarding and inducing virtue in man. That is the basis of it; built upon that, the object is not to punish: the object is to prevent or reform. What does it do? As long as man keeps his design within his heart, within his breast—though it be of demoniac gloom and blackness—of course human tribunals cannot suspect it and cannot affect it. He is left to the punishment of the Omnipotent, "for darkness and light are both alike to him." He alone can pry into the deep recesses of the sinner's bosom, drag forth the secret motive from its hiding-place and expose it to the reproaches of an affrighted and horror-stricken world. What can man do in such a case? I can tell you what he can do, and what he does do. The moment that by the slightest whisper the inward workings and purposes of the culprit's mind are communicated to the officers of justice he becomes amenable to justice. Beautiful system! Here is a man who intends to take the life of another; his motive and his purpose are known only to that Power that can fathom the ocean. The motive there is equal to the act; it is the act *itself*. The motive here is nothing till it be accompanied by the act, because it cannot be detected.

DAVID PAUL BROWN.

WISDOM OF TALLEYRAND.

FROM THE FRENCH MAXIMS OF CHARLES MAURICE TALLEYRAND.

TALLEYRAND'S wit and wisdom, as well as his literary capacity, appear in sentences and condensed sayings rather than in lengthened discussions:

"Our welcome of a stranger depends upon the name he bears—upon the coat he wears; our farewell, upon the spirit he has displayed in the interview."

"There is so great a charm in friendship that there is even a kind of pleasure in acknowledging one's self duped by the sentiment it inspires."

"The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows."

"Beauty devoid of grace is a mere hook without the bait."

"He who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable of love. Let a woman beware of the man who owns that he loves no one but herself."

"The rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all."

"Love is a reality which is born in the fairy region of romance."

"The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man."

"The stream of vice will flow as naturally into palaces as the common sewer flows into the river and the river flows onward to the sea."

"Nothing succeeds so well as success."

Translation of CHARLES K. MCHARG.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

POLITIANO.*

ANGELO POLITIANO was born on the 24th of July, 1454, at Monte Pulciano (Mons Politianus), a castle of which he adopted the name instead of that of Ambrogini, borne by his father. He applied himself with ardor to those scholastic studies which engaged the general mind in the fifteenth century. Some Latin and Greek epigrams which he wrote between the age of thirteen and seventeen surprised his teachers and the companions of his studies. But the work which introduced him to Lorenzo de' Medici, and which had the greatest influence on his age, was a poem on a tournament in which Julian de' Medici was the victor, in 1468. From that time Lorenzo received Politiano into his palace, made him the constant companion of his labors and his studies, provided for all his necessities, and soon afterward confided to him the education of his children. Politiano, after this invitation, attached himself to the more serious studies of the Platonic philosophy, of antiquity and of law; but his poem in honor of the tournament of Julian de' Medici remains a monument of the distinguished taste of the fifteenth century.

This celebrated fragment commences like a large work. In fact, if Politiano had merely intended to celebrate the tournament in which Julian was victor, he would have found it very difficult to finish his poem, since in one hundred and fifty stanzas, forming a book and a half, he only arrives at the first preparations for the tournament. But I willingly suppose that his design was of a more extended nature and more worthy of the epic Muse. He probably intended, after the death of Julian—to which he alludes in the second book—to combine in a chivalrous description all that could be found interesting in the character of this young prince whose loves he was recording. Politiano, indeed, must soon have discovered that he had not made choice of a hero who could excite either his own admiration or that of his reader—events and actions were wanting—and this was doubtless his reason for abandoning his work almost at its commencement. But this mere opening of a long poem will not suffer from comparison with those of the greatest writers, and neither Tasso nor Ariosto exceeds Politiano in his management of the octave stanza, in the spirit of his narration, in the grace and vivacity of his coloring, and in his union of an enchanting harmony with the richest and most varied description. The poet represents Julian in the flower of his youth, devoted to the brilliant career of manly exercises, aspiring after glory and contemning the shafts of love. He allures the young companions of his games and exer-

* From the Works of J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi.

cises from a weakness which he despises; he conducts them to the chase, and, himself the most agile, the most ardent and the bravest of all, he traverses the forest and slays the fiercest of its inhabitants. But Love, indignant to see his empire thus contemned, draws him off from the pursuit by the means of a beautiful white hind, which separates him from his comrades and leads him by various windings into a flowery mead, where Simonetta presents herself to his view, while the enchanted hind vanishes in air. Julian now sees only the fair Ligurian, forgets the chase and foregoes his resolves against the power of Love. Cupid, in the mean time, proud of his conquest, flies to the palace of his mother, in the isle of Cyprus, and boasts of his success; and the description of this enchanted palace has served as a model to Ariosto and to Tasso for the enchanted domes of Alcina and of Armida. This description may, perhaps, be too far extended, as the action of the poem is not accelerated by it, and the poet indulges himself too far in his pictures of mythology. In the second book, Simonetta, arrayed in the armor of Pallas, appears to Julian in a dream. She reminds him that it is only by valor that a hero should think of obtaining her heart. Julian awakes amidst the aspirations of glory and of love. But here Politiano has relinquished his work, and leaves us to regret either that a subject of a more noble nature and more exempt from flattery had not animated his genius, or that too severe a taste caused him to abandon that which he had already chosen.

Politiano had the honor of reviving on the modern stage the tragedies of the ancients—or, rather, he created a new kind of pastoral tragedy, a description of poetry on which Tasso did not disdain to employ his genius. The fable of Orpheus (*Favola di Orfeo*) of Politiano was performed at the court of Mantua in 1483, on occasion of the return of the cardinal Gonzaga. It was composed in two days.

It is not without regret that we contemplate the fine genius of Politiano. Before the age of nineteen, without a model or a predecessor, he had successfully attempted the epic and tragic walks of poetry, and has left us poems which, though little more than fragments, exact our high admiration. To what height of fame might he not have aspired if he had not abandoned the Italian Muse for Latin verse and for philosophical works which are now no longer perused! He died 24th of September, 1494.

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

ARIOSTO.

FROM THE Works OF J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI.

LODOVICO ARIOSTO was born on the 8th of September, 1474, at Reggio, of which place his father was governor for the duke of Ferrara. He was intended for the study of jurisprudence, and, like many other distinguished poets, he experienced a long struggle between the will of his father, who was anxious that he should pursue a profession, and his own feelings, which prompted him to the indulgence of his genius. After five years of unprofitable study, his father at length consented to his devoting himself solely to literature. Ariosto then repaired to Rome, and it was there that he wrote in prose, before the year

1500, his comedy of *La Cassaria*, which, if not the earliest of the Italian comedies, may at least dispute this honor with the *Calandra* of Cardinal Bibbiena. He soon afterward gave to the public a second comedy, *I Suppositi*. At the same time we find him writing sonnets and love *canzoni* in the manner of Petrarch, but we know not of whom he was enamoured, nor whether his passion was real or feigned. He was not of a melancholy or enthusiastic temperament; his conversation was that of a man of wit and judgment; his manners were polished and reserved, and no peculiarities betrayed the poet in him. The death of his father, in 1500, recalled him to Ferrara, and the smallness of his fortune induced him to attach himself to the service of the cardinal Ippolito of Este, the second son of Hercules I. He accompanied the cardinal in his travels, and was employed by him in many important negotiations. But, although skilful in business, he never pursued it without a secret regret, until, to the chagrin of the prince, he began to occupy himself with the trifling pursuits of poetry. About the year 1505 he commenced his *Orlando Furioso*, and he prosecuted this long task for eleven years amidst the constant distraction of business. He read his cantos, as they were finished, to his friends and to persons of taste in Ferrara, and he paid a scrupulous attention to their criticisms, in order to polish and perfect his style. He was at length enabled, in the year 1516, to give the first edition of this poem, which now contains, in forty-six cantos, 4831 stanzas and 38,648 verses. The reception given to the *Orlando Furioso* in Italy was that of the most lively enthusiasm; before the year 1532 four editions had appeared.

The cardinal Ippolito was the only person insensible to the merits of Ariosto, and in 1517 they separated with feelings of mutual distaste, on the poet refusing to accompany him into Hungary. A ruinous law-suit, however, constrained him in a little time to return again to court. Alfonso I. received him into his service and gave him an employment under the government. Ariosto was commissioned to suppress the banditti of the Garfagnana, and we are assured that amidst those lawless men his poetical fame preceded him and served him as a passport. The duke of Ferrara gave him, at length, an appointment more congenial to his taste—that of superintending the erection of a theatre and directing the magnificent representations which he intended to give. Ariosto employed in this manner the last years of his life. With a very limited income, he provided for his children. He died on the 6th of June, 1533. His brother Gabriel and his son Virginio erected a monument to him, which after many injuries was restored in 1612 by one of his descendants.

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

THE COLLECTION OF TITHES.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON TUESDAY, THE 13TH OF MARCH, 1787.

A MULTITUDE of particulars would be tedious, but there are some features so very striking and prominent we cannot avoid the sight of them. Our present system of supporting the clergy is liable to radical objections. Distress has not been confined to the people: it has extended to the parson.

Your system is not only against the first principle of human existence, against the first principle of good husbandry, against the first principle of manufacture, against the first principle of public quiet: it goes, also, against the security and dignity of the clergy. Their case has been reduced to two propositions—that they are not supported by the real tithe, or tenths, and that they are supported by a degrading annual contract. The real tithe, or tenth, is therefore unnecessary for their support. The annual contract is below the dignity of a clergyman; he is to make a bargain with the squire, the farmer and the peasant on a subject which they do, and he does not, understand. The more his humanity and his erudition, the less his income. It is a situation where the parson's property falls with his virtues and rises with his bad qualities. Just so the parishioner: he loses by being ingenuous, and he saves by dishonesty. The pastor of the people is made a spy on the husbandman; he is reduced to become the annual teasing contractor and litigant with a flock among whom he is to extend religion by his personal popularity. An agent becomes necessary for him—it relieves him in this situation—and this agent or proctor involves him in new odium and new disputes; the squire not seldom defrauds him, and he is obliged to submit in repose and protection and to reprise on the cottager; so that it often happens that the clergyman shall not receive the thirtieth and the peasant shall pay more than the tenth. The natural result of this is a system which makes the parson dependent on the rich for his repose and on the poor for his subsistence. I am sure the spirit of many clergymen and the justice of many country gentlemen resist such an evil in many cases, but the evil is in the law, which it is our duty and interest to regulate.

From a situation so ungracious, from the disgrace and loss of making in his own person a little bargain with squires, farmers and peasants of each and every description, and from non-residence, the parson is obliged to take refuge in the assistance of a character by name a tithe-farmer and by profession an extortioner; this extortioner becomes part of the establishment of the Church. By interest and situation there are two descriptions of men he is sure to defraud: the one is the parson; the other, the people. He collects sometimes at fifty per cent.; he gives the clergyman less than he ought to receive and takes from the peasants more than they ought to pay. He is not an agent who is to collect a certain rent: he is an adventurer who gives a certain rate for the privilege of making a bad use of an unsettled claim. This claim over the powers of collection and what is teasing or provoking in the law is in his hand an instrument, not of justice, but of usury. He sometimes sets the tithes to a second tithe-farmer, so that the land becomes a prey to a subordination of vultures.

In arbitrary countries the revenue is collected by men who farm it, and it is a mode of oppression the most severe in the most arbitrary country; we introduce this practice in the collection of tithes. Obnoxious on account of all this, the unoffending clergyman, thrown off by the rich upon the poor, cheated most exceedingly by his tithe-farmer, and afterward involved in his odium, becomes an object of outrage; his property and person are both attacked, and in both the religion and laws of your country scandalized and disgraced.

HENRY GRATTAN.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

HIS STORY.

MY dear Theodora, I trust you may never read this letter which as a preventive measure I am about to write; I trust we may burn it together, and that I may tell you its contents at accidental times, after the one principal fact has been communicated.

I mean to communicate it face to face, by word of mouth. It will not seem so awful then, and I shall see the expression of your countenance on first hearing it. That will guide me as to my own conduct, and as to the manner in which it had best be broken to your father. I have hope at times that even after such a communication his regard for me will not altogether fail, and it may be that his present opinions will not be invincible. He may suggest some atonement, some probation—however long or painful I care not, so that it ends in his giving me you.

But first I ought to furnish him with full information about things into which I have never yet dared to inquire. I shall do so to-morrow. Much, therefore, depends upon to-morrow. Such a crisis almost unnerves me. Add to that the very sight of this place, and I went by chance to the same inn, the White Hart, Salisbury. When you have read this letter through, you will not wonder that this is a terrible night for me. I never would have revisited this town but in the hope of learning every particular, so as to tell you and your father the truth, and the whole truth.

He will assuredly pity me. The thought of his own boy, your brother, whom you once mentioned, and who Mr. Johnston informed me "died young" after some great dereliction,—this thought may make him deal gently with me. Whether he will ever forgive me or receive me into his family remains doubtful. It is with the fear of this, or any other possibility which I cannot now foresee, that I write this letter, in order that, whatever happens, my Theodora may be acquainted with my whole history.

My Theodora! Some day, when she comes to read a few pages which I seal up to-night, marking them with her name and "To be delivered to her after my death," she will understand how I have loved her. Otherwise, it never could have been found out even by her, for I am not a demonstrative man. In case this letter and those other letters do reach you, they will then be your last mementoes of me. Read them and burn them; they are solely meant for you.

I begin by reminding you that I have been long aware your name is not properly Johnston. You told me yourself that the *t* had been inserted of late years—that you are not an aristocratic, but a plebeian, family. My thankfulness at learning this you will understand afterward.

You know about my father and mother and how they both died when Dallas and I were children. We had no near kindred; we had to take care of ourselves—or, rather, he took

care of me: he was almost as good as a father to me from the time he was twelve years old.

Let me say a word or two more about my brother Dallas. If ever there was a perfect character on this earth, he was one. Every creature who knew him thought the same. I doubt not the memory of him still lingers in those old cloisters of St. Mary and St. Salvador, where he spent eight years studying for the ministry. I feel sure there is not a lad who was at college with him—grayheaded lads they would be now, grave professors or sober ministers of the Kirk, with country manses, wives and families—not one of them but would say as I say if you spoke to him of Dallas Urquhart.

Being five years my elder, he had almost ended his curriculum when I began mine; besides, we were at different colleges, but we went through some sessions together—a time on which I look back with peculiar tenderness, as I think all boys do who have studied at St. Andrew's. You English do not altogether know us Scotch. I have seen hard-headed—possibly hard-hearted—men, grim divines, stern military officers and selfish Anglo-Indian valetudinarians, melt to the softness of a boy as they talked of their boyish days at St. Andrew's.

I am forgetting myself, and all I had to tell you. It is a long time since I have spoken of those old days.

Theodora, I should like you some time to go and see St. Andrew's. Go there, in any case, and take a look at the old place. You will likely find in St. Mary's cloisters, on the third arch to the right hand as you enter, my initials and Dallas's; and if you ask, some old janitor or librarian may still remember "the two Urquharts"—that is, if you like to name us. But go if you can. Faithful heart! I know you will always care for anything that concerned me.

All the happy days of my life were spent at St. Andrew's. They lasted until Dallas fell ill and had to go abroad at once. I was to follow and stay with him the winter, missing thereby one session, for he did not like to part with me. Perhaps he foresaw his end, which I, boy-like, never thought of, for I was accustomed to his being always delicate: perhaps he knew what a lad of nineteen might turn out, left to himself.

I was "left to myself," in our Scotch interpretation of the phrase, which no doubt originated in the stern Presbyterian belief of what human nature is, abandoned by God. "Left to himself"! Many a poor wretch's more wretched parents know what that means.

How it came about I do not call to mind, but I found myself in London, my own master, spending money like dross, and spending what was worse—my time, my conscience, my innocence. How low I fell God knows, for I hardly know myself. Things which happened afterward made me oblivious even of this time. While it lasted I never once wrote to Dallas.

A letter from him, giving no special reason for my joining him, but urging me to come, and quickly, made me recoil conscience-stricken from the Gehenna into which I was falling. You will find the letter, the last I had from him, in this packet; read it, and burn it with mine. Of course no one has ever seen it, or will ever see it, except yourself.

I started from London immediately in great

restlessness and anguish of mind; for, though I had been no worse than my neighbors, or so bad as many of them, I knew what Dallas was, and how his pure life, sanctified, though I guessed it not, by the shadow of coming death, would look beside this evil life of mine. I was very miserable, and a lad not used to misery is then in the quicksands of temptation. He is grateful to any one who will save him from himself—give him a narcotic and let his torment sleep.

I mention this only as a fact, not an extenuation, though in some degree Max Urquhart the man has long since learned to pity Max Urquhart the boy.

I found my quickest route to Pau was by Southampton to Havre, but in the dusk of the morning I mistook the coach; my luggage went direct, and I found myself, having travelled some hours, on the road—not to Southampton, but to Salisbury. This was told me, after some jocularity at what he thought a vastly amusing piece of "greenness" on my part, by the coachman—that is, the gentleman who drove the coach. He soon took care to let me know he was a gentleman, and that, like many young men of rank and fashion at that time, he was acting Jehu only "for a spree." He talked so large I should have taken him for a nobleman—or a baronet, at least—had he not accidentally told me his name, though he explained that it was not as humble as it seemed, and expatiated much upon the antiquity, wealth and aristocratic connections of his "family." His conversation, though loud and coarse, was amusing, and he patronized me extremely.

I would rather not say a word more than is necessary concerning this person: he is dead. As before stated, I never knew anything of him excepting his name, which you shall have by and by, but I guessed that his life had not been a creditable one. He looked about thirty, or a little older.

When the coach stopped—at the very inn where I am now writing, the White Hart, Salisbury—he insisted on my stopping too, as it was a bitter cold night and the moon would not rise till two in the morning. He said that, I mind well. Finally, he let the coach go on without us, and I heard him laying a bet to drive across Salisbury Plain in a gig or dog-cart, and meet it again on the road to Devizes by daybreak next morning. The landlord laughed and advised him to give up such a mad "neck-or-nothing" freak, but he swore and said he always went at everything "neck or nothing."

I can remember to this day nearly every word he uttered and his manner of saying it. Under any circumstances this might have been the case, for he attracted me, bad as I felt him to be, with his bold, devil-may-care jollity mixed with a certain English frankness not unpleasant. He was a small, dark man, hollow-eyed and dissipated-looking. His face— No; better not call up his face.

I was persuaded to stay and drink with this man and one or two others—regular topers, as I soon found he was. He appeared poor, too; the drinking was to be at my expense. I was very proud to have the honor of entertaining such a clever and agreeable gentleman.

I got drunk. It was for the first time in my life, though more than once lately I had been "merry," but stopped at that stage. This time I stopped at nothing. My blood was at boiling heat, with just enough of con-

science left to make me snatch at any means to deaden it.

Of the details of that orgie or of those who joined in it, except this one person, I have, as was likely, no distinct recollection. They were habitual drinkers; none of them had any pity for me, and I—I was utterly "left to myself," as I have said. A raw, shy Scotch lad, I soon became the butt of the company.

The last thing I remember is their trying to force me to tell my name, which hitherto I had not done—first from natural reserve among strangers, and then from an instinctive feeling that I was not in the most creditable of society, and therefore the less I said about myself the better. All I had told was that I was on my way to France to join my brother, who was ill. They could not get any more out of me than that. A few taunts which some English people are rather too ready to use against us Scotch made me savage as well as sullen. I might have deserved it or not—I cannot tell; but the end was they turned me out—the obstinate, drunken, infuriated lad—into the street. I staggered through the dark, silent town into a lane, and fell asleep on the roadside.

The next thing I call to mind is being awakened by the cut of a whip across my shoulders and seeing a man standing over me. I flew at his throat like a wild creature, for it was he—the "gentleman" who had made me drunk and mocked me, and whom I seemed then and there to hate with a fury of hatred that would last to my dying-day. Through it all came the thought of Dallas, sick and solitary, halfway toward whom I ought to have travelled by now. How he—the man—soothed me I do not know, but think it was by offering to take me toward Dallas. He had a horse and gig standing by, and said if I would mount he would drive me to the coast, whence I could take boat to France—at least, that is the vague impression my mind retains of what passed between us. He helped me up beside him, and I dozed off to sleep again.

My next wakening was in the middle of a desolate plain. I rubbed my eyes, but saw nothing except stars and sky and this black, black plain, which seemed to have no end. He pulled up and told me to "tumble out," which I did mechanically. On the other side of the gig was something tall and dark, which I took at first for a halfway inn, but perceived it was only a huge stone—a circle of stones.

"Halloo! What's this?"

"Stonehenge. Comfortable lodging for man and beast, so you're all right. Good-bye, young fellow; you're such dull company that I mean to leave you here till morning."

This was what he said to me, laughing uproariously. At first I thought he was in jest, and laughed too; then, being sleepy and maudlin, I remonstrated; lastly, I got half frightened, for when I tried to mount he pushed me down, I was so helpless and he so strong. From this solitary place, miles and miles from any human dwelling, how should I get on to Dallas—Dallas, who, stupefied as I was, still remained my prominent thought? I begged as if I had been begging for my life that he would keep his promise and take me on my way toward my brother.

"To the devil with your brother!" and he whipped his horse on.

The devil was in me, as I said. I sprang at him, my strength doubled and trebled with

rage, and, catching him unawares, dragged him from the gig and threw him violently on the ground. His head struck against one of the great stones, and—and—

Now you see how it was: I murdered him. He must have died easily—instantaneously: he never moaned nor stirred once; but, for all that, it was murder. Not with intent, God knows. So little idea had I he was dead that I shook him as he lay, told him to "get up and fight it out." O my God! my God!

Thus I have told it, the secret which until now has never been written or spoken to any human being. I was then nineteen, I am now nine-and-thirty—twenty years. Theodora, have pity; only think of carrying such a secret—the blood of a man—on one's conscience for twenty years!

The first few minutes after I discovered what I had done you will not expect me to speak of. I was perfectly sober now. I had tried every means in my power to revive him, and then to ascertain for certain that he was dead. I forgot to tell you I had already begun my classes in medicine, so I knew a good deal. I sat with his head on my knee, fully aware that I had killed him, that I had taken the life of a man, and that his blood would be upon me for ever and ever. Nothing short of the great condemnation of the last judgment-day could parallel that horror of despair; under it my reason seemed to give way. I was seized with the delusion that, bad and cruel man as he was, he was only shamming to terrify me. I held him up in my arms, so that the light of the gig-lamps fell full on his face. It was a dead face; not frightful to look at—beautiful rather, as the muscles slowly settled; but dead, quite dead. I laid him down again, still resting his head against my knee, till he gradually stiffened and grew cold.

This was just at moonrise; he had said the moon would rise at two o'clock, and so she did, and struck her first arrowy ray across the plain upon his face—that still face with its half-open mouth and eyes. I had not been afraid of him hitherto; now I was. It was no longer a man, but a corpse, and I was the murderer.

The sight of the moon rising is my last recollection of this night. Probably the fit of insanity which lasted for many months after at that instant came on, and under its influence I must have fled, leaving him where he lay, with the gig standing by and the horse quietly feeding beside the great stones; but I do not recollect anything. Doubtless I had all the cunning of madness, for I contrived to gain the coast and get over to France; but how or when I have not the slightest remembrance to this day.

As I have told you, I never saw Dallas again. When I reached Pau, he was dead and buried. The particulars of his death were explained to me months afterward by the good curé, who had learned to love Dallas like a son, and who watched over me for his sake during the long melancholy mania which, as he thought, resulted from the shock of my brother's death.

Some day I should like you, if possible, to see the spot where Dallas is buried—the churchyard of Bilhéres, near Pau; but his grave is not within the churchyard, as on account of his religious belief the authorities would not allow it. You will find it just outside the hedge, the headstone placed in the hedge, though the little mound is by this time level with the meadow outside. You know

we Presbyterians have not your English feeling about "consecrated" ground: we believe that "the whole earth is the Lord's," and no human consecration can make it holier than it is, both for the worship of the living and the interment of the dead. Therefore it does not shock me that the cattle feed and the grass grows tall over Dallas's body. But I should like the headstone preserved as it is, for yearly, in different quarters of the globe, I have received letters from the old curé and his successor concerning it. You are much younger than I, Theodora; after my death I leave this charge to you. You will fulfil it for my sake, I know.

Must I tell you any more? Yes, for now comes what some might say was a crime as heavy as the first one. I do not attempt to extenuate it. I can only say that it has been expiated—such as it was—by twenty miserable years, and that the last expiation is even yet not come. Your father once said—and his words dashed from me the first hope which ever entered my mind concerning you—that he never would clasp the hand of a man who had taken the life of another. What would he say to a man who had taken a life and concealed the fact for twenty years? I am that man.

How it came about I will tell you.

For a twelvemonth after that night I was, you will remember, not myself—in truth, a maniac, though a quiet and harmless one. My insanity was of the sullen and taciturn kind; so that I betrayed nothing, if, indeed, I had any remembrance of what had happened, which I believe I had not. The first dawn of recollection came through reading in an English newspaper which the old curé brought to amuse me an account of a man who was hanged for murder. I read it line by line—the trial, the verdict, the latter days of the criminal, who was a young lad like me, and the last day of all, when he was hanged. By degrees, first misty as a dream, then ghastly clear, impressed on my mind with a tenacity and minuteness all but miraculous, considering the long blank which followed, came out the events of that night. I became conscious that I too had killed a man—that if any eye had seen the act I should have been taken, tried and hanged for murder.

Young as I was, and ignorant of English criminal law, I had sufficient common sense to arrive at the conclusion that, as things stood, there was not a fragment of evidence against me, individually, nor, indeed, any clear evidence to show that the man was murdered at all. It was now a year ago; he must have long since been found and buried—probably with little inquiry: they would conclude he had been killed accidentally through his own careless, drunken driving. But if I once confessed and delivered myself up to justice, I myself alone knew, and no evidence could ever prove, that it was not a case of wilful murder. I should be hanged—hanged by the neck till I was dead—and my name, our name, Dallas's and mine, blasted for evermore.

The weeks that elapsed after my first recovery of reason were such that when I hear preachers thunder about the literal "worm that dieth not, and fire that is never quenched," I could almost smile. Sufficient are the torments of a spiritual hell. Sometimes out of its depths I felt as if Satan himself had entered my soul to rouse me into atheistic rebellion. I, a boy not twenty yet, with all

my future before me, to lose it through a moment's fury against a man who must have been depraved to the core—a man against whom I had no personal grudge, of whom I knew nothing but his name. Yet I must surrender my life for his, be tried, condemned, publicly disgraced, finally die the death of a dog! I had never been a coward, yet night after night I woke bathed in a cold sweat of terror, feeling the rope round my neck and seeing the forty thousand upturned faces, as in the newspaper account of the poor wretch who was hanged.

Remember, I plead nothing. I know there are those who would say that the most dishonorable wretch alive was this same man of honor—this Max Urquhart, who carries such a fair reputation; that the only thing I should have done was to go back to England, surrender myself to justice and take all the consequences of this one act of drunkenness and ungovernable passion. However, I did it not. But my sin—as every sin must, be sure—has found me out.

Theodora, it is hardly eight hours since your innocent arms were round my neck and your kisses on my mouth, and now! Well, it will be over soon, However I have lived, I shall not die a hypocrite.

I do not attempt to retrace the course of reasoning by which I persuaded myself to act as I did. I was only a boy; this long sleep of the mind had re-established my bodily health; life and youth were strong within me, also the hope of honor, the dread of shame. Yet sometimes conscience struggled so fiercely with all these that I was half tempted to a medium course, the coward's last escape, suicide.

You must remember religion was wanting in me and Dallas was dead. Nay, I had for the time already forgotten him.

One day, when, driven distracted with my doubts, I had almost made up my mind to end them in the one sharp, easy way I have spoken of, while putting my brother's papers in order I found his Bible. Underneath his name he had written—and the date was that of the last day of his life—my name. I looked at it as we look at a handwriting long familiar, till of a sudden we remember that the hand is cold, that no earthly power can ever reproduce of this known writing a single line. Child, did you ever know—no, you never could have known—that total desolation, that helpless craving for the dead who return no more?

After I grew calmer I did the only thing which seemed to bring me a little nearer to Dallas: I read in his Bible. The chapter I opened at was so remarkable that at first I recoiled as if it had been my brother—he who, being now a spirit, might, for all I could tell, have a spirit's knowledge of all things—speaking to me out of the invisible world. The chapter was Ezekiel xvii., and among other verses were these:

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

"Because he considereth and turneth away from all his transgressions that he hath committed, he shall surely live; he shall not die.

"For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves and live ye."

I turned and lived. I resolved to give a life—my own—for the life which I had taken, to devote it wholly to the saving of other lives,

and at its close, when I had built up a good name and shown openly that after any crime a man might recover himself, repent and atone, I meant to pay the full price of the sin of my youth and openly to acknowledge it before the world. How far I was right or wrong in this decision I cannot tell; perhaps no human judgment ever can tell. I simply state what I then resolved and have never swerved from—till I saw you. Of necessity, with this ultimate confession ever before me, all the pleasures of life and all its closest ties —friendship, love, marriage—were not to be thought of. I set them aside as impossible. To me life could never be enjoyment, but simply atonement.

My subsequent history you are acquainted with—how, after the needful term of medical study in Britain (I chose Dublin, as being the place where I was utterly a stranger, and remained there till my four years ended), I went as an army-surgeon half over the world. The first time I ever set foot in England again was not many weeks before I saw in the ballroom of the Cedars that little sweet face of yours—the same face in which two days ago I read the look of love which stirs a man's heart to the very core. In a moment it obliterated the resolutions, conflicts, sufferings, of twenty years, and restored me to a man's right and privilege of loving, wooing, marrying. Shall we ever be married?

By the time you read this, if ever you do read it, that question will have been answered. It can do you no harm if for one little minute I think of you as my wife—no longer friend, child, mistress, but *my wife.*

Think of all that would have been implied by that name! Think of coming home, and of all that home would have been—however humble—to me, who never had a home in my whole life! Think of all I would have tried to make it to you! Think of sitting by my fireside knowing that you were the only one required to make it happy and bright—that, good and pleasant and dear as many others might be, the only absolute necessity to each of us was one another! Then the years that would have followed, in which we never had to say good-bye—in which our two hearts would daily lie open, clear and plain, never to have a doubt or a secret any more! Then, if we should not always be only two—think of you as my wife, the mother of my children—

I was unable to conclude this last night. Now I only add a line before going into the town to gain information about—about this person, by whom his body was found, and where buried. With that intent I have already been searching the cathedral burying-ground, but there are no signs of graves there: all is smooth green turf with the dew upon it glittering like a sheet of diamonds in the bright spring morning.

It reminded me of you, this being your hour for rising, you early bird, you little methodical girl. You may at this moment be out on the terrace looking up to the hill-top, or down toward your favorite cedar trees, with that sunshiny spring-morning face of yours.

Pray for me, my love, my wife, my Theodora.

I have found his grave at last:

"In memory of Henry Johnston, only son of the Reverend William Henry Johnston, of Rockmount, Surrey, who met his death by an

accident near this town, and was buried here. Born May 19, 1806. Died November 19, 1836."

Farewell, Theodora!

HIS STORY OF HIS TRIAL FOR THE KILLING OF HER BROTHER.

My dear Theodora, by this time you will have known all. Thank God, it is over! My dear, dear love—my own faithful girl—it is over!

It was noon before the case came on: a long time to wait. Do not suppose me braver than I was. When I found myself standing in the prisoners' dock, the whole mass of staring faces seemed to whirl round and round before my eyes. I felt sick and cold; I had lost more strength than I thought. Everything present melted away into a sort of dream through which I fancied I heard you speaking, but could not distinguish any words except these, the soft, still tenderness of which haunted me as freshly as if they had been only just uttered: "My dear Max! my dear Max!" By this I perceived that my mind was wandering and must be recalled; so I forced myself to look round at the judge, jury, witness-box, in which was one person sitting with his white head resting on his hand. I felt who it was.

Did you know your father was subpœnaed here? If so, what a day this must have been for my poor child! Think not, though, that the sight of him added to my suffering. I had no fear of him, or of anything now. Even public shame was less terrible than I thought; those scores of inquisitive eyes hardly stabbed so deep as in days past did many a kind look of your father's, many a loving glance of yours.

The formalities of the court began, but I scarcely listened to them. They seemed to me of little consequence. As I said to Granton when he urged me to employ counsel, a man who only wants to speak the truth can surely manage to do it, in spite of the encumbrances of the law.

It came to an end—the long, unintelligible indictment—and my first clear perception of my position was the judge's question:

"How say you, prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?"

I pleaded "Guilty," as a matter of course. The judge asked several questions, and held a long discussion with the counsel for the Crown on what he termed "this very remarkable case." The purport of it was, I believe, to ascertain my sanity and whether any corroboration of my confession could be obtained. It could not. All possible witnesses were long since dead, except your father. He still kept his position, neither turning toward me nor yet from me, neither compassionate nor revengeful, but sternly composed, as if his long sorrows had obtained their solemn satisfaction and even though the end was thus he felt relieved that it had come—as if he, like me, had learned to submit that our course should be shaped for us rather than by us, being taught that even in this world's events the God of truth will be justified before men, will prove that those who, under any pretence, disguise or deny the truth live not unto him.

Is it not strange that then and there I should have been calm enough to think of these things—ay, and should calmly write of them now? But, as I have told you, in a great crisis my mind always recovers its balance and becomes quiet. Besides, sickness

makes us both clear-sighted and far-sighted—wonderfully so, sometimes. Do not suppose from this admission that my health is gone or going, but simply that I am, as I see in the looking-glass, a somewhat older and feebler man than my dear love remembers me a year ago. But I must hasten on.

The plea of guilty being recorded, no trial was necessary; the judge had only to pass sentence. I was asked whether, by counsel or otherwise, I wished to say anything in my own defence, and then I rose and told the whole truth.

Do not grieve for me, Theodora. The truth is never really terrible. What makes it so is the fear of man, and that was over with me; the torment of guilty shame, and that was gone too. I have had many a moment of far sharper anguish, more grinding humiliation, than this, when I stood up and publicly confessed the sin of my youth, with the years of suffering which had followed. Dare I say expiated it? There is a sense in which no sin ever can be expiated except in one blessed Way; yet, in so far as a man can atone to man, I believed I had atoned for mine; I had tried to give a life for a life, morally speaking. Nay, I had given it. But it was not enough; it could not be. Nothing less than the truth was required from me, and I here offered it. Thus in one short half hour the burden of a lifetime was laid down for ever.

The judge—he was not unmoved, so they told me afterward—said he must take time to consider the sentence. Had the prisoner any witnesses as to character? Several came forward—among the rest, the good old chaplain, who had travelled all night from Liverpool in order, he said, just to shake hands with me to-day, which he did, in open court, God bless him!

There was also Colonel Turton, with Colin Granton, who had never left me since daylight this morning, but they all held back when they saw rise and come forward, as if with the intention of being sworn, your father. Have no fear, my love, for his health. I watched him closely all this day. He bore it well; it will have no ill result, I feel sure. From my observation of him, I should say that a great and salutary change had come over him, both body and mind, and that he is as likely to enjoy a green old age as any one I know. When he spoke, his voice was as steady and clear as before his accident it used to be in the pulpit:

"My lords and gentlemen, I was subpœnaed to this trial. Not being called upon to give evidence, I wish to make a statement upon oath."

There must have been a "sensation in the court," as newspapers say, for I saw Granton look anxiously at me. But I had no fears: your father, whatever he had to say, was sure to speak the truth—not a syllable more or less—and the truth was all I wanted.

The judge here interfered, observing that, there being no trial, he could receive no legal evidence against the prisoner.

"Nor have I any such evidence to give: I wish only for justice. My Lord, may I speak?"

Assent was given.

Your father's words were brief and formal, but you will imagine how they fell on one ear at least:

"My name is William Henry Johnston, clerk, of Rockmount, Surrey. Henry Johnston, who—died—on the night of November

19, 1836, was my only son. I know the prisoner at the bar. I knew him for some time before he was aware whose father I was, or I had any suspicion that my son came to his death in any other way than by accident."

"Was your first discovery of these painful facts by the prisoner's present confession?"

"No, My Lord." Your father hesitated, but only momentarily. "He told me the whole story himself a year ago under circumstances that would have induced most men to conceal it for ever."

The judge inquired,

"Why was not this confession made public at once?"

"Because I was afraid. I did not wish to make my family history a by-word and a scandal. I exacted a promise that the secret should be kept inviolate. This promise he has broken, but I blame him not. It ought never to have been made."

"Certainly not. It was thwarting the purposes of justice and of the law."

"My Lord, I am an old man, and a clergyman; I know nothing about the law, but I know it was a wrong act to bind any man's conscience to live a perpetual lie."

Your father was here asked if he had anything more to say.

"A word only. In the prisoner's confession he has out of delicacy to me omitted three facts which weigh materially in extenuation of his crime. When he committed it, he was only nineteen and my son was thirty. He was drunk, and my son, who led an irregular life, had made him so, and afterward taunted him more than a youth of nineteen was likely to bear. Such was his statement to me, and, knowing his character and my son's, I have little doubt of its perfect accuracy."

The judge looked up from his notes:

"You seem, sir, strange to say, to be not unfavorable toward the prisoner."

"I am just toward the prisoner. I wish to be, even though he has on his hands the blood of my only son."

After the pause which followed, the judge said,

"Mr. Johnston, the court respects your feelings and regrets to detain you longer or put you to any additional pain, but it may materially aid the decision of this very peculiar case if you will answer another question. You are aware that, all other evidence being wanting, the prisoner can only be judged by his own confession. Do you believe, on your oath, that this confession is true?"

"I do. I am bound to say, from my intimate knowledge of the prisoner, that I believe him to be now, whatever he may have been in his youth, a man of sterling honor and unblemished life—one who would not tell a lie to save himself from the scaffold."

"The court is satisfied."

But before he sat down your father turned, and for the first time that day he and I were face to face:

"I am a clergyman, as I said, and I never was in a court of justice before. Is it illegal for me to address a few words to the prisoner?"

Whether it was or not, nobody interrupted him.

"Dr. Urquhart," he said, speaking loud enough for every one to hear, "what your sentence may be I know not, or whether you and I shall ever meet again until the day of

judgment. If not, I believe that if we are to be forgiven our debts according as we forgive our debtors, I shall have to forgive you then. I prefer to do it now, while we are in the flesh and it may comfort your soul. I, Henry Johnston's father, declare publicly that I believe what you did was done in the heat of youth and has ever since been bitterly repented of. May God pardon you even as I do this day!"

I did not see your father afterward. He quitted the court directly after sentence was given—three months' imprisonment, the judge making a long speech previously. But I heard not a syllable: I heard nothing but your father's words; saw no one except himself, sitting there below me with his hands crossed on his stick and a stream of sunshine falling across his white hairs. Theodora, Theodora—

I cannot write; it is impossible.

Granton got admission to me for a minute after I was taken back to prison. He told me that the "hard labor" was remitted—that there had been application made for commutation of the three months into one, but the judge declined. If I wished, a new application should be made to the home secretary.

No, my love; suffer him not to do it; let nothing more be done. I had rather abide my full term of punishment; it is only too easy.

Do not grieve for me. Trust me, my child, many a peer puts on his robes with a heavier heart than I put on this felon's dress, which shocked Granton so much that he is sure to tell you of it. Never mind it; my clothes are not me, are they, little lady? Who was the man that wrote

> "Stone walls do not a prison make.
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent—"

Am I innocent? No; but I am forgiven, as I believe, before God and man. And are not all the glories of heaven preparing, not for sinless, but for pardoned, souls? Therefore I am at peace.

Three months will pass quickly. Then? But let us not look forward.

My love, good-night.

MAX URQUHART.

HER STORY.

During the three months that Max was in prison I never saw him. Indeed, we never once met from the day we said good-bye in my father's presence till the day that— But I will continue my story systematically.

All those three months Max was ill—not dangerously, for he said so, and I could believe him. It would have gone very hard with me if I could not have relied on him in this, as in everything. Nevertheless, it was a bitter time, and now I almost wonder how I bore it—now, when I am ready and willing for everything except the one thing which, thank God! I shall never have to bear again, separation.

The day before he came out of prison Max wrote to me a long and serious letter. Hitherto both our letters had been filled up with trivialities such as might amuse him and cheer me; we deferred all plans till he was better. My private thoughts, if I had any, were not clear even to myself until Max's letter.

It was a very sad letter. Three months' confinement in one cell, with one hour's daily walk round a circle in a walled yard; prisoner's labor, for he took to making mats, say-

ing it amused him; prisoner's rules and fare: no wonder that toward the end even his brave heart gave way. He broke down utterly, otherwise he never would have written to me as he did, bidding me farewell—*me!* At first I was startled and shocked; then I laid down the letter and smiled—a very sad sort of smile, of course, but still it was a smile. The idea that Max and I could part or desire to do so under any human circumstances seemed one of those amusingly impossible things that one would never stop to argue in the least either with one's self or any other person. That we loved one another, and therefore some day should probably be married, but that anyhow we belonged to one another till death, were facts at once simple and natural, and immutable as that the sun stood in the heavens or that the grass was green.

I wrote back to Max that night. Not that I did it in any hurry or impulse of sudden feeling. I took many hours to consider both what I should say and in what form I should put it. Also, I had doubts whether it would not be best for him if he accepted the generous offer of Mr. Thorley's son-in-law, made with full knowledge of all circumstances, to go first to America alone. But, think how I would, my thoughts all returned and settled in the same track, in which was written one clear truth—that after God and the right, which means all claims of justice and conscience, the first duty of any two who love truly is toward one another. I have thought since that if this truth were plainer seen and more firmly held by those whom it concerns many false notions about honor, pride, self-respect, would slip off; many uneasy doubts and divided duties would be set at rest; there would be less fear of the world and more of God—the only righteous fear. People would believe more simply in his ordinance instituted "from the beginning"—not the mere outward ceremony of a wedding, but the love which draws together man and woman until it makes them complete in one another in the mystical marriage union, which, once perfect, should never be disannulled. And if this union begins, as I think it does, from the very hour each feels certain of the other's love, surely, as I said to Max, to talk about giving one another up, whether from poverty, delay, altered circumstances or compulsion of friends—anything, in short, except changed love or lost honor, like poor Penelope and Francis—was about as foolish and wrong as attempting to annul a marriage. Indeed, I have seen many a marriage that might have been broken with far less unholiness than a real troth-plight such as was this of ours.

After a little more "preaching" (a bad habit that I fear is growing upon me, save that Max merely laughs at it, or when he does not laugh he actually listens), I ended my letter by the earnest advice that he should go and settle in Canada, and go at once, but that he must remember he had to take with him one trifling encumbrance—me. When the words were written, the deed done, I was a little startled at myself, it looked so exceedingly like my making him an offer of marriage. But then— Good-bye, foolish doubt! Good-bye, contemptible shame! Those few tears that burned my cheeks after the letter was gone were the only tears of the sort that I ever shed—that Max will ever suffer me to shed: Max loves me!

His letter in reply I shall not give—not a line of it. It was only for me.

The first person who learned my secret was

Penelope. How many a time, in these strange summers to come, shall I call to mind that soft English summer night under the honeysuckle-bush—Penelope and I sitting at our work, she talking the while of Lisabel's new hope and considering which of us two should best be spared to go and take care of her in her trial.

"Or, indeed, papa might almost be left alone for a week or two. He would hardly miss us, he is so well. I should not wonder if, like grandfather—whom you don't remember, Dora—he lived to be ninety years old."

"I hope he may—I hope he may!" and I burst out sobbing; then, hanging about my sister's neck, I told her all. "Oh," I cried, for my tongue seemed unloosed, and I was not afraid of speaking to her, nor even of hurting her, if now she could be hurt by the personal sorrows that mine recalled to her mind—"oh, Penelope, don't you think it would be right? Papa does not want me—nobody wants me. Or if they did—"

I stopped. Penelope said meditatively,

"A man shall leave his father and his mother and cleave unto his wife."

"And equally a woman ought to cleave unto her husband. I mean to ask my father's consent to my going with Max to Canada."

We heard papa call us:

"Come in, you girls! The sun is down, and the dews are falling."

Penelope put her hand softly on my head:

"Hush, child, hush! Steal into your own room and quiet yourself. I will go and explain things to your father."

I was sure she must have done it in the best and gentlest way—Penelope does everything so wisely and gently now; but when she came to look for me, I knew before she said a word that it had been done in vain:

"Dora, you must go yourself and reason with him. But take heed what you say and what you do. There is hardly a man on this earth for whom it is worth forsaking a happy home and a good father."

And truly, if I had ever had the least doubt of Max or of our love for one another—if I had not felt as it were already married to him who had no tie in the whole wide world but me—I never could have nerved myself to say what I did say to my father. If, in the lightest word, it was unjust, unloving or undutiful, may God forgive me, for I never meant it. My heart was breaking almost, but I only wanted to hold fast to the right as I saw it, and as, so seeing it, I could not but act.

"So I understand you wish to leave your father?"

"Papa! papa!"

"Do not argue the point. I thought that folly was all over now. It must be over. Be a good girl and forget it. There!"

I suppose I must have turned very white, for I felt him take hold of me and press me into a chair beside him. But it would not do to let my strength go:

"Papa, I want your consent to my marriage with Dr. Urquhart. He would come and ask you himself, but he is too ill. We have waited a long time and suffered much. He is not young, and I feel old—quite old—myself, sometimes. Do not part us any more."

This was, as near as I can recollect, what I said—said very quietly and humbly. I know it was, for my father seemed neither

surprised nor angry; but he sat there as hard as a stone, repeating only,

"It must be over."

"Why?"

He answered by one word:

"Harry."

"No other reason?"

"None."

Then I dared to speak out plain, even to my father:

"Papa, you said publicly you had forgiven him for the death of Harry."

"But I never said I should forget."

"Ay, there it is!" I cried out, bitterly. "People say they forgive, but they cannot forget. It would go hard with some of us if the just God dealt with us in like manner."

"You are profane."

"No, only I am not afraid to bring God's truth into all the circumstances of life, and to judge them by it. I believe, if Christ came into the world to forgive sinners, we ought to forgive them too."

Thus far I said, not thinking it just toward Max that I should plead merely for pity to be shown to him or to me who loved him, but because it was the right and the truth, and as such, both for Max's honor and mine, I strove to put it clearly before my father. And then I gave way, pleading only as a daughter with her father that he should blot out the past, and not for the sake of one long dead and gone break the heart of his living child:

"Harry would not wish it—I am sure he would not. If Harry has gone where he too may find mercy for his many sins, I know that he has long ago forgiven my dear Max."

My father, muttering something about "strange theology," sat thoughtful. It was some time before he spoke again:

"There is one point of the subject you omit entirely: What will the world say? I, a clergyman, to sanction the marriage of my daughter with the man who took the life of my son? It is not possible."

Then I grew bold:

"So it is not the law of God or justice or nature that keeps us asunder, but the world? Father, you have no right to part Max and me for fear of the world."

When it was said, I repented myself of this. But it was too late. All his former hardness returned as he said,

"I am aware that I have no legal right to forbid your marriage. You are of age; you may act, as you have all along acted, in defiance of your father."

"Never in defiance, nor even in secret disobedience;" and I reminded him how all things had been carried on open and plain from first to last, how patiently we had waited, and how, if Max were well and prosperous, I might still have said, "We will wait a little longer." Now—

"Well? And now?"

I went down on my very knees, and with tears and sobs besought my father to let me be Max's wife.

It was in vain.

"Good-night; go to your bed, Dora, and weary me no more."

When I went, as usual, to bid papa good-night, I could hardly stand. He looked at me suspiciously:

"Good-night, my dear. By-the-bye, Dora, I shall want you to drive me to the Cedars to-morrow."

"I—I— Penelope will do it;" and I fell on his breast with a pitiful cry: "Only bid

me good-bye! Only say 'God bless you,' just once, father!"

He breathed hard:

"I thought so. Is it to be to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

I told him.

For a few minutes papa let me lie where I was, patting my shoulder softly, as one does a sobbing child; then, still gently, he put me away from him:

"We had better end this, Dora; I cannot bear it. Kiss me. Good-bye."

"And not one blessing? Papa, papa!"

My father rose and laid his hand solemnly on my head:

"You have been a dutiful girl to me in all things save this, and a good daughter makes a good wife. Farewell! Wherever you go, God bless you!" and as he closed the library door upon me I thought I had taken my last look at my dear father.

THE MARRIAGE.

We went into one of the far pews, and Max tried on my ring. How his hands shook!—so much that all my trembling passed away and a great calm came over me. Yes, I had done right: he had nobody but me. So we sat side by side, neither of us speaking a word, until the pew-opener came to say the clergyman was ready.

There were several other couples waiting to be married at the same time, who had bridesmaids and friends and fathers. We three walked up and took our places; there was no one to pay heed to us. I saw the verger whisper something to Max, to which he answered "Yes," and the old man came and stood behind Mrs. Ansdell and me. A few other folks were dotted about in the pews, but I only noticed them as moving figures, and distinguished none.

The service began, which I—indeed, we both—had last heard at Lisabel's wedding, in our pretty church, all flower-adorned, she looking so handsome and happy with her sisters near her and her father to give her away. For a moment I felt very desolate, and, hearing a pew door open and a footstep come slowly up the aisle, I trembled with a vague fear that something might happen—something which even at the last moment might part Max and me.

But it did not. I heard him repeat the solemn promises—how dare any one make them lightly or break them afterward?—to "love, comfort, honor and keep me, in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all other, keep me only unto him, so long as we both should live." And I felt that I also, out of the entire trust I had in him and the great love I bore him, could cheerfully forsake all other, father, sisters, kindred and friends, for him. They were very dear to me, and would be always, but he was part of myself—my husband.

And here let me relate a strange thing—so unexpected that Max and I shall always feel it as a special blessing from Heaven to crown all our pain and send us forth on our new life in peace and joy. When in the service came the question, "Who giveth this woman," etc., there was no answer, and the silence went like a stab to my heart. The minister, thinking there was some mistake, repeated it again:

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

"I do."

It was not a stranger's voice, but my dear father's.

THE EMIGRATION.

After a single day spent at Treherne Court, Augustus went with us one sunshiny morning on board the American steamer, which lay so peacefully in the middle of the Mersey, just as if she were to lie there for ever, instead of sailing, and we with her, in one little half hour—sailing far away, far away to a home we knew not, leaving the old familiar faces and the old familiar land.

It seemed doubly precious now, and beautiful—even the sandy flats, that Max had so often told me about, along the Mersey shore. I saw him look thoughtfully toward them after pointing out to me the places he knew and where his former work had lain.

"That is all over now," he said, half sadly. "Nothing has happened as I planned or hoped or—"

"Or feared?"

"No! My dear wife, no! Yet all has been for good. All is very good. I shall find new work in a new country."

"And I too?"

Max smiled:

"Yes, she too. We'll work together, my little lady!"

The half hour was soon over, the few last words soon said. But I did not at all realize that we were away till I saw Augustus wave us good-bye and heard the sudden boom of our farewell gun as the Europa slipped off her mail-tender and went steaming seaward alone —fast, oh so fast!

The sound of that gun! it must have nearly broken many a heart many a time. I think it would have broken mine had I not, standing close-clasped by my husband's side, looked up in his dear face, and read, as he in mine, that to us, thus together, everywhere was home.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.
(Mrs. D. M. Craik.)

WAR'S LOUD ALARMS.

FROM THE WELSH OF TALHAIARN.

WAR's loud alarms
Call me to arms;
Honor bids me quit thy charms:
To battle I must go.
Entreat me, then, no more to stay;
No longer can I brook delay:
My soul is eager for the fray,
And burns to meet the foe.
Ne'er shall it be said
A Briton bold from danger fled
Or sought to hide his craven head
Within a lady's bower.
The power of Cupid I defy
When Cambria's banner waves on high,
When hurtles through the darkened sky
The arrow's deadly shower.
Far o'er the plain,
Loudly again,
Sounds the trumpet's warlike strain—
A signal to depart.
Yet, dearest, when I'm far from thee,
In death, defeat or victory,
Thy form alone shall ever be
Still nearest to my heart.
In the battle-field,
With spear to spear and shield to shield,
When we have made the Saxon yield
And bend his haughty knee,
Then will my true and faithful heart,
At glory's call now doomed to part,
Forsaking spear and shield and dart,
Come fondly back to thee.

Translation of THOMAS OLIPHANT.

FABIOLA.

A Tale of the Year A. D. 302.

FABIUS himself, the owner of all this treasure and of large estates, was a true specimen of an easy-going Roman who was determined thoroughly to enjoy this life. In fact, he never dreampt of any other. Believing in nothing, yet worshipping, as a matter of course, on all proper occasions, whatever deity happened to have its turn, he passed for a man as good as his neighbors; and no one had a right to exact more.

At home he was a kind and indulgent master. His house was well kept for him by an abundance of slaves, and, as trouble was what most he dreaded, so long as everything was comfortable, handsome and well-served about him, he let things go on quietly under the direction of his freedmen.

It is not, however, so much to him that we wish to introduce our reader, as to another inmate of his house, the sharer of its splendid luxury and the sole heiress of his wealth. This is his daughter, who, according to Roman usage, bears the father's name, softened, however, into the diminutive Fabiola. We will conduct the reader at once into her apartment. A marble staircase leads to it from the second court, over the sides of which extends a suite of rooms opening upon a terrace refreshed and adorned by a graceful fountain and covered with a profusion of the rarest exotic plants. In these chambers is concentrated whatever is most exquisite and curious in native and foreign art. A refined taste directing ample means and peculiar opportunities has evidently presided over the collection and arrangement of all around. At this moment the hour of the evening repast is approaching, and we discover the mistress of this dainty abode engaged in preparing herself to appear with becoming splendor.

She is reclining on a couch of Athenian workmanship, inlaid with silver, in a room of Cyzicene form—that is, having glass windows to the ground, and so opening on to the flowery terrace. Against the wall opposite to her hangs a mirror of polished silver, sufficient to reflect a whole standing figure; on a porphyry table beside it is a collection of the innumerable rare cosmetics and perfumes of which the Roman ladies had become so fond, and on which they lavished immense sums. On another, of Indian sandalwood, was a rich display of jewels and trinkets in their precious caskets, from which to select for the day's use.

We will content ourselves with saying that Fabiola, now at the age of twenty, was not considered inferior in appearance to other ladies of her rank, age and fortune, and had many aspirants for her hand. But she was a contrast to her father in temper and in character. Proud, haughty, imperious and irritable, she ruled like an empress all that

surrounded her, with one or two exceptions, and exacted humble homage from all that approached her. An only child, whose mother had died in giving her birth, she had been nursed and brought up in indulgence by her careless, good-natured father; she had been provided with the best masters, had been adorned with every accomplishment and allowed to gratify every extravagant wish. She had never known what it was to deny herself a desire.

Having been left so much to herself, she had read much, and especially in profounder books. She had thus become a complete philosopher of the refined—that is, the infidel and intellectual—epicureanism which had been long fashionable in Rome. Of Christianity she knew nothing except that she understood it to be something very low, material and vulgar. She despised it, in fact, too much to think of inquiring into it. And as to paganism, with its gods, its vices, its fables and its idolatry, she merely scorned it, though outwardly she followed it. In fact, she believed in nothing beyond the present life and thought of nothing except its refined enjoyment. But her very pride threw a shield over her virtue; she loathed the wickedness of society, as she despised the frivolous youths who paid her jealously exacted attention, for she found amusement in their follies. She was considered cold and selfish, but she was morally irreproachable.

We find Fabiola reclining on her couch, holding in her left hand a silver mirror with a handle, and in the other a strange instrument for so fair a hand. It is a sharp-pointed stiletto with a delicately carved ivory handle, and a gold ring to hold it by. This was the favorite weapon with which Roman ladies punished their slaves or vented their passion on them upon suffering the least annoyance or when irritated by pettish anger. Three female slaves are now engaged about their mistress. They belong to different races and have been purchased at high prices, not merely on account of their appearance, but for some rare accomplishment they are supposed to possess. One is a black; not of the negro stock, but from one of those races, such as the Abyssinians and Numidians, in whom the features are as regular as in the Asiatic people. She is supposed to have great skill in herbs and their cosmetic and healing properties, perhaps also in more dangerous uses—in compounding philtres, charms, and possibly poisons. She is merely known by her national designation as Afra. A Greek comes next, selected for her taste in dress and for the elegance and purity of her accent; she is therefore called Graia. The name which the third bears, Syra, tells us that she comes from Asia, and she is distinguished for her exquisite embroidering and for her assiduous diligence. She is quiet, silent, but completely engaged with the duties which now devolve upon her. The other two are garrulous, light, and make great pretence about any little thing they do. Every moment they address the most extravagant flattery to their young mistress, or try to promote the suit of one or other of the profligate candidates for her hand who has best or last bribed them.

"How delighted I should be, most noble mistress," said the black slave, "if I could only be in the triclinium this evening as you enter in, to observe the brilliant effect of this

new stibium on your guests! It has cost me many trials before I could obtain it so perfect. I am sure nothing like it has ever been seen in Rome."

"As for me," interrupted the wily Greek, "I should not presume to aspire to so high an honor. I should be satisfied to look from outside the door and see the magnificent effect of this wonderful silk tunic, which came with the last remittance of gold from Asia. Nothing can equal its beauty; nor, I may add, is its arrangement, the result of my study, unworthy of the materials."

"And you, Syra," interposed the mistress, with a contemptuous smile: "what would you desire? and what have you to praise of your own doing?"

"Nothing to desire, noble lady, but that you may be ever happy; nothing to praise of my own doing, for I am not conscious of having done more than my duty," was the modest and sincere reply.

It did not please the haughty lady, who said,

"Methinks, slave, that you are not overgiven to praise. One seldom hears a soft word from your mouth."

"And what worth would it be from me," answered Syra—"from a poor servant to a noble dame accustomed to hear it all day long from eloquent and polished lips? Do you believe it when you hear it from them? Do you not despise it when you receive it from us?"

A look of spite was darted at her from her two companions. Fabiola, too, was angry at what she thought a reproof. A lofty sentiment in a slave!

"Have you yet to learn, then," she answered, haughtily, "that you are mine, and have been bought by me at a high price that you might serve me as I please? I have as good a right to the service of your tongue as of your arms; and if it please me to be praised and flattered and sung to by you, do it you shall whether you like it or not. A new idea, indeed, that a slave has, to have any will but that of her mistress, when her very life belongs to her!"

"True," replied the handmaid, calmly but with dignity, "my life belongs to you, and so does all else that ends with life—time, health, vigor, body and breath. All this you have bought with your gold, and it has become your property. But I still hold as my own what no emperor's wealth can purchase, no chains of slavery fetter, no limit of life contain."

"And pray what is that?"

"A soul."

"'A soul'!" re-echoed the astonished Fabiola, who had never before heard a slave claim ownership of such a property. "And pray let me ask you what you mean by the word?"

"I cannot speak philosophical sentences," answered the servant, "but I mean that inward living consciousness within me which makes me feel to have an existence with and among better things than surround me, which shrinks sensitively from destruction, and instinctively from what is allied to it as disease is to death. And therefore it abhors all flattery and it detests a lie. While I possess that unseen gift—and die it cannot—either is impossible to me."

The other two could understand but little of all this; so they stood in stupid amazement at the presumption of their companion. Fabiola too was startled, but her pride soon

rose again, and she spoke with visible impatience.

"Where did you learn all this folly? Who has taught you to prate in this manner? For my part, I have studied for many years, and have come to the conclusion that all ideas of spiritual existence are the dreams of poets or sophists, and as such I despise them. Do you, an ignorant, uneducated slave, pretend to know better than your mistress? Or do you really fancy that when, after death, your corpse will be thrown on the heap of slaves who have drunk themselves, or have been scourged, to death, to be burnt in one ignominious pile, and when the mingled ashes have been buried in a common pit, you will survive as a conscious being and have still a life of joy and freedom to be lived?"

"'Not all of me will die,' as one of your poets says," replied, modestly but with a fervent look that astonished her mistress, the foreign slave. "Yes, I hope—nay, I intend—to survive all this. And more yet: I believe and know that out of that charnel-pit which you have so vividly described there is a Hand that will pick out each charred fragment of my frame. And there is a Power that will call to reckoning the four winds of heaven, and make each give back every grain of my dust that it has scattered; and I shall be built up once more in this my body, not as yours, or any one's, bondwoman, but free and joyful and glorious, loving for ever and beloved. This certain hope is laid up in my bosom."

"What wild visions of an Eastern fancy are these, unfitting you for every duty? You must be cured of them. In what school did you learn all this nonsense? I never read of it in any Greek or Latin author."

"In one belonging to my own land—a school in which there is no distinction known or admitted between Greek or barbarian, freeman or slave."

"What!" exclaimed, with strong excitement, the haughty lady; "without waiting even for that future ideal existence after death, already, even now, you presume to claim equality with me? Nay—who knows?—perhaps superiority over me. Come, tell me at once and without daring to equivocate or disguise if you do so or not;" and she sat up in an attitude of eager expectation. At every word of the calm reply her agitation increased, and violent passions seemed to contend within her, as Syra said,

"Most noble mistress, far superior are you to me in place and power and learning and genius, and in all that enriches and embellishes life; and in every grace of form and lineament, and in every charm of act and speech, high are you raised above all rivalry, and far removed from envious thought from one so lowly and so insignificant as I. But if I must answer simple truth to your authoritative question—" She paused, as faltering; but an imperious gesture from her mistress bade her continue: "Then I put it to your own judgment whether a poor slave who holds an unquenchable consciousness of possessing within her a spiritual and living intelligence, whose measure of existence is immortality, whose only true place of dwelling is above the skies, whose only rightful prototype is the Deity, can hold herself inferior in moral dignity, or lower in greatness of thought, than one who, however gifted, owns that she claims no higher destiny, recognizes in herself no sublimer end, than what awaits the pretty irrational songsters that

beat, without hope of liberty, against the gilded bars of that cage."*

Fabiola's eyes flashed with fury; she felt herself, for the first time in her life, rebuked, humbled, by a slave. She grasped the style in her right hand and made an almost blind thrust at the unflinching handmaid. Syra instinctively put forward her arm to save her person and received the point, which, aimed upward from the couch, inflicted a deeper gash than she had ever before suffered. The tears started into her eyes through the smart of the wound, from which the blood gushed in a stream. Fabiola was in a moment ashamed of her cruel, though unintentional, act, and felt still more humbled before her servants.

"Go, go!" she said to Syra, who was stanching the blood with her handkerchief; "go to Euphrosyne and have the wound dressed. I did not mean to hurt you so grievously. But stay a moment: I must make you some compensation." Then, after turning over her trinkets on the table, she continued, "Take this ring; and you need not return here again this evening."

Fabiola's conscience was quite satisfied: she had made what she considered ample atonement for the injury she had inflicted, in the shape of a costly present to a menial dependant. And on the following Sunday, in the title of St. Pastor, not far from her house, among the alms collected for the poor was found a valuable emerald ring which the good priest Polycarp thought must have been the offering of some very rich Roman lady, but which He who watched with beaming eye the alms-coffers of Jerusalem, and noted the widow's mite, alone saw dropped into the chest by the bandaged arm of a foreign female slave.

* See the noble answer of Evalpistus, an imperial slave, to the judge, in the Acts of St. Justin, ap. Ruinart, tom. i.

II.

When Syra presented herself to Euphrosyne, the good-natured nurse was shocked at the cruel wound and uttered an exclamation of pity. But, immediately recognizing in it the work of Fabiola, she was divided between two contending feelings.

"Poor thing!" she said, as she went on first washing, then closing and dressing, the gash; "it is a dreadful cut. What did you do to deserve it? How it must have hurt you, my poor girl! But how wicked you must have been to bring it upon yourself! It is a savage wound, yet inflicted by the gentlest of creatures. You must be faint from loss of blood; take this cordial to support you. And no doubt she found herself obliged to strike."

"No doubt," said Syra, amused, "it was all my fault; I had no business to argue with my mistress."

"Argue with her! Argue! O ye gods! who ever heard before of a slave arguing with a noble mistress, and such a learned one! Why, Calpurnius himself would be afraid of disputing with her. No wonder, indeed, she was so—so agitated as not to know that she was hurting you. But this must be concealed; it must not be known that you have been so wrong. Have you no scarf or nice veil that we could throw round the arm as if for ornament? All the others, I know, have plenty, given or bought, but you never seem to care for these pretty things. Let us look."

She went into the maid-slave's dormitory, which was within her room, opened Syra's

capsa, or box, and after turning over in vain its scanty contents she drew forth from the bottom a square kerchief of richest stuff, magnificently embroidered, and even adorned with pearls. Syra blushed deeply and entreated not to be obliged to wear this most disproportioned piece of dress, especially as it was a token of better days, long and painfully preserved. But Euphrosyne, anxious to hide her mistress's fault, was inexorable; and the rich scarf was gracefully fastened round the wounded arm.

III.

During the latter part of the dialogue recorded, and the catastrophe which closed it, there took place an apparition in Fabiola's room, which, if seen by her, would probably have cut short the one and prevented the other. The interior chambers in a Roman house were more frequently divided by curtains across their entrances than by doors, and thus it was easy, especially during such an excited scene as had just taken place, to enter unobserved. This was the case now; and when Syra turned to leave the room, she was almost startled at seeing standing, in bright relief before the deep-crimson door-curtain, a figure which she immediately recognized.

As Fabiola saw her a crimson blush mantled in her cheeks, for she feared the child had been witness of her undignified burst of passion. With a cold wave of her hand she dismissed her slaves, and then greeted her kinswoman—for such she was—with cordial affection. We have said that Fabiola's temper made a few exceptions in its haughty exercise. One of these was her old nurse and freedwoman, Euphrosyne, who directed all her private household, and whose only creed was that Fabiola was the most perfect of beings, the wisest, most accomplished, most admirable lady in Rome. Another was her young visitor, whom she loved and ever treated with gentlest affection, and whose society she always coveted.

"This is really kind of you, dear Agnes," said the softened Fabiola, "to come at my sudden request to join our table to-day. But the fact is my father has called in one or two new people to dine, and I was anxious to have some one with whom I could have the excuse of a duty to converse."

"My dear Fabiola," replied Agnes, "you know I am always happy to visit you, and my kind parents willingly allow me; therefore make no apologies about that."

"And so you have come to me, as usual," said the other, playfully, "in your own snow-white dress, without jewel or ornament, as if you were every day a bride. You always seem to me to be celebrating one eternal espousal. But, good heavens! what is this? Are you hurt? Or are you aware that there is right on the bosom of your tunic a large red spot? It looks like blood. If so, let me change your dress at once."

"Not for the world, Fabiola: it is the jewel, the only ornament, I mean to wear this evening. It is blood, and that of a slave, but nobler in my eyes, and more generous, than flows in your veins or mine."

The whole truth flashed upon Fabiola's mind: Agnes had seen all; and, humbled almost to sickening, she said somewhat pettishly,

"Do you then wish to exhibit proof to all the world of my hastiness of temper in over-chastising a forward slave?"

"No, dear cousin, far from it. I only wish to preserve for myself a lesson of fortitude and of elevation of mind, learnt from a slave, such as few patrician philosophers can teach us."

"What a strange idea! Indeed, Agnes, I have often thought that you make too much of that class of people. After all, what are they?"

"Human beings as much as ourselves, endowed with the same reason, the same feelings, the same organization. Thus far you will admit at any rate, to go no higher. Then they form part of the same family; and if God, from whom comes our life, is thereby our Father, he is theirs as much, and consequently they are our brethren."

"A slave my brother or sister, Agnes? The gods forbid it! They are our property and our goods, and I have no notion of their being allowed to move, to act, to think or to feel except as it suits their masters or is for their advantage."

"Come, come!" said Agnes, with her sweetest tones; "do not let us get into a warm discussion. You are too candid and honorable not to feel, and to be ready to acknowledge, that to-day you have been outdone by a slave in all that you most admire—in mind, in reasoning, in truthfulness and in heroic fortitude. Do not answer me; I see it in that tear. But, dearest cousin, I will save you from a repetition of your pain. Will you grant me my request?"

"Any in my power."

"Then it is that you will allow me to purchase Syra: I think that is her name. You will not like to see her about you."

"You are mistaken, Agnes. I will master pride for once, and own that I shall now esteem her, perhaps almost admire her. It is a new feeling in me toward one of her station."

"Dearest Fabiola," exclaimed Agnes, "she must be mine. You promised me my request. Name your price, and let me take her home this evening."

"Well, be it so, you most irresistible of petitioners. But we will not bargain together. Send some one to-morrow to see my father's steward, and all will be right. And now, this great piece of business being settled between us, let us go down to our guests."

"But you have forgotten to put on your jewels."

"Never mind them; I will do without them for once: I feel no taste for them to-day."

IV.

After Syra had finished her frugal meal, and was waiting patiently the slave's return, she commenced her daily duties of kindness and hospitality; she brought water, washed her hands and feet in obedience to Christian practice, and combed and dressed her hair as if the poor creature had been her own child. Indeed, though not much older, her look was so tender as she hung over her poor friend, her tones were so soft, her whole action so motherly, that one would have thought it was a parent ministering to her daughter rather than a slave serving a beggar. And this beggar, too, looked so happy, spoke so cheerily and said such beautiful things that Syra lingered over her work to listen to her and gaze on her.

It was at this moment that Agnes came for her appointed interview, and Fabiola insisted on accompanying her to the door. But when Agnes softly raised the curtain and caught a sight of the scene before her, she beckoned to Fabiola to look in, enjoining silence by her gesture. The blind girl was opposite and her voluntary servant on one side, unconscious of witnesses. The heart of Fabiola was touched; she had never imagined that there was such a thing as disinterested love on earth between strangers; as to charity, it was a word unknown to Greece or Rome. She retreated quietly with a tear in her eye, and said to Agnes, as she took leave,

"I must retire. That girl, as you know, proved to me this afternoon that a slave may have a head; she has now shown me that she may have a heart. I was amazed when, a few hours ago, you asked me if I did not love a slave. I think, now, I could almost love Syra. I half regret that I have agreed to part with her."

As she went back into the court Agnes entered the room, and, laughing, said,

"So, Cæcilia, I have found out your secret at last. This is the friend whose food you have always said was so much better than mine that you would never eat any at my house. Well, if the dinner is not better, at any rate I agree that you have fallen in with a better hostess."

"Oh, don't say so, sweet Lady Agnes," answered the blind girl; "it is the dinner indeed that is better. You have plenty of opportunities for exercising charity, but a poor slave can only do so by finding some one still poorer, and helpless, like me. That thought makes her food by far the sweetest."

"Well, you are right," said Agnes, "and I am not sorry to have you present to hear the good news I bring to Syra. It will make you happy too. Fabiola has allowed me to become your mistress, Syra, and to take you with me. To-morrow you shall be free and a dear sister to me."

Cæcilia clapped her hands with joy, and, throwing her arms round Syra's neck, exclaimed,

"Oh how good! How happy you will now be, dear Syra!"

But Syra was deeply troubled, and replied with faltering voice,

"Oh, good and gentle lady, you have been kind indeed to think so much about one like me. But pardon me if I entreat you to remain as I am; I assure you, dear Cæcilia, I am quite happy here."

"But why wish to stay?" asked Agnes.

"Because—" A burst of tears interrupted her for a moment, and then she went on: "God has willed me to serve him in this condition. How can I wish to leave it?"

"Well, then," said Agnes, still more eagerly, "we can easily manage it. I will not free you, and you shall be my bondwoman. That will be just the same."

"No, no!" said Syra, smiling; "that will never do. Our great apostle's instructions to us are, 'Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward.' I am far from saying that my mistress is one of these, but you, noble Lady Agnes, are too good and gentle for me. Where would be my cross if I lived with you? You do not know how proud and headstrong I am by nature, and I should fear for myself if I had not some pain and humiliation."

Agnes was almost overcome, but she was more eager than ever to possess such a treasure of virtue, and said,

"I see, Syra, that no motive addressed to your own interest can move you: I must therefore use a more selfish plea. I want to have you with me that I may improve by your advice and example. Come! you will not refuse such a request?"

"Selfish," replied the slave, "you can never be, and therefore I will appeal to yourself from your request. You know Fabiola, and you love her. What a noble soul and what a splendid intellect she possesses! What great qualities and high accomplishments, if they only reflected the light of truth! And how jealously does she guard in herself that pearl of virtues which only we know how to prize! What a truly great Christian she would make!"

"Go on, for God's sake, dear Syra!" broke out Agnes, all eagerness. "And do you hope for it?"

"It is my prayer day and night; it is my chief thought and aim; it is the occupation of my life. I will try to win her by patience, by assiduity, even by such unusual discussions as we have held to-day. And when all is exhausted, I have one resource more."

"What is that?" both asked.

"To give my life for her conversion. I know that a poor slave like me has few chances of martyrdom; still, a fiercer persecution is said to be approaching, and perhaps it will not disdain such humble victims. But be that as God pleases; my life for her soul is placed in his hands. And oh, dearest, best of ladies," she exclaimed, falling on her knees and bedewing Agnes's hand with tears, "do not come in thus between me and my prize."

"You have conquered, sister Syra. Oh, never again call me lady!" said Agnes. "Remain at your post; such single-hearted, generous virtue must triumph. It is too sublime for so homely a sphere as my household."

V.

[Actuated by motives of revenge for the rejection of his suit, and also being desirous of obtaining her fortune as his reward, Fulvius betrays the Lady Agnes to the Roman authorities, she having embraced the doctrines of Christianity. The lady is put to death, but, instead of her wealth being given to Fulvius, it is put in possession of Fabiola, and to her the false lover of the martyred Christian transfers his vengeful designs.]

"We part not yet, lady," said Fulvius, whose countenance had been growing every moment more flushed, as his lips had been becoming more deadly pale. He rudely grasped her arm and pushed her back to her seat. "And beware," he added, "how you attempt again either to escape or to bring aid; your first cry will be your last, cost me what it may."

Fabiola rose again, but he seized her with a maniac's gripe, and this time did not let her go:

"Now listen to the last words that I will speak, or they may be the last that you will hear. Give back to me that unjustly-obtained property; it is not fair that I should have the guilt and you its reward. Transfer it by your sign-manual to me as a free and loving gift, and I will depart. If not, you have signed your own doom."

A stern and menacing glance accompanied these words.

Fabiola's haughty self rose again erect within her; her Roman heart, unsubdued,

stood firm. Danger only made her fearless. She gathered her robe with matronly dignity around her and replied,

"Fulvius, listen to my words; though they should be the last that I may speak, as certainly they shall be the last that you shall hear from me. Surrender this property to you? I would give it willingly to the first leper that I might meet in the street, but to you, never! Never shall you touch thing that belonged to that holy maiden, be it a gem or be it a straw. That touch would be pollution. Take gold of mine, if it please you, but anything that ever belonged to her from me no treasures can ransom. And one legacy I prize more than all—her inheritance. You have now offered me two alternatives, as last night you did her—to yield to your demands or die. Agnes taught me which to choose. Once again I say depart!"

"And leave you to possess what is mine? Leave you to triumph over me as one whom you have outwitted—you honored, and I disgraced; you rich, and I penniless; you happy, and I wretched? No, never! I cannot save myself from what you have made me, but I can prevent your being what you have no right to be. For this I have come here; this is my day of Nemesis. Now die!"

While he was speaking these reproaches he was slowly pushing her backward with his left hand toward the couch from which she had risen, while his right was tremblingly feeling for something in the folds of his bosom.

As he finished his last word he thrust her violently down upon the couch and seized her by the hair. She made no resistance, she uttered no cry; partly a fainting and sickening sensation came over her, partly a noble feeling of self-respect checked any unseemly exhibition of fear before a scornful enemy. Just as she closed her eyes she saw something like lightning above her; she could not tell whether it was his glaring eye or flashing steel. In another moment she felt oppressed and suffocated, as if a great weight had fallen upon her, and a hot stream was flowing over her bosom.

A sweet voice full of earnestness sounded in her ears:

"Cease, Orontius! I am thy sister Miriam."

Fulvius, in accents choked by passion, replied,

"It is false; give me up my prey!"

A few words more were faintly spoken in a tongue unknown to Fabiola, when she felt her hair released, heard the dagger dashed to the ground and Fulvius cry out bitterly as he rushed out of the room,

"O Christ, this is thy Nemesis!"

Fabiola's strength was returning, but she felt the weight upon her increase. She struggled and released herself. Another body was lying in her place, apparently dead, and covered with blood. It was the faithful Syra, who had thrown herself between her mistress's life and her brother's dagger.

The great thoughts which this occurrence would naturally have suggested to the noble heart of Fabiola were suppressed for a time by the exigences of the moment. Her first care was to stanch the flowing blood with whatever was nearest at hand. While she was engaged in this work, there was a general rush of servants toward her apartment. The stupid porter had begun to be uneasy at Fulvius's long stay, when he saw him dash out of the door like a maniac, and thought

he perceived stains of blood upon his garment. He immediately gave the alarm to the entire household.

Fabiola by a gesture stopped the crowd at the door of her room and desired only Euphrosyne and her Greek maid to enter. The latter had attached herself most affectionately to Syra, as we must still call her, and had with great docility listened to her moral instructions. A slave was instantly despatched for the physician who had always been sent for by Syra in illness—Dionysius, who, as we have already observed, lived in the house of Agnes.

In the mean time, Fabiola had been overjoyed at finding the blood cease to flow so rapidly, and still more at seeing her servant open her eyes upon her, though only for a moment. She would not have exchanged for any wealth the sweet smile which accompanied that look.

In a few minutes the kind physician arrived. He carefully examined the wound, and pronounced favorably on it for the present. The blow, as aimed, would have gone straight to Fabiola's heart, but her loving servant, in spite of prohibition, had been hovering near her mistress during the whole day, never intruding, but anxious for any opportunity which might offer of seconding those good impressions of grace which the morning's scenes could not fail to have produed. While in a neighboring room she heard violent tones which were too familiar to her ears, and hastened noiselessly round and within the curtain which covered the door of Fabiola's own apartment. She stood concealed in the dusk on the very spot where Agnes had a few months before consoled her.

She had not been there long when the last struggle commenced. While the man was pushing her mistress backward she followed him close behind, and as he was lifting his arm passed him and threw her body over that of his victim. The blow descended, but misdirected, through the shock she gave his arm, and it fell upon her neck, where it inflicted a deep wound, checked, however, by encountering the collar-bone. We need not say what it cost her to make this sacrifice. Not the dread of pain nor the fear of death could for a moment have deterred her: it was the horror of imprinting on her brother's brow the mark of Cain, the making him doubly a fratricide, which deeply anguished her. But she had offered her life for her mistress. To have fought with the assassin, whose strength and agility she knew, would have been useless, to try to alarm the house before one fatal blow was struck was hopeless, and nothing remained but to accomplish her immolation by substituting herself for the intended victim. Still, she wished to spare her brother the consummation of his crime, and in doing so manifested to Fabiola their relationship and their real names.

In his blind fury he refused her credit, but the words, in their native tongue, which said, "Remember my scarf which you picked up here," brought back to his memory so terrible a domestic tale that had the earth opened a cavern in that moment before his feet he would have leaped into it to bury his remorse and shame.

Toward evening Dionysius returned, and found so great an improvement that, ordering more nourishing food, he permitted a little quiet conversation.

"I must now," said Fabiola, so soon as they were alone, "fulfil the first duty which my heart has been burning to discharge, that of thanking you—I wish I knew a stronger word—not for the life which you have saved me, but for the magnanimous sacrifice which you made for it, and, let me add, the unequalled example of heroic virtue which alone inspired it."

"After all, what have I done but simple duty? You had a right to my life for a much less cause than to save yours," answered Miriam.

"No doubt," responded Fabiola, "it appears to to you, who have been trained to the doctrine which overpowered me—that the most heroic acts ought to be considered by men as performances of ordinary duties."

"And thereby," rejoined Miriam, "they cease to be what you have called them."

"No, no!" exclaimed Fabiola, with enthusiasm; "do not try to make me mean and vile to my own heart by teaching me to undervalue what I cannot but prize as an unrivalled act of virtue. I have been reflecting on it night and day since I witnessed it, and my heart has been yearning to speak to you of it, and even yet I dare not, or I should oppress your weakness with my overcharged feelings. It was noble, it was grand, it was beyond all reach of praise, though I know you do not want it. I cannot see any way in which the sublimeness of the act could have been enhanced or human virtue rise one step higher."

Miriam, who was now raised to a reclining position, took Fabiola's hand between both hers, and, turning round toward her, in a soft and mild but earnest tone thus addressed her:

"Good and gentle lady, for one moment listen to me. Not to depreciate what you are good enough to value, since it pains you to hear it, but to teach you how far we still are from what might have been done, let me trace for you a parallel scene, but where all shall be reversed. Let it be a slave—pardon me, dear Fabiola, for another pang: I see it in your face, but it shall be the last—yes, a slave, brutish, ungrateful, rebellious to the most benign and generous of masters. And let the stroke, not of an assassin, but of the minister of justice, impend over his head. What would you call the act, how would you characterize the virtue of that master, if out of pure love and that he might reclaim that wretched man he should rush beneath the axe's blow—ay, and its preceding ignominious stripes—and leave written in his will that he made that slave heir to his titles and his wealth and desired him to be considered as his brother?"

"Oh, Miriam, Miriam, you have drawn a picture too sublime to be believed of man. You have not eclipsed your own deed, for I spoke of *human* virtue. To act as you have now described would require, if possible, that of a god."

Miriam pressed the folded hands to her bosom, fixed on Fabiola's wondering eyes a look of heavenly inspiration, as she sweetly and solemnly replied,

"And Jesus Christ, who did all this for man, was truly God."

Fabiola covered her face with both her hands, and for a long time was silent. Miriam prayed earnestly in her own tranquil heart.

"Miriam, I thank you from my soul," at length Fabiola said; "you have fulfilled your promise of guiding me."

Miriam, fatigued with her exertion, sank into a placid slumber. Fabiola sat by her side, filled to her heart's brim with this tale of love. She pondered over it again and again, and she still saw more and more how every part of this wonderful system was consistent. For if Miriam had been ready to die for her, in imitation of her Saviour's love, so had she been as ready to forgive her when she had thoughtlessly injured her. Every Christian, she now felt, ought to be a copy, a representative, of his Master; but the one that slumbered so tranquilly beside her was surely true to her model, and might well represent him to her.

When, after some time, Miriam awoke, she found her mistress—for her patent of freedom was not yet completed—lying at her feet, over which she had sobbed herself to sleep. She understood at once the full meaning and merit of this self-humiliation; she did not stir, but thanked God with a full heart that her sacrifice had been accepted.

Fabiola, on awaking, crept back to her own couch—as she thought, unobserved. A secret, sharp pang it had cost her to perform this act of self-abasement, but she had thoroughly humbled the pride of her heart. She felt for the first time that her heart was Christian.

NICHOLAS WISEMAN, LL.D.
(Cardinal Wiseman).

A COMBAT IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING OF ARRAGON, A. D. 1403.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ENGUERRAND DE MONSTRELET.

THE combatants were to be four against four, and their arms battle-axes, swords and daggers; the combat was to be for life or death, subject, however, to the will of the judge of the field. The companions of the seneschal were Sir James de Montenay, a knight of Normandy; Sir Tanneguy du Chastel, from the duchy of Brittany; and a notable esquire, called Jean Carmen. Their adversaries were from the kingdom of Arragon, and their chief was named Tollemache de Sainte Coulonne, of the king of Arragon's household, and much beloved by him; the second, Sir Pierre de Monstarde; the third, Proton de Sainte Coulonne; and the fourth, Bernard de Buef.

When the appointed day approached, the king had the lists magnificently prepared near to his palace in the town of Valencia. The king came to the seat allotted for him, attended by the duke de Caudie and the counts de Sardonne and d'Aviemie and a numerous train of his nobility. All round the lists scaffolds were erected, on which were seated the nobles of the country, the ladies and damsels, as well as the principal citizens of both sexes. Forty men-at-arms richly dressed were ordered by the king to keep the lists clear, and between their barriers was the constable of Arragon with a large company of men-at-arms brilliantly equipped, according to the custom of the country. Within the field of combat were two small pavilions for the champions—who were much adorned with the emblazonry of their arms—to repose in and shelter themselves from the heat of the sun.

On the arrival of the king he made known to the seneschal, by one of his knights, that he and his companions should advance first into the field, since it had been so ordered, as the Arragonians were the appellants. The

seneschal and his companions, on receiving this summons, instantly armed themselves and mounted their coursers, which were all alike ornamented with crimson silk trappings that swept the ground, over which were besprinkled many escutcheons of their arms. Thus nobly equipped, they left their lodgings and advanced toward the barriers of the lists. The before-named esquire marched first, followed by Sir Tanneguy and Sir James de Montenay, and last of all the seneschal, conducted by the seneschal du Chut, when, having entered the lists, they made their reverences on horseback to King Martin of Arragon, who paid them great honor. They then retired to their tents and waited an hour and a half for their opponents, who arrived, like the others, in a body, on horseback. Their horses' trappings were of white silk ornamented with escutcheons of their arms. When they had made their reverences to the king, they retired also to their tents, which were pitched on the right, where they all remained for full five hours thus armed.

The cause of this delay was owing to the king and his council wishing to accommodate the matter and prevent the combat. To effectuate this, many messages were sent from the king to the seneschal, proposing that he should not proceed farther, but he prudently made answer that this enterprise had been undertaken at the request of Tollemache, and that he and his companions had come from a far country, and at great trouble and expense, to gratify his wish, which he and his companions were determined upon doing. At length, after much discussion on each side, it was concluded that the combat should take place. The usual proclamations were then made in the king's name, and the king-at-arms of Arragon cried out loudly and clearly that the champions must do their duty. Both parties instantly issued forth of their tents, holding their battle-axes in their hands, and marched proudly toward each other.

The Arragonians had settled among themselves that two of them should fall on the seneschal in the hope of striking him down; both parties were on foot, and they expected he would be at one of the ends of the lists above the others, but he was in the middle part. When they approached, the seneschal stepped forward three or four paces before his companions and attacked Tollemache, who had that day been made a knight by the king's hand, and gave him so severe a blow with his battle-axe on the side of his helmet as made him reel and turn half round. The others made a gallant fight with their opponents, but Sir James de Montenay, throwing down his battle-axe, seized Sir James de Monstarde with one of his hands under his legs, and, raising him up with his dagger in the other, was prepared to stab him; but, as the affair on all sides seemed to be carried on in earnest, the king put an end to the combat. According to appearances, the Arragonians would have had the worst of it had the combat been carried to extremities, for the seneschal and those with him were all four very powerful in bodily strength, well experienced in all warlike exercises and equal to the accomplishment of any enterprise in arms that might be demanded from them.

When the champions were retired to their tents, the king descended from his seat into the lists and requested of the seneschal and Tollemache in a kind manner that the remaining deeds of arms might be referred to him and

his council, and he would so act that they should all be satisfied. The seneschal, then falling on one knee, humbly entreated the king that he would consent that the challenge should be completed according to the request of Tollemache. The king replied by again requiring that the completion of the combat should be referred to his judgment; which being granted, he took the seneschal by the hand and placed him above himself, and Tollemache on the other side. He thus led them out of the lists, when each returned to his hôtel and disarmed. The king sent his principal knights to seek the seneschal and his companions, whom for three days he entertained at his palace, and paid them as much honor as if they had been his own brothers. When he had reconciled them with their opponents, he made them fresh presents; and they departed thence on their return to France, and the seneschal to Hainault.

Translation of THOMAS JOHNES.

THE FAMILY IN PRIMITIVE GREECE AND ITALY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODORE MOMMSEN.

THE Greek and the Italian are brothers; the Celt, the German and the Slavonian, their cousins. The essential unity of all Italian as of all Greek dialects and races must at an early period have become a fact clearly felt by both these great nations themselves, for we find in the Roman language a very ancient word of enigmatical origin, *Graius* or *Graicus*, applied to every Greek, and likewise among the Greeks the analogous appellation Ὀπικός, which embraces all the Latin and Samnite races known to the Greeks in ancient times.

All that may be called the patriarchal element in the state rests in Greece as in Italy on the same foundations. To this element we must especially refer the moral and honorable relation of the sexes to each other. The man was to be the husband of one wife, and infidelity on her part was severely punished. The high position assigned to the mother within the family circle was a recognition of the equality of the sexes and of the sanctity of marriage, but, on the other hand, the extent to which the Romans carried the power of the husband over the wife, and that of the father over the son, was unknown among the Greeks. What ought to have been a moral subjection was in Italy transformed into a legalized slavery. In the same way the completely outlawed condition of the slave—a condition which the idea of slavery presupposes—was maintained by the Romans with merciless rigor and carried out to all its consequences, while among the Greeks the intercourse between the dominant and servile classes was of a more humane description, and at an early period the law interposed with an alleviating hand. We need only mention the fact that in Greece marriage between slaves was a legally-recognized connection.

Round the original household gathers the family or clan, understanding thereby the common descendants of the same progenitor, and out of the family arose the state. In Greece, where the political element was weaker, the family-bond maintained its influence as a corporate power in opposition to that of the state far into historical times, while in Italy the state immediately assumed

the supremacy and completely neutralized the influence of the family, presenting to our view, not a community of families, but a community of citizens. On the other hand, in Greece the individual sooner becomes so far independent of the family as to acquire complete freedom of personal development—a fact which we find clearly reflected in the Greek and Roman proper names, which, though originally sprung from the same element, afterward assumed characters widely different. In the ancient times of Greece we find the family-name, in the form of an adjective, frequently added to that of the individual, while, reversing the case, the Roman antiquarians tell us that their ancestors had only one name, the later *prænomen*. But, while in Greece the family-name disappears at an early period, it becomes, not among the Romans merely, but among the Italians generally, the chief designation, and the distinctive individual name, the *prænomen*, assumes a subordinate place. In the small and ever-diminishing number of Italian *prænomina*, and in the meaningless character especially of those in use among the Romans, as contrasted with the poetic richness and significance of the Greek names, we have a reflection of the fact that in the one case free scope was given to the development of distinctive personal character, while in the other it was systematically repressed.

Translation of GEORGE ROBERTSON.

TURNER.

AMONG the most curious and eccentric English painters stands Joseph Mallard William Turner, who was born in London in the year 1775. Of so humble an origin was he that there was no record kept of the day of his birth; by the parish register it appears that he was baptized on the 14th of May in that year. The son of a barber, he received a very limited education, but from his childhood he was enthusiastic about art. After some unaided attempts at landscape he was entered as a student at the Royal Academy, and made such rapid progress that he exhibited his first painting in 1790. This was followed by yearly exhibitions, which gave him such a reputation that in 1799 he was elected an associate, and in 1803 a full Royal Academician. On account of the excellence of his paintings, the mistake was then made of appointing him in 1807 professor of perspective in the Royal Academy. Here his want of education became manifest; he was lacking in the technique of his art, and in good grammatical language in which to present it. His lectures were a failure. He gave up this duty, and travelled extensively—in Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy—everywhere displaying a marvellous industry and devotion to his art, sketching and finishing with great rapidity; so that he has been said to have exhibited at the Academy two hundred and fifty-nine pictures. In 1808 he began a serial collection called *Liber Studiorum*, containing engravings from original designs. Later he published *Scenery of the Southern Coast*, and other similar works. One of his best displays of power and taste is found in the superb illustrations to Rogers's poems, some of which appear in this collection.

One of the greatest claims of Turner to public favor is found in his unusual and brilliant coloring and bizarre contrasts of

color, as illustrated in the "The Slave-Ship" and "The Old Temeraire" and many other pictures. In his earlier works this was but a pleasing exaggeration of nature, but as he grew older his hand lost its cunning and there was a sad travesty of nature. Ruskin, in his first edition of *Modern Painters*, was the champion and interpreter of Turner; in later editions and in separate works his enthusiasm was modified. As to his personality, Turner was a most singular character and presented many contrasts and contradictions. In his *Life* by Walter Thornbury he appears as having so high an estimation of his own works that he kept some which he would not sell at any price, and refused others to persons who were not, in his judgment, able to appreciate them. Yet, on the other hand, he was avaricious and sordid, coarse, vulgar and sensual—at least, to the world at large. He had a few valued friends, to whom he showed himself affectionate and generous.

Turner died on the 19th of December, 1851, at his little house in Chelsea, leaving to the world a new surprise. He had amassed a million of dollars, which he left to found an asylum for decayed artists, and his fine collection he bequeathed to the English nation. It is preserved in the National Gallery.

THE FURY OF WAR.

FROM A TREATISE ON THAT SUBJECT BY DESIDERIUS ERASMUS.

NOW, then, view, with the eye of your imagination, savage troops of men horrible in their very visages and voices; men clad in steel drawn up on every side in battle array, armed with weapons frightful in their clash and their very glitter; mark the horrid murmur of the confused multitude, their threatening eyeballs, the harsh jarring din of drums and clarions, the terrific sound of the trumpet, the thunder of the cannon, a noise not less formidable than the real thunder of heaven and more hurtful, a mad shout like that of shrieks of Bedlamites, a furious onset, a cruel butchering of each other!—See the slaughtered and the slaughtering, heaps of dead bodies, fields flowing with blood, rivers reddened with human gore. It sometimes happens that a brother falls by the hand of a brother, a kinsman upon his nearest kindred, a friend upon his friend, who, while both are actuated by this fit of insanity, plunges the sword into the heart of one by whom he was never offended, not even by a word of his mouth! —So deep is the tragedy that the bosom shudders even at the feeble description of it and the hand of humanity drops the pencil while it paints the scene.

Translated for the ANTIPOLEMUS, 1794, LONDON.

THE MINION WIFE.

WHOSO to marry a minion wife
Hath had good chance and hap,
Must love her and cherish her all his life,
And dandle her in his lap.

If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
A good husband ever still,
Whatever she list to do or to say,
Must let her have her own will.

About what affairs soever he go,
He must show her all his mind;
None of his counsel she may be kept fro,
Else is he a man unkind.

NICHOLAS UDALL.

THE ENCHANTED PALACE OF CYPRUS.

From the Italian of Angelo Politiano.

CUPID'S VISIT TO HIS MOTHER.

NOW, in his proud revenge exulting high,
Through fields of air Love speeds his rapid flight,
And in his mother's realms the treacherous boy
Rejoins his kindred band of flutterers light—
That realm, of each bewitching Grace the joy,
Where Beauty wreaths with sweets her tresses bright,
Where Zephyr importunes on wanton wing
Flora's coy charms and aids her flowers to spring.

Thine, Erato, to Love's a kindred name,
Of Love's domains instruct the bard to tell;
To thee, chaste Muse, alone 'tis given to claim
Free ingress there, secure from every spell.
Thou rulest of soft amours the vocal frame,
And Cupid, oft, as childish thoughts impel
To thrill with wanton touch its golden strings,
Behind his wingèd back his quiver flings.

A mount o'erlooks the charming Cyprian isle,
Whence, toward the morn's first blush, the eye sublime
Might reach the sevenfold course of mighty Nile,
But ne'er may mortal foot that prospect climb;
A verdant hill o'erhangs its highest pile,
Whose base a plain that laughs in vernal prime,
Where gentlest airs 'midst flowers and herbage gay
Urge o'er the quivering blade their wanton way.

A wall of gold secures the utmost bound,
And, dark with viewless shade, a woody vale;
There, on each branch, with youthful foliage crowned,
Some feathered songster chaunts his amorous tale,
And, joined in murmurs soft, with grateful sound
Two rivulets glide pellucid through the dale,
Beside whose streams this sweet, that bitter, found,
His shafts of gold Love tempers for the wound.

No flowerets here decline their withered heads,
Blanched with cold snows or fringed with hoarfrost sere;

No Winter wide his icy mantle spreads;
No tender scion rends the tempest drear.
Here Spring eternal smiles, nor varying leads
His change quadruple the revolving year,
Spring with a thousand blooms her brows entwined,
Her auburn locks light fluttering in the wind.

The inferior band of Loves—a childish throng,
Tyrants of none save hearts of vulgar kind—
Each other gibing with loquacious tongue,
On stridulous stones their barbèd arrows grind,
Whilst Pranks and Wiles the rivulet's marge along
Ply at the whirling wheel their task assigned,
And on the sparkling stone in copious dews
Vain hopes and vain desires the lymph effuse.

There pleasing Pain and fluttering fond Delight,
Sweet broils, caresses sweet, together go,
Sorrows that hang their heads in doleful plight
And swell with tears the bitter streamlet's flow,
Paleness all wan and dreaming still of slight,
Affection fond, with Leanness, Fear and Woe,
Suspicion casting round his peering eye,
And o'er the midway dancing wanton Joy.

Pleasure with Beauty gambols, light in air
Bliss soars inconstant, Anguish sullen sits;
Blind Error flutters bat-like here and there,
And Frenzy raves and strikes his thigh by fits;
Repentance, of past folly late aware,
Her fruitless penance there ne'er intermits;
Her hand with gore fell Cruelty distains,
And seeks Despair in death to end his pains.

Gestures and nods that inmost thoughts impart,
Illusions silent, smiles that guile intend,
The glance, the look, that speak th' impassioned heart,
'Mid flowery haunts for youth their toils suspend,
And never from his griefs Complaint, apart,
Prone on his palm his face is seen to bend;
Now hence, now thence, in unrestrainèd guise,
Licentiousness on wing capricious flies.

Such ministers thy progeny attend,
Venus, fair mother of each fluttering power;
A thousand odors from those fields ascend,
While Zephyr brings in dews the pearly shower,
Fanned by his flight what time their incense blend
The lily, violet, rose or other flower,
And views with conscious pride the exulting scene,
Its mingled azure, vermil, pale and green.

The trembling pansy virgin fears alarm:
Downward her modest eye she blushing bends;

The laughing rose, more specious, bold and warm,
Her ardent bosom ne'er from Sol defends;
Here from the capsule bursts each opening charm;
Full-blown, th' invited hand she here attends;
Here she who late with fires delightful glowed
Droops languid, with her hues the mead bestrewed.

In showers descending courts th' enamored air
The violet's yellow, purple, snowy hues;
Hyacinth, thy woes thy bosom's marks declare;
His form Narcissus in the stream yet views;
In snowy vest, but fringed with purple glare,
Pale Clylia still the parting sun pursues;
Fresh o'er Adonis Venus pours her woes;
Acanthus smiles; her lovers Crocus shows.

Translation of W. PARR GRESWELL.

DEATH OF MARGARET.

SELECTED FROM "FAUST."

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN GOETHE.

FAUST (*before a dungeon*). A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls;
Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here;
She dwells immured within these dripping walls,
Her only trespass a delusion dear.
And thou dost linger at the fatal door!
Thou dreadst to look upon her face once more!
On! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near.
Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear. (*He enters.*)

MARGARET. Woe! woe! they come! Oh, bitter 'tis to die!

FAUST (*softly*). Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free?

MAR. If thou art human, feel my misery.

FAUST. Thou wilt awake the jailer with thy cry.

MAR. Who, executioner, to thee could give
O'er me this cruel power
To bear me off at midnight's solemn hour?
Be merciful, and spare me; let me live:
Is dawn not time enough?
I'm still so young—
So very young—and must so early die!
Fair was I once; thence hath my ruin sprung.
My love is now afar: he then was nigh;
Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strewed.
Oh, do not seize me with a hand so rude!
Spare me! What harm have I e'er done to thee?
For mercy let me not in vain implore;
I ne'er have seen thee in my life before.

FAUST. Can I endure this bitter agony?

MAR. I'm wholly in thy power. Ah! suffer me
But once again to give my babe the breast.
Through the long night I soothed it and caressed;
They took it from me but to give me pain,
And now they say that I my child have slain;
Ah! ne'er shall I be happy—ne'er again.

Then they sing songs about me! How wicked of the throng!
A ballad of the olden time ends so;
How came they to apply the song?
FAUST. See, at thy feet a lover bendeth low,
To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.
MAR. Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!
Look! look! yon stairs below,
Under the threshold there,
Hell's flames are all aglow!
Beneath the floor,
With hideous noise,
The devils roar!
FAUST (*aloud*). Gretchen! Gretchen!
MAR. (*listening*). That was my loved one's voice!
Where is he? I have heard him call. I'm free!
I will away; there's none shall hinder me.
I to his neck will fly,
Upon his bosom lie!
"Gretchen," he called! On yonder threshold stood.
Through all the howling of Hell's fiery flood,
The fiends' dark sneers, their devilish scorn above,
I knew the sweet, the blissful, tones of love.
FAUST. 'Tis I!
MAR. 'Tis thou! Oh, say so once again!
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Where's now the torturing pain?
Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?
'Tis thou! 'Tis thou! To save me thou art come!
And I am saved!
Already now the very street I see
Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.
And there too is the pleasant garden shade
Where I and Martha for thy coming stayed.
FAUST. Come! come away!
MAR. Oh, still delay!
I love to linger where thou stayest.
FAUST. Oh, come! for if thou dost not haste,
Our lingering we shall both deplore.
MAR. What, dearest? canst thou kiss me now no more?
So short a time away from me, and yet
Love's fond embrace thou couldst so soon forget!
Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel,
When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss
From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal?
Ah! with what tenderness thou then didst kiss!
Kiss me,
Or I'll kiss thee.
Woe! woe! Thy lips are cold—are dumb.
Thy love where hast thou left?
Who hath me of thy love bereft?
FAUST. Only take courage! Dearest, prithee, come!
Thee to my heart with tenderness I'll hold,
And cherish thee with ardor thousand-fold;
I but entreat thee now to follow me.
MAR. And art thou he? And art thou really he?
FAUST. 'Tis I! Oh, come!
MAR. Thou wilt strike off my chain,
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again?
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?
And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst set free?

FAUST. Come! come! Already night begins to wane.
MAR. I sent my mother to her grave,
I drowned my child beneath the wave.
Was it not given to thee and me—thee too?
'Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand. It is no dream: 'tis true—
Thine own dear hand! But how is this? 'Tis wet!
Quick, wipe it off! It seems like blood. Ah me!
Whose blood? What hast thou done? Put up thy sword;
I pray thee, do!
FAUST. Death is in every word.
Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be.
MAR. Yet must thou linger here in sorrow.
The graves I will describe to thee,
And thou must see to them to-morrow.
Reserve the best place for my mother;
Close at her side inter my brother;
Me at some little distance lay—
But, I entreat thee, not too far away—
And place my little babe on my right breast:
The little one alone will lie near me.
Ah! 'twas a sweet, a precious joy of yore
To nestle at thy side so lovingly!
It will be mine no more—ah, nevermore!
I feel as if I forced my love on thee,
As if thou still wert thrusting me away;
Yet 'tis thyself: thy fond, kind looks I see.
FAUST. If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come, I pray.
MAR. What, there? Without?
FAUST. Yes, forth in the free air.
MAR. Ay, if the grave's without—if death lurk there!
Hence to the everlasting resting-place,
And not one step beyond! Thou'rt leaving me?
Oh, Henry, would that I could go with thee!
FAUST. Thou canst! But will it: open stands the door.
MAR. I dare not go. I've naught to hope for more.
What boots it to escape? They lurk for me.
'Tis wretched still to beg from day to day,
And burdened with an evil conscience too;
'Tis wretched in a foreign land to stray,
And they will catch me whatso'er I do.
FAUST. But I will ever bear thee company.
Collect thy thoughts; one step and thou art free!
MAR. Were we but only past the hill!
There sits my mother on a stone.
Over my brain there falls a chill:
There sits my mother on a stone.
Slowly her head moves to and fro;
She winks not, nods not, her head droops low.
She slumbered so long, nor waked again;
That we might be happy she slumbered then.
Ah! those were pleasant times.
FAUST. Alas! since here
Nor argument avails, nor prayer, nor tear,
I'll venture forcibly to bear thee hence.
MAR. Loose me; I will not suffer violence!
Withdraw thy murderous hand; hold not so fast!
I have done all to please thee in the past.
FAUST. Day dawns! My love! my love!
MAR. Yes, day draws near;
The day of judgment, too, will soon appear.
It should have been my bridal! No one tell
That thy poor Margaret thou hast known too well.

Woe to my garland! Its bloom is o'er!
Though not at the dance, we shall meet once more.
The crowd doth gather; in silence it rolls:
The squares, the streets, scarce hold the throng.
The staff is broken, the death-bell tolls;
They bind and seize me; I'm hurried along;
To the seat of blood already I'm bound;
Quivers each neck as the naked steel
Quivers on mine the blow to deal.
The silence of the grave now broods around.

FAUST. Would I had ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*). Up, or you're lost.

Vain hesitation! Babbling, quaking!
My steeds are shivering. Morn is breaking.

MAR. What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Him from my presence chase!
What is his purpose in this holy place?
It is for me he cometh.

FAUST. Thou shalt live.

MAR. Judgment of God, to thee my soul I give.

MEPH. (*to* FAUST). Come! come! I'll leave thee else to share her doom.

MAR. Father, I'm thine! Save me! To thee I come!
Angelic hosts, your downy pinions wave,
Encamp around me to protect and save!
Henry, I shudder now to look on thee.

MEPH. She now is judged!

VOICES (*from above*). Is saved!

MEPH. (*to* FAUST). Come thou with me! (*Vanishes with* FAUST.)

VOICES (*from within, dying away*). Henry! Henry!

Translation of A. SWANWICK.

AGAMEMNON RETURNS HOME AFTER TEN YEARS' ABSENCE AT TROY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF COUNT VITTORIO ALFIERI.*

AT last I see the wished-for walls of Argos!
This ground which now I tread is the loved spot
Where once I wandered with my infant feet;
All that I see around me are my friends—
My wife, my daughter and my faithful people,
And you, ye household gods, whom I at last
Return to worship. What have I to wish?
What does there now remain for me to hope?
How long and tedious do ten years appear
Spent in a foreign country, far from all
The heart holds dear! With what profound delight,
After the labors of a bloody war,
Shall I repose! Oh, home, beloved asylum
Where peace alone awaits us, with what joy
Thee I revisit!

But am I, alas!
The only one that tastes of comfort here?
My wife, my daughter, silently ye stand
Fixing upon the ground unquietly
Your conscious eyes. Oh, heaven! do ye not feel
A joy that equals mine in being thus
Restored to my embrace?

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

* Alfieri was the poet of freedom. All his pieces have a political tendency, and owe their eloquence, their warmth and their rapidity to the powerful sentiment which possessed the poet and compelled him to write from the impulse of his soul. The creation of a new Italian drama by Alfieri is a phenomenon which strikes us with astonishment. Before his time the Italians were inferior to all the nations of Europe in the dramatic art.

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

THE NEW YORK
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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough travelling-suit—the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general—I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army, and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but, from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter. Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the following terms:

APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.,
Ap'l 9th, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE, Comd'g C. S. A.—

GEN.: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT,
Lt. Gen.

When I put my pen to the paper, I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side-arms.

No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side-arms or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them, he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side-arms, horses and private property of the officers, he remarked—with some feeling, I

thought—that this would have a happy effect upon his army. Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked to me again that their army was organized a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries)—that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them. I told him that as the terms were written they would not—that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war—I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them, and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect. He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, General.

LIEUT.-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

While duplicates of the two letters were being made, the Union generals present were severally presented to General Lee.

The much-talked-of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back—this and much more that has been said about it—is the purest romance. The word "sword" or "side-arms" was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms, precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses.

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living for some days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him, "Certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was, "About twenty-five thousand;" and I authorized him to send his own commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away, where he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that.

Generals Gibbon, Griffin and Merritt were designated by me to carry into effect the paroling of Lee's troops before they should start

for their homes, General Lee leaving Generals Longstreet, Gordon and Pendleton for them to confer with in order to facilitate this work. Lee and I then separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own lines, and all went into bivouac for the night at Appomattox.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

CATILINE'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

FROM THE LATIN OF CAIUS CRISPUS SALLUST.

I AM well aware, soldiers, that words cannot supply courage, and that a spiritless army cannot be rendered active, or a timid army valiant, by the speech of its commander. Whatever courage is in the heart of a man, whether from nature or from habit, so much will be shown by him in the field, and on him whom neither glory nor danger can move exhortation is bestowed in vain, for the terror in his breast stops his ears.

I have called you together, however, to give you a few instructions, and to explain to you at the same time my reasons for the course which I have adopted. You all know, soldiers, how severe a penalty the inactivity and cowardice of Lentulus has brought upon himself and us, and how, while waiting for reinforcements from the city, I was unable to march into Gaul. In what situation our affairs now are you all understand as well as myself. Two armies of the enemy—one on the side of Rome, and the other on that of Gaul—oppose our progress, while the want of corn and of other necessaries prevents us from remaining, however strongly we may desire to remain, in our present position. Whithersoever we would go, we must open a passage with our swords. I conjure you, therefore, to maintain a brave and resolute spirit, and to remember, when you advance to battle, that on your own right hands depend riches, honor and glory, with the enjoyment of your liberty and of your country. If we conquer, all will be safe; we shall have provisions in abundance, and the colonies and corporate towns will open their gates to us. But if we lose the victory through want of courage, those same places will turn against us; for neither place nor friend will protect him whom his arms have not protected. Besides, soldiers, the same exigency does not press upon our adversaries as presses upon us: we fight for our country, for our liberty, for our life; they contend for what but little concerns them—the power of a small party. Attack them, therefore, with so much the greater confidence, and call to mind your achievements of old.

We might with the utmost ignominy have passed the rest of our days in exile. Some of you, after losing your property, might have waited at Rome for assistance from others. But because such a life, to men of spirit, was disgusting and unendurable, you resolved upon your present course. If you wish to quit it, you must exert all your resolution, for none but conquerors have exchanged war for peace. To hope for safety in flight when you have turned away from the enemy the arms by which the body is defended is indeed madness. In battle those who are most afraid are always in most danger, but courage is equivalent to a rampart.

When I contemplate you, soldiers, and when I consider your past exploits, a strong

hope of victory animates me. Your spirit, your age, your valor, give me confidence, to say nothing of necessity, which makes even cowards brave. To prevent the numbers of the enemy from surrounding us our confined situation is sufficient; but should Fortune be unjust to your valor, take care not to lose your lives unavenged—take care not to be taken and butchered like cattle rather than, fighting like men, to leave to your enemies a bloody and mournful victory.

AFTER THE BATTLE.*

When the battle was over, it was plainly seen what boldness and what energy of spirit had prevailed throughout the army of Catiline, for, almost everywhere, every soldier, after yielding up his breath, covered with his corpse the spot which he had occupied when alive. A few, indeed, whom the prætorian cohort had dispersed, had fallen somewhat differently, but all with wounds in front. Catiline himself was found far in advance of his men, among the dead bodies of the enemy; he was not quite breathless and still expressed in his countenance the fierceness of spirit which he had shown during his life. Of his whole army, neither in the battle nor in flight was any free-born citizen made prisoner, for they had spared their own lives no more than those of the enemy. Nor did the army of the Roman people obtain a joyful or bloodless victory, for all their bravest men were either killed in the battle or left the field severely wounded.

Of many who went from the camp to view the ground or plunder the slain, some, in turning over the bodies of the enemy, discovered a friend, others an acquaintance, others a relative; some, too, recognized their enemies. Thus gladness and sorrow, grief and joy, were variously felt throughout the whole army.

Translation of Rev. John Selby Watson, M. A.

* Catiline and Caius Antonius, Petreius commanding the latter.

THE SPIRIT OF WINE.

From "Othello, the Moor of Venice."

IAGO. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO. Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO. Marry, Heaven forbid!

CAS. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation! Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure and applause transform ourselves into beasts!

IAGO. Come, you are too severe a moraler. . . .

CAS. I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Oh, strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil.

SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE WITHOUT RETURN.

GRIEVE not, fond man, nor let one tear
Steal from thine eyes; she'll hear
No more of Cupid's shafts; they fly
For wounding her; so let them die.
For why shouldst thou nourish such flames as burn
Thy easy breast, and not have like return?
Love forces love, as flames expire
If not increased by gentle fire.

Let, then, her frigid coolness move
Thee to withdraw thy purer love,
And, since she is resolved to show
She will not love, do thou so too.
For why should beauty so charm thine eyes
That if she frown thou'lt prove her sacrifice?
Love forces love, as flames expire
If not increased by gentle fire.

THOMAS GOFFE.

A YEAR AGO.

A YEAR ago—but one short year ago—
I stood alone as I stand here to-night;
The sun toward the hills had sunken low
And flooded all the west with yellow light.
There is the sun, as golden and as bright,
The same soft rustle of the leaves I hear;
It might be that the flowers that meet my sight
Were the same ones that then my eyes did cheer.

A note of merry laughter comes from far;
I hear of distant herds the tinkle low;
Down in the vale, where cool the shadows are,
The brook goes by with constant murmuring flow.
The same bird sings that did one year ago,
I hear the hum of insect life again;
All things seem bright and beautiful; but oh,
'Tis not the same bright world that it was then.

Yes, all is changed, though outwardly the same:
The bird no longer sings to listening ear;
Though all the west with crimson is aflame,
The day seems like November, gray and drear.
When I would see, there comes a blinding tear
Through which I only see a golden past;
There comes a memory, when I would hear,
Of hopes which were too beautiful to last.

A year ago—but one short year ago—
I stood and waited in this selfsame spot;
Then was my life with beauty all aglow:
I trusted love, for then love failed me not.
I watched *his* coming ere he had forgot
The well-worn path that led him to my side;
Then came he always: now he cometh not.
But in his absence only hope hath died.

Love dies not thus. Though in that parting hour
Were spoken bitter words, if love be true
They are forgotten ere at morn the flower
From off her silken petals rolls the dew.
Love dies not quickly. Ah! he never knew
As deep a love as that I felt for him.
Alas! I fear me men who love are few:
Why sigh in vain? Why should my sight grow dim?

Night after night I've stood and waited here,
And watched for him e'en as I waited then—
Waited in trembling hope, and then in fear,
Then in despair: he comes no more again.
I've put the rose upon my breast in vain,
In vain bound braids and jewels in my hair,
That, though my heart ached with a numbing pain,
When he should come he'd find me not less fair.

Come back to me, dear love, come back to me!
My heart calls with a yearning, passionate cry;
My life is desolate for want of thee,
My soul is grieved because thou art not nigh.
My love waits only for a word to fly
And nestle close to thy warm heart, my own:
The night is coming on; the shadows die
In deeper shades, and still I am alone.

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

LOVE.

LOVE is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows;
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak,
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild;
Love no medicine can appease:
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench.
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leavy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds for Love that sing and play.

GILES FLETCHER.

JOYS.

HOW fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

JOHN NORRIS.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

[Interred in the cathedral of Bristol.]

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave.
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form: she bowed to taste the wave,

And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria; breathe a strain divine:
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship and as fond in love,
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die—
'Twas even to thee—yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

WILLIAM MASON.

THE DREAM.

IMAGE of her whom I love more than she
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value, go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honors oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less, we see.
When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
Then phantasy is queen, and soul and all;
She can present joys meaner than you do,
Convenient and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you,
For all our joys are but fantastical,
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true,
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
But, dearest heart, and dearer image, stay;
Alas! true joys at best are dreams enough:
Though you stay here you pass too fast away,
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Filled with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart than idiot with none.

JOHN DONNE.

THE WISH.

GIVE me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
The expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul,
To this gross clay confined, flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing, unskilled to range
From orb to orb where Newton leads the way,
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds, subservient to His voice
Who, veiled in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all, bids the great system move
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmoved, unchanged himself,—yet this at least
Grant me propitious: an inglorious life
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honors, but enough to raise

My drooping friends, preventing modest want
That dares not ask. And if to crown my joys
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline, fields, woods and streams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn and glad the horizon round.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

MATTER AND MIND.

WE wait the wondrous cause to find
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the features are;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure and a form unseen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will;
With mighty truths mysterious to descry
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

SAMUEL GARTH.

MAN AND NATURE.

OH, steadfast trees, that know
Rain, hail and sleet and snow,
And all the winds that blow,
But when spring comes can then
So freshly bud again,
Forgetful of the wrong;
Waters, that deep below
The stubborn ice can go
With quiet underflow,
Contented to be dumb
Till Spring herself shall come
To listen to your song;
Stars, that the clouds pass o'er
And stain not, but make more
Alluring than before,—
How good it is for us
That your lives are not thus
Prevented, but made strong!

ROBERT KELLY WEEKS

SLEEP.

WEEP you no more, sad fountains:
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste,
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

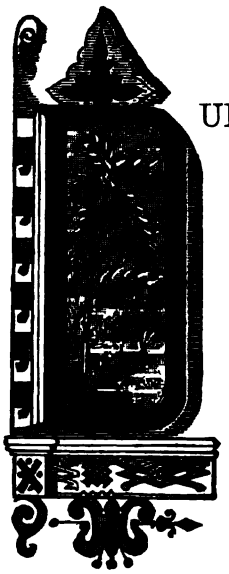
Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

JOHN DOWLAND.

HIS HATRED OF THE SCOTS.

HAD Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom—
Not forced him to wander, but confined him home.

JOHN CLEVELAND.



DEVELOPMENTS OF RATIONALISM.

DURING the last three centuries the sense of the miraculous has been steadily declining in Europe; the movement has been so universal that no Church or class of miracles has altogether escaped its influence, and its causes are to be sought much less in special arguments bearing directly upon the question than in the general intellectual condition of society. In this, as in all other great historical developments, we have two classes of influences to consider. There are certain tendencies or predispositions resulting from causes that are deeply embedded in the civilization of the age which create the movement, direct the stream of opinions with irresistible force in a given direction, and, if we consider only great bodies of men and long periods of time, exercise an almost absolute authority. There is also the action of special circumstances and individual genius upon this general progress, retarding or accelerating its advance, giving it in different countries and in different spheres of society a peculiar character, and for a time associating it with movements with which it has no natural connection. While numerous circumstances growing out of the complications of society have more or less influenced the history of the decline of the miraculous, there are two causes which dominate over all others and are themselves very closely connected. One of these is the increasing sense of law, produced by physical sciences, which predisposes men more and more to attribute all the phenomena that meet them in actual life or in history to normal rather than to abnormal agencies; the other is the diminution of the influence of theology, partly from causes that lie within itself and partly from the great increase of other subjects, which inclines men to judge all matters by a secular rather than by a theological standard.

This history of the miraculous is but a single part or aspect of a much wider movement which in its modern phases is usually designated by the name of Rationalism. The process of thought that makes men recoil from the miraculous makes them modify their views on many other questions. The expectation of miracles grows out of a certain conception of the habitual government of the world, of the nature of the supreme Being and of the manifestations of his power, which are all more or less changed by advancing civilization. Sometimes this change is displayed by an open rejection of old beliefs; sometimes it appears only in a change of interpretation or of realization—that is to say, men gradually annex new ideas to old words or they permit old opinions to become virtually obsolete. Each different phase of civilization has its peculiar and congenial

views of the system and government of the universe to which the men of that time will gravitate, and, although a revelation or a great effort of human genius may for a time emancipate some of them from the conditions of the age, the pressure of surrounding influences will soon reassert its sway, and the truths that are unsuited to the time will remain inoperative till their appropriate civilization has dawned.

It has been said by a very high authority that fetishism is the religion which men who are altogether uncivilized would naturally embrace, and certainly there can be no question that the general characteristic of the earlier stages of religious belief is to concentrate reverence upon matter and to attribute to it an intrinsic efficacy. This fetishism, which in its rudest form consists of the worship of a certain portion of matter as matter, is shown also, though in a modified and less revolting manner, in the supposition that certain sacred talismans or signs possess an inherent efficacy altogether irrespective of the dispositions of men. Of this nature was the system of pagan magic, which attributed a supernatural power to particular herbs or ceremonies or words.

When men pass from a state of pure fetishism, the next conception they form of the divine nature is anthropomorphism, which is in some respects very closely connected with the preceding, and which, like it, is diffused in a more or less modified form over the belief of almost all uncivilized nations. Those who have ceased to attribute power and virtue to inert matter regard the universe as the sphere of the operations of spiritual beings of a nature strictly analogous to their own. They consider every unusual phenomenon the direct and isolated act of an unseen agent pointed to some isolated object and resulting from some passing emotion. The thunder, the famine or the pestilence is the result of an ebullition of spiritual anger; great and rapid prosperity is the sign of spiritual satisfaction. But at the same time the feebleness of imagination which in this stage makes men unable to picture the Deity other than as an unseen man makes it also impossible for them to concentrate their thoughts and emotions upon that conception without a visible representation. For, while it is a matter of controversy whether or not the innate faculties of the civilized man transcend those of the savage, it is at least certain that the intellectual atmosphere of each period tells so soon and so powerfully upon all men that long before matured age the two classes are almost as different in their capacities as in their acquirements. The civilized man not only knows more than the savage: he possesses an intellectual strength, a power of sustained and patient thought, of concentrating his mind steadily upon the unseen, of disengaging his conceptions from the images of the senses, which the other is unable even to imagine. Present to the savage the conception of an unseen Being to be adored without the assistance of any representation, and he will be unable to grasp it. It will have no force or palpable reality to his mind, and can therefore exercise no influence over his life. Idolatry is the common religion of the savage simply because it is the only one of which his intellectual condition will admit.

Idolatry may be of two kinds. It is sometimes a sign of progress. When men are beginning to emerge from the pure fetishism which is probably their first stage, they

carve matter into the form of an intelligent being, and it is only when it is endowed with that form that they attribute to it a divine character. They are still worshipping matter, but their fetishism is fading into anthropomorphism. Sometimes, again, men who have once risen to a conception of a pure and spiritual Being sink, in consequence of some convulsion of society, into a lower level of civilization.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

FROM "ENGLISH LITERATURE CONSIDERED AS AN INTERPRETER OF ENGLISH HISTORY."

CHARLES DICKENS, the prince of modern novelists, was born at Landsport, Portsmouth, England, in 1812. His father was at the time a clerk in the pay department of the navy, but afterward became a reporter of debates in Parliament. After a very hard early life and an only tolerable education young Dickens made some progress in the study of law, but soon undertook his father's business as reporter, in which he struggled as he has made David Copperfield to do in becoming proficient. His first systematic literary efforts were as a daily writer and reporter for *The True Sun;* he then contributed his sketches of life and character, drawn from personal observation, to the *Morning Chronicle:* these were an earnest of his future powers. They were collected as *Sketches by Boz*, in two volumes, and published in 1836.

In 1837 he was asked by a publisher to prepare a series of comic sketches of cockney sportsmen, to illustrate, as well as to be illustrated by, etchings by Seymour. This yoking of two geniuses was a trammel to both, but the suicide of Seymour dissolved the connection, and Dickens had free play to produce the *Pickwick Papers*, by Boz, which were illustrated as he proceeded by H. K Browne ("Phiz"). The work met and has retained an unprecedented popularity. Caricature as it was, it caricatured real, existent oddities: everything was probable; the humor was sympathetic if farcical, the assertion of humanity bold and the philosophy of universal application. He had touched our common nature in all ranks and conditions; he had exhibited men and women of all types; he had exposed the tricks of politics and the absurdity of elections; the snobs of society were severely handled. He was the censor of law courts, the exposer of swindlers, the dread of cockneys, the friend of rustics and of the poor, and he has displayed in the principal character, that of the immortal Pickwick, the power of a generous, simple-hearted, easily deceived, but always philanthropic, man, who comes through his trials without bating a jot of his love for humanity and his faith in human nature. But the master-work of his plastic hand was Sam Weller, whose wit and wisdom pervaded both hemispheres and is as potent to excite laughter to-day as at the first. In this work he began that assault, not so much on shams as upon prominent, unblushing evil, which he carried on in some form or other in all his later works, and which was to make him prominent among the reformers and benefactors of his age. He was at once famous, and his pen was in demand to amuse the idle and to aid the philanthropic.

The *Pickwick Papers* were in their intention a series of sketches somewhat desultory and loosely connected. His next work was *Nicholas Nickleby*, a complete story, in which he was entirely successful. Wonderful in the variety and reality of his characters, his powerful satire was here principally directed against the private boarding-schools in England, where unloved children, exiled and forgotten, were ill-fed, scantily clothed, untaught and beaten. Dotheboys Hall was his type, and many a school-prison under that name was fearfully exposed and scourged. The people read with wonder and applause; these haunts of cruelty were scrutinized, some of them were suppressed, and since Nicholas Nickleby appeared no such school can live, because "Squeers" and "Smike" are on every lip and punishment awaits the tyrant.

Our scope will not permit a review of his numerous novels. In *Oliver Twist* he denounces the parish system in its care of orphans and throws a Drummond light upon the haunts of crime in London.

The Old Curiosity Shop exposes the mania of gaming, and seems to have been a device for presenting the pathetic pictures of *Little Nell* and her grandfather, the wonderful and rapid learning of the Marchioness and the uncommon vitality of Mr. Richard Swiveller, and also the compound of will and hideousness in Quilp.

He affected to find in the receptacle of Master Humphrey's clock his *Barnaby Rudge*, a very dramatic picture of the great riot incited by Lord George Gordon in 1780, which in its gathering, its fury and its easy dispersion was not unlike that of Wat Tyler. Dickens's delineations are eminently historic, and present a better notion of the period than the general history itself.

In 1841, Dickens visited America, where he was received by the public with great enthusiasm, and annoyed, as the author of his biography says, by many individuals. On his return to England he produced his *American Notes for General Circulation*. They were sarcastic, superficial and deprecatory, and astonished many whose hospitalities he had received. But in 1843 he published *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which American peculiarities are treated with the broadest caricature. The *Notes* might have been forgiven, but the novel excited a great and just anger in America. His statements were not true; his pictures were not just. In taking a few foibles for his caricature he had left our merits untold, and had been guilty of the implication that we had none, although he knew that there were as elegant gentlemen, as refined ladies and as cultivated society in America as the best in England. But a truce to reproaches: he has been fully forgiven.

His next novel was *Dombey and Son*, in which he attacks British pomp and pride of state in the haughty merchant. It is full of character and of pathos. Every one knows as if they had appeared among us the proud and rigid Dombey, J. B. the sly, the unhappy Floy, the exquisite Toots, the inimitable Nipper, Sol Gills the simple, and Captain Cuttle with his hook and his notes.

This was followed by *David Copperfield*, which is to some extent an autobiography describing the struggles of his youth, his experience in acquiring short-hand to become a

reporter, and other vicissitudes of his own life. In it there is an attack upon the system of model prisons, but the chief interest is found in his wonderful portraitures of varied and opposite characters—the Peggottys, Steerforth, the inimitable Micawber, Betsy Trotwood, Agnes, the lovely and lovable, Mr. Dick, with such noble method in his madness, Dora, the child-wife, the simple Traddles and Uriah Heep, the 'umble intriguer and villain.

Bleak House is a tremendous onslaught upon the chancery system, and is said to have caused a modification of it; his knowledge of law gave him the power of an expert in detailing and dissecting its enormities.

Little Dorrit presents the heartlessness of society, and is, besides, a full and fearful picture of the system of imprisonment for debt. For variety, power and pathos it is one of his best efforts.

A Tale of Two Cities is a gloomy but vivid story of the French Revolution which has by no means the popularity of his other works.

In *Hard Times*, a shorter story, he has shown the evil consequences of a hard, statistical, cramming education in which the sympathies are repressed and the mind is made a practical machine. The failure of Gradgrind has warned many a parent from imitating him.

Great Expectations failed to fulfil the promise of the name, but Joe Gargery is as original a character as any he had drawn.

His last completed story is *Our Mutual Friend*, which, although unequal to his best novels, has still original characters and striking scenes. The rage for rising in the social scale ruins the Veneerings, and Podsnappery is a well-chosen name for the heartless dogmatism which rules in English society.

Besides these splendid works, we must mention the delight he has given and the good he has done in expanding individual and public charity by his exquisite Christmas stories, of which *The Chimes*, *The Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth* are the best.

His dramatic power has been fully illustrated by the ready adaptations of his novels to the stage; they are, indeed, in scenes, personages, costume and interlocution, dramas in all except the form, and he himself was an admirable actor.

Dickens's tenderness is touching, and his pathos at once excites our sympathy. He does not tell us to feel or to weep, but he shows us scenes, like those in the life of Smike and in the sufferings and death of Little Nell, which so simply appeal to the heart that we are for the time forgetful of the wand which conjures them before us.

Dickens is bold in the advocacy of truth and in denouncing error; he is the champion of honest poverty; he is the foe of class pretension and oppression; he is the friend of friendless children, the reformer of those whom society has made vagrants. Without many clear assertions of Christian doctrine, but with no negation of it, he believes in doing good for its own sake—in self-denial, in the rewards which Virtue gives herself. His faults are few and venial. His merry life smacks too much of the practical joke and the punch-bowl; he denounces cant in the self-appointed ministers of the gospel, but he is not careful to draw contrasted pictures

of good pastors. His opinion seems to be based upon a human perfectibility. But for rare pictures of real life he has never been surpassed, and he has instructed an age concerning itself wisely, originally and usefully. He has the simplicity of Goldsmith and the truth to nature of Fielding and Smollett without a spice of sentimentalism or of impurity; he has brought the art of prose fiction to its highest point, and he has left no worthy successor. He lived for years separated from his wife on the ground of incompatibility, and during his later years at Gadshill, twenty miles from London, to avoid the dissipations and drafts upon his time in that city.

In 1868, Dickens again visited America to read portions of his own works. He was well received by the public, but society had learned its lesson on his former visit, and he was not overwhelmed with a hospitality he had so signally failed to appreciate. And if we had learned better, he had vastly improved: the genius had become a gentleman. His readings were a great pecuniary success, and at their close he made an amend which was graceful and proper; so that when he departed from our shores his former errors were fully condoned, and he left an admiring hemisphere behind him.

In the glow of health, and while writing, in serial numbers, a very promising novel entitled *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, he was struck by apoplexy, in June, 1870, and in a few hours was dead. England has hardly experienced a greater loss. All classes of men mourned when he was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, among illustrious writers—a prose-poet none of whom has a larger fame than he, a historian of his time of greater value to society than any who distinctively bear the title. His characters are drawn from life: his own experience is found in Nicholas Nickleby and David Copperfield; Micawber is a caricature of his own father; Traddles is said to represent his friend Talfourd; Skimpole is supposed to be an original likeness of Leigh Hunt; and William and Daniel Grant, of Manchester, were the originals of the Brothers Cheeryble.

HENRY COPPÉE.

A RATTLING DAY'S SPORT.

WE had a rattling day's sport with the Quorley hounds. We found a fox at Maidenwood, and, in spite of all his trembling endeavors to skulk away under the thickets, we drove him despairingly out into the open. What a beating and throbbing of heart there must have been meanwhile under that red hairy bosom, what an agony of terror and fluttering doubt, as the hunted thing crept quietly from tunnel to tunnel of matted branches where the gorse was thickest! but we were not going to draw a blank and be baulked of our fun; so we worried him out at last, palpitating and panting, on to Wokey Common. There he ran hard for dear life. He knew what it meant well—that we could see—for it was by no means the first time he had been hunted down by a posse of chivvying, scurrying men and beasts, one poor weak bit of defenceless vermin against the whole mounted country-side. For a moment, as we passed Banly-hanger, a gleam of hope rose in the wretched creature's mind, for he headed toward the quarries and tried to hide in a trusty

cranny among the loose rocks and brambles. But we soon made it too hot for him, and he burst out again, this time with knocking knees and loosening sinews, I doubt not, and made away at a rattling pace for the corner across a nice bit of soft turf. It was too fast to live under, and he got clean off at last to ground in the Park. As he slipped down, exhausted and terrified, into the secure retreat he heard the huntsmen holloaing in the distance, and lay crouching in an ecstasy of deadly fear while we proceeded to draw the covert. His shelter was but a poor one, and we might have managed to pull him out and kill him. It was an awful moment of suspense. For three minutes he held his breath tight and felt his heart bursting silently within him, and then, O heaven! the noise began to die away gradually, and he could relax the tension of his muscles a little and try to recover the long-drawn breath in his aching sides. But he would not soon get his quivering limbs quiet again, I warrant, nor slake his feverish tongue for some hours to come. We all agreed he had shown capital sport; and, after all, he was a well-tried old dog, and we can have another nailing run out of him another day.

Turning aside, we soon found again in a spinney under Thorneyhaugh. Hounds showed at once that they were holding a good scent: another wretched creature was spotted, and doomed for at least forty minutes of abject terror and unspeakable dismay. He gave us an excellent spin across Whittingham Downs—a beautiful stretch of moorlike grassy country so lovely (for us) in the bright sunshine—and headed away bravely toward Colbury. About two hundred yards away from it, however, he heard the hounds gaining on him from behind; his faltering legs began to give way beneath him; the deep pain in his side grew unendurable. With a sickening consciousness that all was over, and with a terrible phantasmagoria of those fierce-mouthed, yelping, pitiless dogs floating vaguely before his distracted eyes, he unconsciously yielded a little. The pace fell off, and the hounds bowled him over in the open.

One fox worried to earth and one run till he almost dropped with exhaustion were not quite fun enough, however, for a whole day's sportsmanlike amusement; so we turned elsewhere to look for more. There are always plenty of foxes there, thanks to the squire's care in preserving those dangerous vermin, the necessity for whose extermination long formed one chief excuse for our noble pastime, though nowadays, I must admit, we have been forced to get frankly beyond that little piece of transparent hypocrisy. Here a fox made tracks cleverly across the moss and straight into Worley, on past Beckley Bridge, and away like lightning to the plantation at Heppleburn. Here there was a considerable check, and the poor breathless brute, hiding, as we afterward discovered, among the sheltering crags on the hillside, and trying to save his life in an open sewer, hoped for ten full minutes that his head was spared for one more day. However, we were not to be baffled, and with careful scenting the hounds soon tracked him down and worked up to him among the rubble. For a while the unhappy jaded wretch dodged them sharply from point to point, but he was dead beat—a mere mass of shaking, living pulp without power to run another quarter

of a mile on the open—and the hounds were upon him before he knew where he was. The poor helpless thing, breathing hard in mute terror, with his appealing eyes growing dim before us, was quickly rolled over; and so ended a most enjoyable day of thoroughly brisk and delightful sport.

JOHN BROWN
(Nom de Plume).

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

THIS great writer, the master-mind and moving spirit of Europe in his day, was born in Frankfort on the 28th of August, 1749. Poet, philosopher, dramatist and critic, he owed little to other men, but studied himself and wrote from his inner consciousness. Hence in his varied writings we have many images of what he was in his own singularly varied personality. His grandfather was a tailor; his father, a man of such merit that he rose to the station of an imperial councillor and married the daughter of Johann Wolfgang Textor, the chief magistrate of the city. From this union was born the subject of this sketch, a boy very handsome and precocious. Before he was ten years old he wrote and spoke several languages, and gave promise of an extraordinary manhood. In 1765 he was sent to Leipsic to pursue his studies, and while there wrote two dramas. In 1770 he entered the University of Strasburg. Having finished his course in jurisprudence, he began the practice of the law at Wetzlar in 1772. The next year he published his tragedy of *Götz von Berlichingen*—or *Götz with the Iron Hand*—which was very favorably received. In 1774 the reading world were still more surprised and pleased by his *Die Leiden des jungen Werther*—*The Sorrows of Werther*—which grew out of some painful experience of his own. By invitation of the grand duke he went to Saxe-Weimar, where he catered largely to the pleasures and frivolities of the court, himself leading a gay and wild life which threatened to check his literary aspirations. But his intellectual superiority soon asserted itself. In 1779 he issued *Iphigenia auf Tauris*, and, after many minor poems, in 1786, his *Torquato Tasso*. In 1788 came the romantic drama of *Egmont*, and in 1792 a metrical version of *Reineke Fuchs*. In 1795 appeared the first volume of *Wilhelm Meister* (called the *Lehrjahre*, or *Apprenticeship*). In 1797 he wrote an exquisite idyl in hexameter verse called *Hermann und Dorothea*.

By all these Goethe had gained fame and great esteem, but they were small in comparison with the popularity with which the first part of *Faust* was received. Translated into all languages, it was redramatized; it was set to opera: it was the glory of German poetry. In 1809 he published his *Wahlverwandschaften*—or *Elective Affinities*—which struck a new chord in the social body, in its effort to fathom the mysterious magnetism of the human soul. In 1812 appeared his *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (*Poetry and Truth*), or the story of his own life, which abounds in curious confessions. In 1831 came the second part of *Faust*, which is odd, farcical, fragmentary, disconnected and obscure, read only by scholars and "caviare to the general." Not long after this he took a cold which could not be shaken off, and he died on the 22d of March, 1832, ejaculating with his last breathings, "More light!"

In his association with women Goethe

had strange sentiments; he fell in love with many, but the passion was not of a permanent type. His domestic relations were curious and not without reproach. After a long friendship, platonic or otherwise, with Frau Charlotte von Stein, he took into his house in 1788 a young girl, Christine Vulpius, whom he treated like a wife, and who became the mother of his children; but he did not marry her until 1806, and then only in consideration of the legal status of his children. These are but a few of the tender passages in the life of this most sentimental man. We have no time to enter more minutely into this subject, or to mention more of the very numerous works with which he enriched the literature of Germany and of the world.

HISTORY.

FROM AN ADDRESS AT THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE PHI BETA KAPPA OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

HISTORY is, for the most part, an idle amusement, the day-dawn of pedants and triflers. The details of events, the actors' motives and their relation to each other, are buried with them. How impossible to learn the exact truth of what took place yesterday under your next neighbor's roof! Yet we complacently argue and speculate about matters a thousand miles off, and a thousand years ago, as if we knew them. When I was a scholar here, my favorite study was history. The world and affairs have shown me that one-half of history is loose conjecture and much of the rest is the writer's opinion. But most men see facts, not with their eyes, but with their prejudices. Any one familiar with courts will testify how rare it is for an honest man to give a perfectly correct account of a transaction. We are tempted to see facts as we think they ought to be or wish they were. And yet journals are the favorite original sources of history. Tremble, my good friend, if your sixpenny neighbor keeps a journal. "It adds a new terror to death." You shall go down to your children, not in your fair lineaments and proportions, but with the smirks, elbows and angles he sees you with. Journals are excellent to record the depth of the last snow and the date when the May-flower opens; but when you come to men's motives and characters, journals are the magnets that get near the chronometer of history and make all its record worthless. You can count on the fingers of your two hands all the robust minds that ever kept journals. Only milksops and fribbles indulge in that amusement, except now and then a respectable mediocrity. One such journal nightmare New England annals emptied into history by respectable middle-aged gentlemen who fancy that narrowness and spleen, like poor wine, mellow into truth when they get to be a century old. But you might as well cite *The Daily Advertiser* of 1850 as authority on one of Garrison's actions.

And, after all, of what value are these minutiæ? We can only hope to discover the great currents and massive forces which have shaped our lives; all else is trying to solve a problem of whose elements we know nothing. As the poet-historian of the last generation says so plaintively, "History comes like a beggarly gleaner in the field after Death, the great lord of the domain, has gathered the harvest and lodged it in his garner, which no man may open."

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.

DESCRIPTION OF A PALACE IN A VALLEY.

YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor in whose dominions the Father of Waters begins his course, whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty and scatters over half the world the harvests of Egypt. According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara surrounded on every side by mountains of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has long been disputed whether it was the work of Nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could without the help of engines open or shut them. From the mountains on every side rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility and formed a lake in the middle inhabited by fish of every species and frequented by every fowl whom Nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft in the mountain on the northern side and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more. The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures; on another, all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns. The sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together; the blessings of Nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and

all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual, and, as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigences of the kingdom, and recorded their accumulations in a book which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

THE DISCONTENT OF RASSELAS IN THE HAPPY VALLEY.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity where discord was always raging and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs the subject of which was the *happy valley*. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment was the business of every hour from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that Art or Nature could bestow, and pitied those whom Fate had excluded from this seat of tranquillity as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery. Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night pleased with each other and with themselves—all but Rasselas, who in the twenty-sixth year of his age began to withdraw himself from their pastimes and assemblies and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of the song and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavored to renew his love of pleasure: he neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage and some sleeping among the bushes. This singularity of his humor made him much observed. One of the sages in whose conversation he had formerly delighted followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself: he is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream. His thirst and hunger are appeased; he is satisfied, and sleeps; he rises again, and is hungry; he is again fed, and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease I am not at rest; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry that I may again quicken my attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer, but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification, or he has some desires distinct from sense which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and, seeing the moon rising, walked toward the palace. As he passed through the fields and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he. "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity, for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free: I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and some-

times start at evils anticipated. Surely, the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

CONFUCIUS.

THE books now recognized as of highest authority by the Chinese are the five Kings and the four Shoos. *King* means the warp-threads of a web, and its application to literary compositions rests on the same metaphor as the Latin word *textus* and the Sanskrit *sûtra*, meaning "a yarn" and "a book." *Shoo* simply means writings. The five Kings are—1. The Yih, or the Book of Changes; 2. The Shoo, or the Book of History; 3. The She, or the Book of Poetry; 4. The Le Ke, or Record of Rites; and 5. The Chun Tsew, or Spring and Autumn, a chronicle extending from 721 to 480 B. C. The four Shoos consist of—1. The Lun Yu, or Digested Conversations between Confucius and his disciples; 2. The Ta Hëo, or Great Learning, commonly attributed to one of his disciples; 3. The Chung Yung, or Doctrine of the Mean, ascribed to the grandson of Confucius; 4. Of the works of Mencius, who died 288 B. C.

The authorship of the five Kings is loosely attributed to Confucius, but it is only the fifth, or the "Spring and Autumn," which can be claimed as the work of the philosopher. The Yi, the Shoo and the She King were not composed, but only compiled, by him, and much of the Le Ke is clearly from later hands. Confucius, though the founder of a religion and a reformer, was thoroughly conservative in his tendencies and devotedly attached to the past. He calls himself a transmitter, not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients. "I am not one who was born in the possession of knowledge," he says: "I am one who is fond of antiquity and earnest in seeking it there." The most frequent themes of his discourses were the ancient songs, the history and the rules of propriety established by ancient sages. When one of his contemporaries wished to do away with the offering of a lamb as a meaningless formality, Confucius reproved him with the pithy sentence, "You love the sheep; I love the ceremony." There were four things, we are told, which Confucius taught—letters, ethics, devotion of soul and truthfulness. When speaking of himself, he said, "At fifteen I had my mind bent on learning; at thirty I stood firm; at forty I had no doubt; at fifty I knew the decrees of Heaven; at sixty my ear was an obedient organ for the reception of truth; at seventy I could follow what my heart desired without transgressing what was right." Though this may sound like boasting, it is remarkable how seldom Confucius himself claims any superiority above his fellow-creatures. He offers his advice to those who are willing to listen, but he never speaks dogmatically; he never attempts to tyrannize over the minds or hearts of his

friends. If we read his biography, we can hardly understand how a man whose life was devoted to such tranquil pursuits, and whose death scarcely produced a ripple on the smooth and silent surface of the Eastern world, could have left the impress of his mind on millions of human beings—an impress which even now, after over twenty-three hundred years, is clearly discernible in the national character of the largest empire of the world. Confucius died in 478 B. C. complaining that of all the princes of the empire there was not one who would adopt his principles and obey his lessons. After two generations, however, his name had risen to be a power, the rallying-point of a vast movement of national and religious regeneration. His grandson speaks of him as the ideal of a sage, as the sage is the ideal of humanity at large. Though Tzetze claims no divine honor for his grandsire, he exalts his wisdom and virtue beyond the limits of human nature. This is a specimen of the language which he applies to Confucius:

TZETZE'S EULOGY OF CONFUCIUS.

"He may be compared to heaven and earth in their supporting and containing, their overshadowing and curtaining, all things; he may be compared to the four seasons in their alternating progress, and to the sun and moon in their successive shining. . . . Quick in apprehension, clear in discernment, of far-reaching intellect and all-embracing knowledge, he was fitted to exercise rule; magnanimous, generous, benign and mild, he was fitted to exercise forbearance; impulsive, energetic, firm and enduring, he was fitted to maintain a firm hold; self-adjusted, grave, never swerving from the Mean and correct, he was fitted to command reverence; accomplished, distinctive, concentrative and searching, he was fitted to exercise discrimination. . . . All-embracing and vast, he was like heaven; deep and active as a fountain, he was like the abyss. . . . Therefore his fame overspreads the Middle Kingdom and extends to all barbarous tribes. Wherever ships and carriages reach, wherever the strength of man penetrates, wherever the heavens overshadow and the earth sustains, wherever the sun and moon shine, wherever frost and dews fall, all who have blood and breath unfeignedly honor and love him. Hence it is said he is the equal of Heaven."

This is certainly very magnificent phraseology, but it will hardly convey any definite impression to the minds of those who are not acquainted with the life and teaching of the great Chinese sage. These may be studied now by all who care for the history of human thought in the excellent work of Dr. Legge.*

FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER.

MORE WEAK MEN THAN TRAITORS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THERE are fewer traitors in the world than you think, but, on the other hand, there are numbers of weak men who yield to circumstances far more powerful than themselves. Great vices and great virtues are the exceptions. Men, in general, are weak, and changeable because of their weakness; they

* See Vol. V. pp. 154–157 for selections from Dr. Legge's translation.

seek their advantage wherever they can, advance their own interests without intending to injure others, and, on the whole, are more deserving of pity than blame. They must be taken and made use of as they are, and impelled to something higher when it is possible. Of this you may be sure: contempt will never elevate them. To induce them to exert their capabilities, you must lead them to believe themselves better than they are. In the army cowards are made brave by telling them they are so. The only way to deal with men is to affect to believe that they possess the virtues with which you wish to inspire them.

It is weakness, and not wisdom, to distrust men too much. It would but lead to want of confidence in all, to hesitation in one's choice and to the frequent neglect of useful instruments. Besides, if it becomes known that you are of a suspicious disposition, everybody about you will seek to turn it to his own advantage. Had I listened to all I was told, I should have had none but cowards in my army and traitors in my household. There are but very few of you here,* my friends, all bound to be complaisant to each other, and I do not yield credence to what you say ill of one amongst you; and I am right. No; men must not be believed when they speak ill of each other. Lannes died for me like a hero, though he often used language that, had I taken it seriously, might have led to his being accused of high treason. This is the reason that after long experience I consider violating the secrecy of the post-office as both useless and dangerous. Nobody will conspire by post; all that can be got in letters are remarks originating in idleness, revenge or ill-feeling. Who would wish to hear all that is said of him even by his best friends? It would be very imprudent, very unwise, of anybody to make such an attempt even were it in his power. He would be compelled to hate even his best friends. We are all so thoughtless when speaking of each other! If one heard all the remarks that are made, one would often detest those who deserve to be esteemed. To read letters is but to listen to general conversation that will engender prejudice and injustice, which are more injurious to one's self than others. A government in doing so deprives itself of valuable instruments; and when practised by a private individual, friends thoughtless in language, but sincere in their attachments, come to be looked upon as enemies. It is far better not to know all that is said, however high-minded we may be, for there are some remarks that we may find it difficult to pardon. We can only be certain of pardoning such when we never hear them. Translation of D. F. CAMPBELL.

* St. Helena.

CHILDREN REQUIRE SLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

CHILDREN require a good deal of sleep, because they use much exercise. The one serves to counterbalance the other, so that hence we see they have need of both. The proper time for rest is pointed out by nature, and is in the night. It is a certain observation that our sleep is more tranquil and agreeable when the sun is below the horizon, the air, heated by its direct rays, never involving our senses in so profound a calm. Hence the most salutary habit is

certainly to rise and lie down with the sun, and hence it follows that in these climates men, as well as all other animals, require in general more sleep in winter than in summer. But the state of civil life is not sufficiently simple and exempted from accident for us to think of using a child to such an uniformity so far as to render it necessary. He ought, without doubt, to be subject to some regulations in this respect, but our chief rule should be to enable him to depart from them, when occasion requires, without endangering his health. Do not enervate your child, therefore, by indulging him in soft and uninterrupted slumbers. Let him enjoy his rest at first without restraint, as the law of nature dictates. But forget not that in society it is frequently necessary to be above that law: he should be used, therefore, as he grows up, to sit up late and rise early, to be waked unexpectedly out of his sleep, and to sit up occasionally all night without inconvenience. By beginning with him early and proceeding gently and gradually we may thus form his constitution to bear those things which might destroy it if already formed.

Translation of CATHERINE H. RUSSELL.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

YOUNG friends, in whatever pursuits you may engage, you must not forget that the lawful objects of human efforts are but means to higher results and nobler ends. Start not forward in life with the idea of becoming mere seekers of pleasure, sportive butterflies searching for gaudy flowers. Consider and act with reference to the true ends of existence. This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of your life touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity; these thoughts and motives within you stir the pulses of a deathless spirit. Act not, then, as mere creatures of this life who for a little while are to walk the valleys and the hills, to enjoy the sunshine and to breathe the air, and then pass away and be no more, but act as immortals with an aim and a purpose worthy of your high nature. Set before you as the chief object to be obtained an end that is superior to any on earth—a desirable end, a perfect end. Labor to accomplish a work which shall survive unchanged and beautiful when time shall have withered the garland of youth, when thrones of power and monuments of art shall have crumbled into ashes; and, finally, aim to achieve something which when these our mutable and perishing voices are hushed for ever shall live amid the songs and triumphs of immortality. E. H. CHAPIN.

THE MADMAN'S SONG.

OH, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howl,
Sounding as from the threat'ning throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl.

As ravens, screech-owls, bulls and bears
We'll bell and bawl our parts
Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears
And corrosived your hearts.

At last, whenas our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blessed,
We'll sing like swans, will welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

JOHN WEBSTER.

FARMER BROWN.

From "Beautiful Snow, and Other Poems."

OLD Farmer Brown, with ruddy face,
Sat stretched before the chimney-place;
He sat and watched the crackling logs,
The purring cat, the dreaming dogs,
That, like himself, were stretched at ease,
Safe sheltered from the chill night-breeze,
And, with the freedom comfort brings,
The farmer thought these selfish things:

"Let foolish people grieve and sigh
At care that does not come anigh;
I'm not so weak to wail at what,
However bad, concerns me not.
My barns are full with golden grain,
My limbs are stout and free from pain,
And out, as far as eye can see,
The well-kept fields belong to me.

"My appetite is always sound
Whene'er the dinner-hour comes round;
And, faith, betwixt the wife and me
There's not much difference, as I see.
She's hearty, merry, stout and fair,
No touch of silver in her hair;
She grows, as years pass swift away,
Much better-looking every day.

"I read of cities lost and won,
Of deeds of bloody valor done,
Of fearful battles fought in vain,
With scores of thousands for the slain,
Of ravaged homes, insulted wives
And children fleeing for their lives.
But why should I repine at these,
When they do not disturb mine ease?

"The blood shed in these fearful fights
Does not disturb my sleep of nights;
The thousands that they choose to slay
Take not my appetite away.
This mug of cider by my side
Does not across my palate glide
Less smoothly when the clash of war
Comes faint and harmless from afar.

"Then why should I repine, who ne'er
Am troubled with a single care?
Stop! let me think! Ah, yes! with one—
My wandering Will, my truant son;
He whom we loved, our darling child,
So handsome, kind, and yet so wild:
A word regretted ere its birth
Sent Will a wanderer o'er the earth.

"If Will were but at home again,
The world might war for me in vain.
A knock! Who's that? Come in?—Ah, Jones!"
The farmer cried, in cheery tones.
"Walk in! Sit down!—Here, wife, a light!—
What brought you out this stormy night?
Why, man, your face is stretched as long
As any tramping beggar's song."

"Ah, Neighbor Brown, it grieves me sore
To enter thus your welcome door.
The news I bear is very sad:
Your son—"—"Good Lord! What of the lad?"—
"Your son was killed at Shiloh fight;
He died while battling for the right.
So, Neighbor Brown, bow to God's will:
He knows best when to save or kill."

Poor Farmer Brown, with starting eyes,
Stood now erect. With mournful cries,
"O Lord," he said, "what have I done,
That thou shouldst take my only son?"
And then a something whispered loud,
"Thou selfish man, whom God endowed,
Take to thy heart this lifelong blow,
And learn to share thy fellow's woe."

J. W. WATSON.

THE WIFE.

I COULD have stemmed misfortune's tide
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride
Nor shed a single tear,
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be alone.

I could—I *think* I could—have brooked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back, and whilst thou dwelt
On earth not been alone.

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away
Unnumbered, slowly, meek,
To meet thy smiles of tenderness
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel I'll be alone;

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer,"—
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much: this heart
Must break when thou art gone.
It must not be; we may not part:
I could not live alone.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES
(Miss Anna P. Shackelford).

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose life doth trample on my days—
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

Oh, holy hope and high humility—
High as the heavens above—
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death—the jewel of the just—
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown,
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life and all
Created glories under thee,
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE VALEDICTION.

VAIN world, what is in thee?
What do poor mortals see
Which should esteemèd be
Worthy their pleasure?

Is it children's book and rod,
The laborer's heavy load,
Poverty undertrod,
The world desireth?
Is it distracting cares,
Or heart-tormenting fears,
Or pining griefs and tears,
Which man requireth?
Or is it youthful rage,
Or childish toying?
Or is decrepit age
Worth man's enjoying?

Is it deceitful wealth
Got by care, fraud or stealth,
Or short, uncertain health,
Which thus befool men?
Or do the serpent's lies
By the world's flatteries
And tempting vanities
Still overrule them?
Or do they in a dream
Sleep out their season?
Or borne down by lust's stream,
Which conquers reason?

The silly lambs to-day
Pleasantly skip and play
Whom butchers mean to slay,
Perhaps to-morrow;
In a more brutish sort
Do careless sinners sport
Or in dead sleep still snort
As near to sorrow,

Till life, not well begun,
Be sadly ended,
And the web they have spun
Can ne'er be mended.

Man walks in a vain show;
They know yet will not know,
Sit still when they should go,
But run for shadows,
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow
And crop the flowers that grow
In Christ's sweet meadows.
Life's better slept away
Than as they use it;
In sin and drunken play
Vain men abuse it.

RICHARD BAXTER.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall and moss and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way:
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way:
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
Oh the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh the changes, oh life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line.
So, I think, God hides some souls away
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

REVENGE OF INJURIES.

THE fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury,
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie;
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find
To yield to worth, it must be nobly done;

But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow?
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power but seld:
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain does this same allow:
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BESIDE the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts of all;
Rich were the sable robes she wore; her white veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung the cross—the cross she loved so well.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom;
I saw that grief had decked it out, an offering for the tomb;
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould.

E'en now I see her far away in that calm convent-aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile;
E'en now I see her bursting forth upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born.
Alas the change! She placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the block, alone,
The little dog that licks her hands the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance and round her footsteps bowed.

Her neck is bared; the blow is struck; the soul is passed away:
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay.
The dog is moaning piteously, and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor.
The blood of beauty, wealth and power, the heart-blood of a queen,
The noblest of the Stuart race, the fairest earth hath seen,
Lapped by a dog! Go think of it in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

THE QUEEN AND THE EMPRESS.

TWO women, highly born, fair, light-hearted and unfortunate, who have had a greater share of popular interest and sympathy, perhaps, than any of their historic sisters, are here brought into involuntary company by their "counterfeit presentments."

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

First in order of time and suffering, and also of historic significance, is that young and beautiful Austrian—the daughter of an heroic and famous mother, Maria Theresa, "king" of Hungary and empress of Austria—born to splendor, and determined, when she entered France, to marry the good but torpid dauphin; to make that kingdom, already renowned for festivity and fashion, the most dazzling of courts and the realization of the poet's dream of a new Arcadia. She half succeeded, and for a time; but she was to present a new illustration of the historic principle that alliances with Austria are unfortunate to France. Race, geographical position, consequent habits, tastes and purposes, make these two nations antithetical and antagonistic, for many centuries; under the banner-cries of Bourbon and Hapsburg, European history has been the history of their contests. But when this lovely creature appeared as the herald of peace and concord, scholars quoted, and the many accepted, the prophecy of Virgil:

"Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna."

Edmund Burke, statesman, orator and man of taste, speaks of her at that early day thus: "There never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision." Alas! even then was direful fate stamped upon her royal brow. As she crossed the frontier of France the toils began to be woven, although as yet there was

"ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace."

Her gay spirits were misinterpreted; light and imprudent conduct was declared criminal; the people turned against her; she was called "Madame Veto" by those who supposed that she influenced the king to negative foolish and impulsive acts of the Assembly. Then she was howled at as "the Austrian" by the old hereditary Gaulish hate against the Teutons. She saw her power slipping away, her privileges encroached upon, her liberty invaded; for weary months of grinding suspense she saw the shadow of the guillotine growing darker and darker athwart her humiliation in the Temple and the Conciergerie, until at last her husband was torn from her arms to die by its knife, and her children taken away, leaving her alone in a nation of infuriated enemies. At last her day came; and when, bound in the tumbril, she was taken to pour out her blood in the Place de Grève, the people, so crowded in the streets that the living mass was wedged in an undulating block, howled as the open car passed along, "*À bas l'Au-*

trichienne! A mort la Veuve Capet! A mort Madame Veto! À mort la tyrannie!" With a cheek unblanched and an eye lighted by the fire of a martyr-spirit she proceeded to the scaffold, and as she was called to bare her throat to the knife she turned toward the Temple, where her children were still imprisoned, and cried out, "Once more farewell, my children! I go to rejoin your father." She was thirty-seven years and eleven months old, and of these she had lived twenty-three years in France.

Everybody has read the sad story; it has been enacted upon the stage with terrible verisimilitude by one of the queens of Tragedy in a manner too realistic to be pleasant. Whether we simply meditate upon it as an individual martyrdom or endeavor to lay out the historic problem with mathematical precision, we find ourselves unable to reach a definite and simple conclusion, the elements are so numerous and complicated; but, aside from the adulation of her friends and the injustice of her enemies, whether she was imprudent or frail, we are confronted with the stern necessity of her fate. She was the victim of "the inexorable logic of events." For centuries the French Revolution had been in preparation and in oscillating motion; sometimes retarded, then quickened in energy, old elements and new, while throwing new light upon the scene, were but constituents of the grand movement. French royalty must go, whether a sixteenth Louis or a St. Louis sat upon the throne. Austrian interference must be destroyed, whether by armies at Vienna or by the guillotine in Paris, and so that poor queen, good or bad, dignified or frivolous, must be trampled in mud and gore, with no power out of Heaven to prevent it; and Heaven works by mysterious measures. The "earth was all too gay for chivalry." "Little did I dream," says Burke again, "that I should have seen such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men—in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. The glory of Europe is extinguished for ever."

JOSEPHINE

The woman who became in her later life empress of France appears to us from her high station virtuous, graceful and gracious. She won all hearts by her generosity and benevolence; she was the queen of the toilet—the arbiter of fashion in all its varieties, from a *robe de chambre* to a court-costume—and seemed destined, until that other and equally fatal Austrian alliance came, to live a happy and honored life and die late and contented in the imperial purple and amid the fancied murmur of the bees that clustered upon Napoleon's robes and canopies. But she too was the sport of the historic storm. Out of the horrors of the French Revolution, induced by oppression and ending in the bloodiest cruelty, destroying monarchy root and branch, and crushing nobility both of soul and of title, sprang the modern Chrysaor of the Golden Sword—born of Medusa after her decapitation by Perseus—Napoleon Bonaparte.

And the story of this Napoleon, "the armed soldier of democracy," is curiously connected with that of the woman he loved and dishonored. History does not, according to Emerson, even in the case of such characters as Napoleon, "easily resolve itself into the biographies of a few famous

men;" but history does owe its mechanical construction to the combination, now and again, of a few great facts based upon eternal principles and forming events. A negress skilled in palmistry had told the fortune of the young Creole lady, Josephine de la Pagerie: she was to sit upon a throne, and in those days, when the foundations of the moral world were shaken, great dramatic metamorphoses might happen, like the tumbling of stage-machinery when a prison is transformed into a palace and the fettered wretch within is transfigured into a monarch bearing a jewelled crown. But in reaching her throne, through what horrid paths of filth and blood she had to tread! She figured in Paris as the frivolous wife and scheming widow of the viscount de Beauharnais, who was hurried to the scaffold, leaving her a son and daughter and abject poverty. She was one of the many favorites of the licentious Barras of the Directory; she was glad to accept the rising general who had saved the Convention and was to render his fame immortal on the fields of Montenotte, Arcola and Rivoli. She came near being repudiated for her conduct while he was absent in Egypt. She rose with him to the dais of the first consul and the throne of the empire. She trembled because the want of an heir threatened a divorce. When the dreaded day did come, as ex-empress, at Malmaison she caught the reverberation of the fickle popular shouts and the thunders of saluting cannon which announced that another woman—a fatal Austrian—had taken her place, and a little later had borne the fated heir to the Napoleonic dynasty. When, in 1814, the allies entered Paris, who can understand her divided sentiments! She was sorry for the fall of the man whom she had always loved and admired, but with the pain there was ineffable joy that her wrongs were avenged, and that the woman who had been mean enough to supplant her had gone back and down—down to a base life in the Austrian dominions, to the ignominy and contumely of history—for ever. Josephine would have joined the emperor at Elba and at St. Helena, while Maria Louisa, never even sending him a message in his exile, was the paramour of her own chamberlain. But in that same year Josephine died; Waterloo came in 1815; after disorders and disasters in France her grandson sat upon the new imperial throne, as if to make amends for her troubles and to perpetuate her memory. The companion of a Titan in a Titanic age, her misfortunes are a passport to lasting historic renown. Had Napoleon been true to her, he would have made no Austrian alliance. Had he even repudiated her and sought an alliance with Russia instead of Austria, Central Europe would have been a vice of iron; the fatal Moscow campaign would not have been undertaken, the empire might not have fallen.

One word in conclusion.

The poor queen, beautiful, young, ardent and aspiring, was borne into France on the swelling tide of the French Revolution. It was a popular torrent; she and the court could not stem it—could not control it. It dashed her at the foot of the guillotine. As she ascended its steps, among the tens of thousands that surged around there was not one friend visible: she was absolutely alone among her enemies.

The charming empress, young and attractive and ambitious, so impressible that she

had early lent herself to the morals of the times, was borne along upon the same tide to destruction. Imprisoned by the Convention, she was among those told off for death, and was saved as if by fire when Robespierre was arraigned and condemned. The tide of blood turned: pure waters swept it away; and when once more it was at the flood, it was gentle and limpid. On its current she was "led on to fortune," and at last, when, in 1809, she found herself a monarch without a throne, it was no fall, but a gentle decline surrounded with friendship and tributes of honor.

The conduct of men and women has much to do with the shaping of events, but, once shaped, they are beyond human control and entirely in the hands of the Divinity with whom man cannot contend and hope to conquer.

THE BELIEF OF MANKIND IN THE MORAL ORDER OF THE WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN.

THE noblest nations have ever believed in an immutable moral order of the world constituted by divine wisdom and regulating the destinies of mankind, and their wisest men have ever expressed their conviction of the reality of this faith—in different terms, but with marvellous harmony as to the substance. If this general view of human destinies be right, if the universal faith of humanity and the holiest aspirations of philosophy be not delusive, to draw the picture of an age is to write a chapter of the universal history of mankind; and what is this but to recompose a canto of that most sacred epic or dramatic poem of which God is the poet, humanity the hero and the historian the prophetical interpreter? Christianity has diffused over the world the idea of the unity of the human race, once the solitary belief of the Jews. The historical philosopher, starting from this idea, has been enabled to view the development of mankind in this light of Christianity; the noblest minds of all Christian nations have recognized a visible and traceable progress of the human race toward truth, justice and intelligence.

There is a moral order of the world, and there is a progress. These two articles of faith, modified by national and confessional differences, may be considered as forming the basis of all the inward, real and efficacious religious feeling and conviction which exist in the thinking and cultivated minds of the Christian world.

The truly philosophical historian will believe that there is an eternal order in the government of the world to which all might and power are to become, and do become, subservient; that truth, justice, wisdom and moderation are sure to triumph; and that where, in the history of individual life, the contrary appears to be the case, the fault lies in our mistaking the middle for the end. But there scarcely can be any doubt of this truth in the history of nations. There must be a solution for every complication as certainly as a dissonance cannot form the conclusion of a musical composition. In other words, the philosopher who will understand and interpret history must really believe that God governs the world.

Translation ANONYMOUS.

A SUNNY NOON.

WHO has not dreamed a world of bliss
On a bright sunny noon like this,
Couched by his native brook's green maze
With comrade of his boyish days,
While all around them seemed to be
Just as in joyous infancy?
Who has not loved at such an hour
Upon that heath, in birchen bower,
Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood,
Its wild and sunny solitude,
While o'er the waste of purple ling
You marked a sultry glimmering?
Silence herself there seems to sleep,
Wrapped in a slumber long and deep,
Where slowly stray those lonely sheep
Through the tall foxglove's crimson bloom
And gleaming of the scattered broom.
Love you not then to list and hear
The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,
Pouring an orange-scented tide
Of fragrance o'er the desert wide;
To hear the buzzard whimpering shrill
Hovering above you high and still;
The twittering of the bird that dwells
Amongst the heath's delicious bells,
While round your bed, o'er fern and blade,
Insects in green and gold arrayed—
The sun's gay tribes—have lightly strayed,
And sweeter sound their humming wings
Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings?

WILLIAM HOWITT.

BEAUTY.

'TIS much immortal beauty to admire,
But more immortal beauty to withstand:
The perfect soul can overcome desire
If beauty with divine delight be scanned.
For what is beauty but the blooming child
Of fair Olympus, that in night must end,
And be for ever from that bliss exiled,
If admiration stand too much its friend?
The wind may be enamored of a flower,
The ocean of the green and laughing shore,
The silver lightning of a lofty tower,
But must not with too near a love adore,
Or flower and margin and cloud-capped tower
Love and delight shall with delight devour.

LORD EDWARD THURLOW.

TWO PICTURES.

AN old farmhouse with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din
A man who round the world has been,
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS

JUNIUS.

UNIUS is the signature of an unknown writer who, after exciting and baffling the curiosity of three or four generations of critics, has been allowed to take rank amongst English classics under a pseudonym. The first of the published letters with this signature was dated January 21, 1769; the last, January 21, 1772. The entire series appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, a popular newspaper edited by Woodfall, to whom a number of private letters were also addressed by the same writer.

The first of the letters was a sweeping attack on the government for the time being. Its spirit may be judged from the concluding sentence: "They (posterity) will not believe it possible that their ancestors could have survived or recovered from so desperate a condition while a duke of Grafton was prime minister, a Lord North chancellor of the exchequer, a Weymouth and a Hillsborough secretaries of state, a Granby commander-in-chief, and a Mansfield chief criminal judge of the kingdom." He does not condescend to particulars, and the letter might have passed unnoticed if Sir William Draper, a man of considerable note, had not undertaken the defence of Lord Granby in answer to it. A bitter controversy ensued, which rapidly degenerated into an exchange of personalities, much to the disadvantage of Sir William. Then came letters to the duke of Grafton, the prime minister, directed more against his private character and conduct than his policy, the main charge against His Grace being his abandonment of Wilkes, whom Junius treats throughout the letters as the champion of the constitution, to be supported against the ministry and the Crown. He takes Blackstone, the author of the *Commentaries*, severely to task for justifying the expulsion of Wilkes, whose cause he also espouses in an altercation with Horne Tooke, and he omits no opportunity of denouncing Luttrell, the elect of Middlesex. The address to the king, the most celebrated of Junius's compositions, after recapitulating the familiar charges of personal pique and favoritism, calls upon His Majesty to summon his whole council without consulting his minister: "Lay aside the wretched formality of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived." Many of the letters turn on topics which have no longer the slightest interest. One of his happiest figures of speech is in the letter on the affair of the Falkland Islands: "Private credit is wealth; public honor is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth."

The sensation Junius created in the political world may be inferred from the manner

in which the leading orators and statesmen of the day spoke of him. "How comes this Junius," exclaimed Burke, addressing the Speaker, "to have broke through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me or you. No, sir; they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest who has broke through all their toils is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I read his attack upon the king, I own my blood ran cold. Nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow, but he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, lords and commons are but the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this House, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness and integrity? He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his pointed penetration and activity." Lord North spoke in the same strain: "Why should we wonder that the great boar of the wood, this mighty Junius, has broke through the toils and foiled the hunters? Though there may be at present no spear that will reach him, yet he may be some time or other caught."

What added signally to his influence was the general belief of his contemporaries that he was a man of rank and position familiar with what was passing behind the scenes in high places, and this belief arose not simply from the intimate knowledge he showed of things and persons about the court and the principal departments of the state, but from the lofty and independent tone that was habitual and seemed natural to him—as when he tells Sir William Draper, "I should have hoped that even my name might carry some authority with it if I had not seen how very little weight or consideration a printed paper receives even from the respectable signature of Sir William Draper;" or when in private letters to the publisher, after waiving all right to the profits of the publication, he says: "As for myself, be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views. You, I think, sir, may be satisfied that my rank and fortune place me above a common bribe."

In the preface to the second volume of Bohn's edition of 1855 no less than thirty-seven persons are enumerated to whom the authorship has been attributed. Contemporary opinion strongly inclined to Burke, whose power of assuming or disguising style is proved by his *Vindication of Natural Society;* and, as his biographer Prior pointedly remarks, "contemporary opinion, as formed from a variety of minor circumstances which do not come within the knowledge of future inquirers, is perhaps, on such occasions, the truest." Dr. Johnson, who had entered the lists against Junius, told Boswell: "I should have believed Burke to be Junius, because I know no man but Burke who is capable of writing these letters; but Burke spontaneously denied it to me." Burke told Reynolds that he knew Junius, and uniformly spoke of him as he would hardly have spoken of himself. A very strong case was made out for Lord

George Sackville, on whom, after Burke's denial, Sir William Draper's suspicions permanently fixed. Fox used to say that, although he would not take Singlespeech Hamilton against the field, he would back him against any single horse. Boyd is another candidate who did not lack supporters. A plausible claim was advanced for the American general Lee, backed by three experts who pretended to detect him by the handwriting. A famous expert, Imbert, gave a written certificate on the same ground in favor of Horne Tooke.

Other experts declared confidently for other claimants, but the identity remained an open question, and case after case was pronounced not proven, till the appearance of Mr. Taylor's *Junius Identified* in 1816, when Sir Philip Francis immediately became the favorite, and during the next half century the problem was pretty generally considered at an end. Prior to the publication Mr. Taylor called on Sir Philip to intimate what was intended, and came away with the impression that he was rather pleased than displeased with the intimation. In fact, he had been already playing Junius, and he continued playing the part till his death, in 1818. "His first gift," writes his second wife, whom he married in 1814, two years before *Junius Identified*, "was an edition of Junius, which he bade me take to my room and not let it be seen or speak upon the subject, and his posthumous present, which his son found in his bureau, was *Junius Identified*, sealed up and directed to me." The real Junius might have bequeathed a much more conclusive legacy. He writes to Woodfall, December 17, 1771: "When the book is finished, let me have a sett (*sic*) bound in vellum, gilt, and lettered 'Junius I. II.' as handsomely as you can. The edges gilt, let the sheets be well dried before binding. I must also have two setts in blue paper covers. This is all the fee I shall ever require of you." These were duly sent, and it would have been something to the purpose had Francis bequeathed one of them to his wife. Neither of them has turned up. The surviving son (by the first wife) likewise claimed the authorship for the father as a source of pride to the family, so that no evidence in their possession would have been kept back.

Pitt told Lord Aberdeen (the fourth earl) that he knew who Junius was, and that it was not Francis. On its being objected that the Franciscan theory had not been started till after Pitt's death, Lord Aberdeen replied, That's stuff!" and proceeded to relate that he himself had once dined in company with Francis when proofs of his being Junius were adduced before him, that he had listened with evident pleasure, and at last exclaimed in a stilted theatrical manner, "God! if men force laurels on my head, I'll wear them." His immediate contemporaries remained unconvinced. Sir Fortunatus Dwarris states broadly that no one who knew, heard or read Francis thought him capable of producing Junius. Lord Broughton confirmed this. Tierney said: "I know no better reason for believing the fellow to be Junius than that he was always confoundedly proud of something, and no one could ever guess what it could be."

Lord Stanhope, however, would admit no shadow of doubt upon the point, and Lord Macaulay declared that all reasoning from circumstantial evidence was at an end unless

Francis were admitted to be Junius. Both these eminent authorities agree in resting their case on similarity of handwriting, on the internal evidence of style, and on five points which are summarily stated by Lord Macaulay in his essay on Warren Hastings. As regards similarity of handwriting, there is one plain test on which experts are agreed —namely, that "it is impossible for a man, in order to disguise his writing, to write better than he does habitually;" and the best penmanship of Junius is incomparably superior in fineness, delicacy and grace to the best of Francis, who wrote a large, coarse, clerk-like hand. As regards style, the specimens culled from Francis's speeches and writings prove no more than that he, an assiduous imitator of Junius, succeeded occasionally in catching the mannerism, without any one of the distinctive merits, of his model. Lord Macaulay, not denying the inferiority, endeavors to weaken the argument drawn from it by remarking that it may be urged with at least equal force against every claimant that has ever been mentioned, with the single exception of Burke. "And what conclusion," he asks, "after all, can be drawn from mere inferiority? Every writer must produce his best work, and the interval between his best and his second-best work may be very wide indeed." This undeniable truth might have been urged with equal force by any pretender to a disputed authorship—for example, by Theophilus Smith, the dean's cousin, when he claimed the authorship of the *Tale of a Tub.*

The authorship of the letters remains a mystery, and *Stat Nominis Umbra* is still the befitting motto for the title-page.

A. HAYWARD.

JUNIUS'S CELEBRATED LETTER TO KING GEORGE III.

To the Printer of the *Public Advertiser*, 19th December, 1769:

SIR: When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered —when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance—the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed, that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted, that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affection to his king and country, and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect:

Sir, it is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth till you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws—"that the king can do no wrong"—is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether Your Majesty's condition or that of the English nation would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth by removing every painful offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, would distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared (and, I doubt not, a sincere) resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle, but passion. It was not a cold confession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant—that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties—from ministers, favorites and relations—and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman, believe me, sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their

affection for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their newborn zeal and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favor. To honor them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects—who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it, upon the throne—is a mistake too gross for even the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered—not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the Crown, but it is not in this country, sir, that such men can be dishonored by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced.

Without entering into a minuter discussion of the merits of the peace, we may observe, in the imprudent hurry with which the first overtures from France were accepted, in the conduct of the negotiations and terms of the treaty, the strongest marks of that precipitate spirit of concession with which a certain part of your subjects have been at all times ready to purchase a peace with the natural enemies of this country. On your part we are satisfied that everything was honorable and sincere; and if England was sold to France, we doubt not that Your Majesty was equally betrayed. The conditions of the peace were matter of grief and surprise to your subjects, but not the immediate cause of their present discontent.

Hitherto, sir, you had been sacrificed to the prejudices and passions of others. With what firmness will you bear the mention of your own?

A man not very honorably distinguished in the world commences a formal attack upon your favorite, considering nothing but how he might best expose his person and principles to detestation and the national character of his countrymen to contempt. The natives of that country, sir, are as much distinguished by a peculiar character as by Your Majesty's favor. Like another chosen people, they have been conducted into the land of plenty, where they find themselves effectually marked and divided from mankind. There is hardly a period at which the most irregular character may not be redeemed, the mistakes of one sex find a retreat in patriotism; those of the other, in devotion. Mr. Wilkes brought with him into politics the same liberal sentiments by which his private conduct had been directed, and seemed to think that, as there are few excesses in which an English gentleman may not be permitted to indulge, the same latitude was allowed him in the choice of his political principles and in the spirit of maintaining them. I mean to state, not entirely to defend, his conduct. In the earnestness of his zeal he suffered some unwarrantable

insinuations to escape him. He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honor of Your Majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation collected upon him served only to illumine, and could not consume. Animated by the favor of the people on one side and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition; the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others we convince ourselves; the passions are engaged and create a maternal affection in the mind which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer. Is this a contention worthy of a king? Are you not sensible how much the meanness of the cause gives an air of ridicule to the serious difficulties into which you have been betrayed? The destruction of one man has been now for many years the sole object of your government; and if there can be anything still more disgraceful, we have seen for such an object the utmost influence of the executive power and every ministerial artifice exerted without success. Nor can you ever succeed unless he should be imprudent enough to forfeit the protection of those laws to which you owe your crown, or unless your ministers should persuade you to make it a question of force alone and try the whole strength of government in opposition to the people. The lesson he has received from experience will probably guard him from such excess of folly, and in Your Majesty's virtues we find an unquestionable assurance that no illegal violence will be attempted.

Far from suspecting you of so horrible a design, we would attribute the continued violation of the laws, and even this last enormous attack upon the vital principles of the constitution, to an ill-advised, unworthy personal resentment. From one false step you have been betrayed into another, and, as the cause was unworthy of you, your ministers were determined that the prudence of the execution should correspond with the wisdom and dignity of the design. They have reduced you to the necessity of choosing out of a variety of difficulties—to a situation so unhappy that you can neither do wrong without ruin nor right without affliction. These worthy servants have undoubtedly given you many singular proofs of their abilities. Not contented with making Mr. Wilkes a man of importance, they have judiciously transferred the question from the rights and interests of one man to the most important rights and interests of the people, and forced your subjects, from wishing well to the cause of an individual, to unite with him in their own. Let them proceed as they have begun, and Your Majesty need not doubt that the catastrophe will do no dishonor to the conduct of the piece.

The circumstances to which you are reduced will not admit of a compromise with the English nation. Undecisive qualifying measures will disgrace your government still more than open violence, and without satisfying the people will excite their contempt. They have too much understanding and spirit to accept of an indirect satisfaction for a direct injury. Nothing less than an appeal as formal as the resolution itself can heal the wound which has been given to the constitution, nor will anything less be accepted. I can readily

believe that there is an influence sufficient to recall that pernicious vote. The House of Commons undoubtedly consider their duty to the Crown as paramount to all other obligations. To *us* they are indebted for only an accidental existence, and have justly transferred their gratitude from their parents to their benefactors; from those who gave them birth to the minister from whose benevolence they derive the comforts and pleasures of their political life, who has taken the tenderest care of their infancy and relieves their necessities without offending their delicacy. But if it were possible for their integrity to be degraded to a condition so vile and abject that, compared with it, the present estimation they stand in is a state of honor and respect, consider, sir, in what manner you will afterward proceed. Can you conceive that the people of this country will long submit to be governed by so flexible a House of Commons? It is not in the nature of human society that any form of government in such circumstances can long be preserved. In ours the general contempt of the people is as fatal as their detestation. Such, I am persuaded, would be the necessary effect of any base concession made by the present House of Commons; and, as a qualifying measure would not be accepted, it remains for you to decide whether you will, at any hazard, support a set of men who have reduced you to this unhappy dilemma, or whether you will gratify the united wishes of the whole people of England by dissolving the Parliament.

Taking it for granted, as I do very sincerely, that you have personally no design against the constitution nor any view inconsistent with the good of your subjects, I think you cannot hesitate long upon the choice which it equally concerns your interest and your honor to adopt. On one side you hazard the affections of all your English subjects, you relinquish every hope of repose to yourself and you endanger the establishment of your family for ever. All this you venture for no object whatever, or for such an object as it would be an affront to you to name. Men of sense will examine your conduct with suspicion, while those who are incapable of comprehending to what degree they are injured afflict you with clamors equally insolent and unmeaning. Supposing it possible that no fatal struggle should ensue, you determine at once to be unhappy without the hope of a compensation either from interest or ambition. If an English king be hated or despised, he must be unhappy; and this, perhaps, is the only political truth which he ought to be convinced of without experiment. But if the English people should no longer confine their resentment to a submissive representation of their wrongs—if, following the glorious example of their ancestors, they should no longer appeal to the creature of the constitution, but to that high Being who gave them the rights of humanity, whose gifts it were sacrilege to surrender—let me ask you, sir, upon what part of your subjects would you rely for assistance?

The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return, they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable governor you have sent them, because he is the creature of Lord Bute; nor is it from any natural confusion in their ideas that they are so ready to confound the

original of a king with the disgraceful representation of him.

The distance of the colonies would make it impossible for them to take an active concern in your affairs even if they were as well affected to your government as they once pretended to be to your person. They were ready enough to distinguish between you and your ministers. They complained of an act of the legislature, but traced the origin of it no higher than to the servants of the Crown; they pleased themselves with the hope that their sovereign, if not favorable to their cause, at least was impartial. The decisive personal part you took against them has effectually banished that first distinction from their minds. They consider you as united with your servants against America, and know how to distinguish the sovereign and a venal Parliament on one side from the real sentiments of the English people on the other. Looking forward to independence, they might possibly receive you for their king; but if ever you retire to America, be assured they will give you such a covenant to digest as the Presbytery of Scotland would have been ashamed to offer to Charles II. They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert. Divided as they are into a thousand forms of polity and religion, there is one point in which they all agree: they equally detest the pageantry of a king and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop.

It is not, then, from the alienated affections of Ireland or America that you can reasonably look for assistance; still less from the people of England, who are actually contending for their rights, and in this great question are parties against you. You are not, however, destitute of every appearance of support; you have all the Jacobites, non-jurors, Roman Catholics and Tories of this country, and all Scotland, without exception. Considering from what family you are descended, the choice of your friends has been singularly directed; and truly, sir, if you had not lost the Whig interest of England, I should admire your dexterity in turning the hearts of your enemies. Is it possible for you to place any confidence in men who, before they are faithful to you, must renounce every opinion and betray every principle, both in Church and State, which they inherit from their ancestors and are confirmed in by their education, whose numbers are so inconsiderable that they have long since been obliged to give up the principles and language which distinguish them as a party, and to fight under the banners of their enemies? Their zeal begins with hypocrisy, and must conclude in treachery. At first they deceive; at last they betray.

As to the Scotch, I must suppose your heart and understanding so biased from your earliest infancy in their favor that nothing less than your own misfortunes can undeceive you. You will not accept of the uniform experience of your ancestors; and when once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith. A bigoted understanding can draw a proof of attachment to the House of Hanover from a notorious zeal for the house of Stuart, and find an earnest of future loyalty in former rebellions. Appearances are, however, in their favor—so strongly, indeed, that one would think they had forgotten that you are their

lawful king and had mistaken you for a pretender to the Crown. Let it be admitted, then, that the Scotch are as sincere in their present professions as if you were in reality not an Englishman, but a Briton of the North; you would not be the first prince of their native country against whom they have rebelled, nor the first whom they have basely betrayed. Have you forgotten, sir, or has your favorite concealed from you, that part of our history when the unhappy Charles (and he, too, had private virtues) fled from the open avowed indignation of his English subjects and surrendered himself at discretion to the good faith of his own countrymen? Without looking for support in their affections as subjects, he applied only to their honor as gentlemen for protection. They received him, as they would Your Majesty, with bows and smiles and falsehood, and kept him till they had settled their bargain with the English Parliament, then basely sold their native king to the vengeance of his enemies. This, sir, was not the act of a few traitors, but the deliberate treachery of a Scotch Parliament representing the nation. A wise prince might draw from it two lessons of equal utility to himself: on one side he might learn to dread the undisguised resentment of a generous people who dare openly assert their rights, and who in a just cause are ready to meet their sovereign in the field; on the other side he would be taught to apprehend something far more formidable—a fawning treachery against which no prudence can guard, no courage can defend. The insidious smile upon the cheek would warn him of the canker in the heart.

From the uses to which one part of the army has been too frequently applied, you have some reason to expect that there are no services they would refuse. Here, too, we trace the partiality of your understanding. You take the sense of the army from the conduct of the Guards with the same justice with which you collect the sense of the people from the representations of the ministry. Your marching regiments, sir, will not make the Guards their example either as soldiers or subjects. They feel and resent, as they ought to do, that invariable, undistinguishing favor with which the Guards are treated, while those gallant troops by whom every hazardous, every laborious service is performed are left to perish in garrisons abroad or pine in quarters at home neglected and forgotten. If they had no sense of the great original duty they owe their country, their resentment would operate like patriotism and leave your cause to be defended by those on whom you have lavished the rewards and honors of their profession. The Prætorian bands, enervated and debauched as they were, had still strength enough to awe the Roman populace; but when the distant legions took the alarm, they marched to Rome and gave away the empire.

On this side, then, whichever way you turn your eyes, you see nothing but perplexity and distress. You may determine to support the very ministry who have reduced your affairs to this deplorable situation; you may shelter yourself under the forms of a Parliament and set your people at defiance; but be assured, sir, that such a resolution would be as imprudent as it would be odious. If it did not immediately shake your establishment, it would rob you of your peace of mind for ever.

On the other, how different is the prospect! how easy, how safe and honorable, is the path before you! The English nation declare they are grossly injured by their representatives, and solicit Your Majesty to exert your lawful prerogative and give them an opportunity of recalling a trust which they find has been scandalously abused. You are not to be told that the power of the House of Commons is not original, but delegated to them for the welfare of the people from whom they received it. A question of right arises between the constituent and the representative body. By what authority shall it be decided? Will Your Majesty interfere in a question in which you have properly no immediate concern? It would be a step equally odious and unnecessary. Shall the Lords be called upon to determine the rights and privileges of the Commons? They cannot do it without a flagrant breach of the constitution. Or will you refer it to the judges? They have often told your ancestors that the law of Parliament is above them. What party, then, remains but to leave it to the people to determine for themselves? They alone are injured, and, since there is no superior power to which the cause can be referred, they alone ought to determine.

I do not mean to perplex you with a tedious argument upon a subject already so discussed that inspiration could hardly throw a new light upon it. There are, however, two points of view in which it particularly imports Your Majesty to consider the late proceedings of the House of Commons. By depriving a subject of his birthright they have attributed to their own vote an authority equal to an act of the whole legislature, and though, perhaps, not with the same motives, have strictly followed the example of the Long Parliament, which first declared the regal office useless, and soon after, with as little ceremony, dissolved the House of Lords. The same pretended power which robs an English subject of his birthright may rob an English king of his crown. In another view, the resolution of the House of Commons, apparently not so dangerous to Your Majesty, is still more alarming to your people. Not contented with divesting one man of his right, they have arbitrarily conveyed that right to another. They have set aside a return as illegal without daring to censure those officers who were particularly apprised of Mr. Wilkes's incapacity (not only by the declaration of the House, but expressly by the writ directed to them), and who nevertheless returned him as duly elected. They have rejected the majority of votes, the only criterion by which our laws judge of the sense of the people; they have transferred the right of election from the collective to the representative body; and by these acts, taken separately or together, they have essentially altered the original constitution of the House of Commons. Versed as Your Majesty undoubtedly is in the English history, it cannot easily escape you how much it is your interest, as well as your duty, to prevent one of the three estates from encroaching upon the province of the other two or assuming the authority of them all. When once they have departed from the great constitutional line by which all their proceedings should be directed, who will answer for their future moderation? or what assurance will they give you that when they

have trampled upon their equals they will submit to a superior? Your Majesty may learn hereafter how nearly the slave and the tyrant are allied.

Some of your council, more candid than the rest, admit the abandoned profligacy of the present House of Commons, but oppose their dissolution upon an opinion (I confess not very unwarrantable) that their successors would be equally at the disposal of the Treasury. I cannot persuade myself that the nation will have profited so little by experience. But if that opinion were well founded, you might then gratify our wishes at an easy rate, and appease the present clamor against your government without offering any material injury to the favorite cause of corruption.

You have still an honorable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But before you subdue their hearts you must gain a noble victory over your own. Discard those little personal resentments which have too long directed your public conduct. Pardon this man* the remainder of his punishment; and if resentment still prevails, make it (what it should have been long since) an act, not of mercy, but of contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station—a silent senator and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, neglected and unremoved; it is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people; lay aside the wretched formalities of a king and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived: the acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honor to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government, that you will give your confidence to no man that does not possess the confidence of your subjects, and leave it to themselves to determine by their conduct at a future election whether or not it be in reality the general sense of the nation that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affection by the vehemence of their expressions; and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king forbade you to have a friend; it is a law of nature which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

* Mr. Wilkes, who was then under confinement in the king's bench on a sentence of a fine of a thousand pounds and twenty-two months' imprisonment (from the 18th of June, 1763) for the publication of the *North Briton*, No. 45, and the *Essay on Woman*.

The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational, fit for Englishmen to adopt and well worthy of Your Majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example, and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

JUNIUS.

SORROW FOR THE DEPARTED.

FROM "DUST."*

WHEN a man is dying or just dead, it often seems to those interested in the matter that he is taken off prematurely, that he leaves his life incomplete, that his usefulness was not at an end, that he and those who were bound to him would have been the better had he survived. Death seems like a violence, a robbery, a wrong, and all the more wrongful a robbery because we are powerless to resist it or to punish it. The mother who mourns her infant, the lover who looks on the dead face of his mistress, the child who feels a dim horror at the unresponsive coldness of the hand whose every touch was love, the friend who sees the horizon of his own life darken and his pathway narrow at the grave of his friend,—to these it seems that an injury has been inflicted upon them the traces of which no compensation can remove.

And yet, as the mind moves forward through the succession of moods and events that is called time, how speedily this wound of loss is healed! Not those who nurse their grief the longest are always the ones who loved most generously and whole-heartedly. Often there is more love of self than love of the departed in those who refuse to be comforted. By and by, as we journey on along the road of mortal existence, meeting at every step fresh scenery and new thoughts and demands for action, and knowing that for us there is no retreating, no pausing even—only, at most, a profitless glance backward at scenes and occurrences whose sole reality now is in the growth or decay which they have wrought in our own souls,—by and by we begin to discover that the dead have not been left behind; that in such measure as we truly loved them, in that measure are they with us still, walking hand in hand with us, or shining as guides of our forecasting thoughts and strengthening our hearts in dreams and secret musings. Death, which seemed so arbitrary and reckless, is vindicated by our wiser and calmer judgment. The mortal life that seemed cut short is seen to have lasted out its fitting span; more years would have been more evil and less good, more weariness and less use. Suddenness is predicable only of material things; in the processes and passions of the spirit there is at all times just proportion and equable movement. It is outside the domain of accidents and violence.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

* Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

THE MOORISH SULTANA'S LAMENT.

The battle of Lucena, between the Moors and the Spaniards, was fought on the 21st of April, 1483. The army of the Moors were almost annihilated, their king, Boabdil el Chico, made prisoner, and their brave old commander, Ali Atar, was killed; his body fell into the river Xenil and was never afterwards found. When Cidi Caleb—the solitary horseman who brought the sad news to Granada—reached the Gate of Justice of the palace of Alhambra and delivered his tidings, the Sultana Morayma uttered her plaintive lament for her brave father Ali Atar and her husband Boabdil. "She shut herself up in her mirador and gazed with streaming eyes upon the vega. Every object recalled the causes of her affliction. The river Xenil, which ran shining amidst groves and gardens, was the same on whose banks had perished her father, Ali Atar; before her lay the road to Loxa, by which Boabdil had departed in martial state, surrounded by the chivalry of Granada."

The royal minstrels were called to comfort her, but so dejected were they that they joined in her sad strain.

LAMENT OF SULTANA MORAYMA.

From the Arabic.

Alas! my father! the river runs smiling before me that covers thy mangled remains; who will gather them to an honored tomb, in the land of the unbeliever? And thou, O Boabdil, light of my eyes! joy of my heart! life of my life! woe the day, and woe the hour, that I saw thee depart from these walls. The road by which thou hast departed is solitary; never will it be gladdened by thy return! the mountain thou hast traversed lies like a cloud in the distance, and all beyond is darkness.

THE ROYAL MINSTRELS' SONG.

Beautiful Granada! how is thy glory faded! The flower of thy chivalry lies low in the land of the stranger; no longer does the Vivarrambla echo to the tramp of steed and sound of trumpet; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, gloriously arrayed for the tilt and tourney. Beautiful Granada! the soft note of the lute no longer floats through thy moonlit streets; the serenade is no more heard beneath thy balconies; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills; the graceful dance of the Zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers! Beautiful Granada! why is the Alhambra so lorn and desolate? The orange and myrtle still breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; the nightingale still sings within its groves; its marble halls are still refreshed with the plash of fountains and the gush of limpid rills. Alas! alas! the countenance of the king no longer shines within those halls. The light of the Alhambra is set for ever!

MUSA BEN ABEL GAZAN.

This patriot of the Moors distinguished himself in defense of Granada during its siege by the Spaniards under Ferdinand. When the city capitulated in 1492, after a siege of eleven years, he alone refused to submit, and left Granada the same day. An historian says that he was never afterward heard of, but another authority states that he met outside of the city three Spanish knights with whom he fought desperately until he was killed.

When Musa heard that Ferdinand demanded the complete surrender of the city with all the arms in possession of the citizens, "his eye flashed fire" and he replied in the following language:

MUSA'S REPLY TO FERDINAND'S DEMAND.

From the Arabic of Musa Ben Abel Gazan.

Does the Christian king think that we are old men and that staffs will suffice us? —or that we are women and can be contented with distaffs? Let him know that a Moor is born to the spear and the cimetar; to career, bend the bow, and launch the javelin; deprive him of these, and you deprive him of his nature; if the Christian king desires our arms, let him come and win them.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

but let him win them dearly; for my part, sweeter were a grave beneath the walls of Granada, on the spot I had died to defend, than the richest couch within her palace earned by submission to the unbeliever.

MUSA'S LAST SPEECH ON THE PROPOSITION TO SURRENDER.

Leave, my lords, this idle lamentation to helpless women and children; we are men —we have hearts, not to shed tender tears, but drops of blood. I see the spirit of the people so cast down that it is impossible to save the kingdom, yet there still remains an alternative for noble minds—a glorious death. Let us die defending our liberty and avenging the woes of Granada. Our mother earth will receive her children into her bosom, safe from the chains and oppressions of the conqueror; or should any fail a sepulchre to hide his remains, he will not want a sky to cover him. Allah forbid it should be said the nobles of Granada feared to die in her defence.

Do not deceive yourselves, nor think the Christians will be faithful to their promises, or their king as magnanimous in conquest as he has been victorious in war. Death is the least we have to fear. It is the plundering and sacking of our city, the profanation of our mosques, the ruin of our homes, the violation of our wives and daughters, cruel oppression, bigoted intolerance, whips and chains, the dungeon, the fagot, and the stake —such are the miseries and indignities we shall see and suffer; at least, those groveling souls will see and suffer them who now shrink from an honorable death. For my part, by Allah, I will never witness them!

Translation of WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE QUEEN'S ADDRESS.

FROM THE CASTILIAN OF ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

Alhama, which was a rich, populous and strongly fortified town in the centre of the Moorish kingdom of Granada, was captured by the Spaniards by surprise. The general opinion at a council held by Ferdinand was that it should be demolished, because it would require too large an army and cost too much money to defend it. Isabella, however, differed from the rest of the council, and the heroic words of this spirited woman and Christian queen "infused a more lofty and chivalrous spirit into the royal council. Preparations were made to maintain Alhama at all risks and expense."

WHAT! destroy the first fruits of our victories? Abandon the first place we have wrested from the Moors? Never let us suffer such an idea to occupy our minds. It would argue fear or feebleness, and give new courage to the enemy. You talk of the toil and expense of maintaining Alhama. Did we doubt, on undertaking this war, that it was to be one of infinite cost, labor, and bloodshed? And shall we shrink from the cost the moment a victory is obtained, and the question is merely to guard or abandon its glorious trophy? Let us hear no more about the destruction of Alhama; let us maintain its walls sacred, as a stronghold granted us by Heaven in the centre of this hostile land; and let our only consideration be how to extend our conquest and capture the surrounding cities.

SULTAN MULEY ABUL HASSAN'S REPLY TO FERDINAND'S DEMAND FOR TRIBUTE.

TELL your sovereigns, that the kings of Granada, who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown, are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of scimetars and heads of lances.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dewdrops on her holy altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate
With numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir, the winds and waves; its organ, thunder;
Its dome, the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe and blush without a crime,"
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages, what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories, angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
A second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines.

HORACE SMITH.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

GO, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand!
Fear not to touch the best:
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go tell the court it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Go tell the Church it shows
What's good, and doth no good.
If Church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most
They beg for more by spending
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honor how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favor how it falters;
And as they shall reply
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle-points of niceness,
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness;
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pity;
Tell, virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet, stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

ALPINE HEIGHTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

ON Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow;
There the bold chamois go;
On giddy crags they stand
And drink from his own hand.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
The sheep and wild goats go;
There, in the solitude,
He fills their hearts with food.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd;
His Shepherd is the Lord,
For He who feeds the sheep
Will sure his offspring keep.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees and hardly known to Fame,
There dwells in lowly shed and mean attire
A matron old whom we Schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair or task unconned are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew
But their limbs shuddered and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked they found their horror grew
And shaped it into rods and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast.
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day.
The noises intermixed which thence resound
Do Learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield,
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the harebell that adorns the field,
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust and sad repentance filled,
And stedfast hate and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenned, in semblance meet portrayed,
The childish faces of old Eol's train—
Libs, Notus, Auster; these in frowns arrayed,
How then would fare or Earth or Sky or Main
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deemed the cell
Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han covered o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom—erst so dearly won—
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps, enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
Oh, vain to seek delight in earthly thing,
But most in courts where proud Ambition towers;
Deluded wight who weens fair Peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market-town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen pence,
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard—
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose;
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors shave;
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good-fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub
Just like a hedger cutting furze;

'Twas a vile razor! Then the rest he tried:
All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sighed;
"I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard and bring the graces
He cut and dug and winced and stamped and swore,
Brought blood and danced, blasphemed and made wry faces,
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it, laughing at the steel and suds.
Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
"Razors! A mean, confounded dog!
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun:
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun
That people flay themselves out of their lives.
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing
With razors just like oyster-knives.
Sirrah, I tell you you're a knave
To cry up razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave:
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my life, I never thought
That they would shave."—
"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries.—
"Made," quoth the fellow, with a smile, "to sell."

DR. WOLCOTT.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA.*

LAST night, among his fellow-roughs,
He jested, quaffed and swore—
A drunken private of the Buffs
Who never looked before;
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or axe or flame.
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

* "Some Seiks and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next day they were brought before the authorities and ordered to perform *kotou*. The Seiks obeyed, but Moyse, the English soldier, declared he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, and was immediately knocked upon the head and his body thrown upon a dunghill."—*China Correspondent of the "London Times."*

Far Kentish hopfields round him seemed
  Like dreams to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
  One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
  In gray soft eddyings hung:
Must he, then, watch it rise no more,
  Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls! With strength like steel
  He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel:
  An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
  With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
  To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
  Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
  The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring—
  A man of mean estate
Who died as firm as Sparta's king
  Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man with hoary hairs,
  Wrinkled and curved with worldly cares.
"Time is the warp of life," said he; oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well."
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote and warriors who bled.
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed:
"Time sowed the seed, we reap in this abode."
I asked a dying sinner ere the tide
Of life had left his veins. "'Time'!" he replied;
"I've lost it. Ah, the treasure!" and he died.
I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years.
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
And bade me for eternity prepare.
I asked the seasons in their annual round
Which beautify or desolate the ground,
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"'Tis Folly's blank and Wisdom's highest prize."
I asked a spirit lost; but oh the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.
It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"
Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply.
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory or the path of hell."
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour: the past has fled.
Live! live to-day! To-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."
I asked old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
I asked the mighty angel who shall stand
One foot on sea and one on solid land.
"Mortal," he cried, "the mystery now is o'er:
Time was, time is, but time shall be no more."

WILLIAM MARSDEN.

THE LABORER.

STAND up erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God. Who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then? Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among—
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high
In station or in wealth the chief?
The great who coldly pass thee by
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay, nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather which thou mightest cast
Aside as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No; uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever till thus checked,—

These are thine enemies—thy worst:
They chain thee to thy lowly lot,
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect, and from them burst
And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great! What better they than thou?
As theirs is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not: 'tis but dust;
Nor place: uncertain as the wind;
But that thou hast which with thy crust
And water may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then, that thy little span
Of life may be well trod.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower which she had nursed in dew—
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan and harebell mildly blue;
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colors fade away.
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE FAMILY OF MICHAEL AROUT.

From the French of Émile Souvestre.

EPTEMBER 15, EIGHT O'CLOCK.—This morning, while I was arranging my books, Mother Genevieve came in and brought me the basket of fruit I buy of her every Sunday. For nearly twenty years that I have lived in this quarter I have dealt in her little fruit-shop. Perhaps I should be better served elsewhere, but Mother Genevieve has but little custom; to leave her would do her harm and cause her unnecessary pain. It seems to me that the length of our acquaintance has made me incur a sort of tacit obligation to her; my patronage has become her property.

She has put the basket upon my table, and, as I wanted her husband, who is a joiner, to add some shelves to my bookcase, she has gone down stairs again immediately to send him to me.

At first I did not notice either her looks or the sound of her voice, but, now that I recall them, it seems to me that she was not as jovial as usual. Can Mother Genevieve be in trouble about anything?

Poor woman! All her best years were subject to such bitter trials that she might think she had received her full share already. Were I to live a hundred years, I should never forget the circumstances which first made her known to me, and which obtained her my respect.

It was at the time of my first settling in the faubourg. I had noticed her empty fruit-shop, which nobody came into, and, being attracted by its forsaken appearance, I made my little purchases in it. I have always instinctively preferred the poor shops; there is less choice in them, but it seems to me that my purchase is a sign of sympathy with a brother in poverty. These little dealings are almost always an anchor of hope to those whose very existence is in peril—the only means by which some orphan gains a livelihood. There the aim of the tradesman is not to enrich himself, but to live. The purchase you make of him is more than an exchange: it is a good action.

Mother Genevieve at that time was still young, but had already lost that fresh bloom of youth which suffering causes to wither so soon among the poor. Her husband, a clever joiner, gradually left off working, to become, according to the picturesque expression of the workshops, a worshipper of Saint Monday. The wages of the week, which was always reduced to two or three working-days, were completely dedicated by him to the worship of this god of the Barriers, and Genevieve was obliged herself to provide for all the wants of the household.

A change took place in Michael. He cut all his old drinking acquaintances. He went early every morning to his work, and returned regularly in the evening to finish the day with Genevieve and Robert. Very soon he would not leave them at all and he hired a place

near the fruit-shop and worked in it on his own account. They would soon have been able to live in comfort had it not been for the expenses which the child required. Everything was given up to his education. He had gone through the regular school training, had studied mathematics, drawing and the carpenter's trade, and had only begun to work a few months ago. Till now they had been exhausting every resource which their laborious industry could provide to push him forward in his business, but, happily, all these exertions had not proved useless: the seed had brought forth its fruits, and the days of harvest were close by.

While I was thus recalling these remembrances to my mind, Michael had come in and was occupied in fixing shelves where they were wanted.

During the time I was writing the notes of my journal I was also scrutinizing the joiner. The excesses of his youth and the labor of his manhood have deeply marked his face, his hair is thin and gray, his shoulders stooping, his legs shrunken and slightly bent. There seems a sort of weight in his whole being. His very features have an expression of sorrow and despondency. He answered my questions by monosyllables and like a man who wishes to avoid conversation. From whence is this dejection, when one would think he had all he could wish for? I should like to know.

Ten o'clock.—Michael is just gone down stairs to look for a tool he has forgotten. I have at last succeeded in drawing from him the secret of his and Genevieve's sorrow. Their son Robert is the cause of it. Not that he has turned out ill after all their care—not that he is idle or dissipated; but both were in hopes he would never leave them any more. The presence of the young man was to have renewed and made glad their lives once more; his mother counted the days, his father prepared everything to receive their dear associate in their toils, and at the moment when they were thus about to be repaid for all their sacrifices Robert had suddenly informed them that he had just engaged himself to a contractor at Versailles. Every remonstrance and every prayer was useless; he brought forward the necessity of initiating himself into all the details of an important contract, the facilities he should have, in his new position, of improving himself in his trade, and the hopes he had of turning his knowledge to advantage. At last, when his mother, having come to the end of her arguments, began to cry, he hastily kissed her, and went away that he might avoid any further remonstrances. He had been absent a year, and there was nothing to give them hopes of his return. His parents hardly saw him once a month, and then he only stayed a few moments with them.

"I have been punished where I had hoped to be rewarded," Michael said to me just now; "I had wished for a saving and industrious son, and God has given me an ambitious and avaricious one. I had always said to myself that when once he was grown up we should have him always with us to recall our youth and to enliven our hearts; his mother was always thinking of getting him married and having children again to care for. You know women always will busy themselves about others. As for me, I thought of him working near my bench

and singing his new songs; for he has learnt music and is one of the best singers at the Orphéon. A dream, sir, truly! Directly the bird was fledged he took to flight, and remembers neither father nor mother. Yesterday, for instance, was the day we expected him; he should have come to supper with us. No Robert to-day, either. He has had some plan to finish or some bargain to arrange, and his old parents are put down last in the accounts, after the customers and the joiner's work. Ah! if I could have guessed how it would have turned out! Fool! to have sacrificed my likings and my money for nearly twenty years to the education of a thankless son! Was it for this I took the trouble to cure myself of drinking, to break with my friends, to become an example to the neighborhood? The jovial good fellow has made a goose of himself. Oh, if I had to begin again! No, no! You see, women and children are our bane. They soften our hearts; they lead us a life of hope and affection; we pass a quarter of our lives in fostering the growth of a grain of corn which is to be everything to us in our old age; and when the harvest-time comes—good-night! The ear is empty."

While he was speaking Michael's voice became hoarse, his eye fierce and his lips quivered. I wished to answer him, but I could only think of commonplace consolations, and I remained silent. The joiner pretended he wanted a tool, and left me.

Poor father! Ah! I know those moments of temptation when Virtue has failed to reward us and we regret having obeyed her. Who has not felt this weakness in hours of trial, and who has not uttered at least once the mournful exclamation of "Brutus"?

But if virtue is only a word, what is there, then, in life which is true and real? No, I will not believe that goodness is in vain. It does not always give the happiness we had hoped for, but it brings some other. In the world everything is ruled by order and has its proper and necessary consequences, and virtue cannot be the sole exception to the general law. If it had been prejudicial to those who practise it, experience would have avenged them; but experience has, on the contrary, made it more universal and more holy. We only accuse it of being a faithless debtor because we demand an immediate payment and the one apparent to our senses. We always consider life as a fairy-tale in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder. We do not accept as payment a peaceful conscience, self-content or a good name among men—treasures that are more precious than any other, but the value of which we do not feel till after we have lost them.

Michael is come back and returned to his work. His son has not yet arrived. By telling me of his hopes and his grievous disappointments he became excited; he unceasingly went over again the same subject, always adding something to his griefs. He has just wound up his confidential discourse by speaking to me of a joiner's business which he had hoped to buy and work to good account with Robert's help. The present owner had made a fortune by it, and after thirty years of business he was thinking of retiring to one of the ornamental cottages in the outskirts of the city—a usual retreat for the frugal and successful workingman. Michael had not, indeed, the two thousand francs which must be paid down, but

perhaps he could have persuaded Master Benoit to wait. Robert's presence would have been a security for him, for the young man could not fail to ensure the prosperity of a workshop; besides science and skill, he had the power of invention and bringing to perfection. His father had discovered among his drawings a new plan for a staircase which had occupied his thoughts for a long time, and he even suspected him of having engaged himself to the Versailles contractor for the very purpose of executing it. The youth was tormented by this spirit of invention, which took possession of all his thoughts, and while devoting his mind to study he had no time to listen to his feelings.

Michael told me all this with a mixed feeling of pride and vexation. I saw he was proud of the son he was abusing, and that his very pride made him more sensible of that son's neglect.

Six o'clock, P. M.—I have just finished a happy day. How many events have happened within a few hours, and what a change for Genevieve and Michael! He had just finished fixing the shelves and telling me of his son, whilst I laid the cloth for my breakfast. Suddenly we heard hurried steps in the passage; the door opened, and Genevieve entered with Robert. The joiner gave a start of joyful surprise, but he repressed it immediately, as if he wished to keep up the appearance of displeasure. The young man did not appear to notice it, but threw himself into his arms in an open-hearted manner which surprised me. Genevieve, whose face shone with happiness, seemed to wish to speak, and to restrain herself with difficulty.

I told Robert I was glad to see him, and he answered me with ease and civility.

"I expected you yesterday," said Michael Arout, rather dryly.

"Forgive me, father," replied the young workman, "but I had business at St. Germains. I was not able to come back till it was very late, and then the master kept me."

The joiner looked at his son sideways, and then took up his hammer again.

"It is right," muttered he, in a grumbling tone; "when we are with other people, we must do as they wish, but there are some who would like better to eat brown bread with their own knife than partridges with the silver fork of a master."

"And I am one of those, father," replied Robert, merrily; "but, as the proverb says, you must shell the peas before you can eat them. It was necessary that I should first work in a great workshop—"

"To go on with your plan of the staircase," interrupted Michael, ironically.

"You must now say M. Raymond's plan, father," replied Robert, smiling.

"Why?"

"Because I have sold it to him."

The joiner, who was planing a board, turned round quickly.

"Sold it!" cried he, with sparkling eyes.

"For the reason that I was not rich enough to give it him."

Michael threw down the board and tool.

"There he is again!" resumed he, angrily. "His good genius puts an idea into his head which would have made him known, and he goes and sells it to a rich man who will take the honor of it himself."

"Well, what harm is there done?" asked Genevieve.

"'What harm'!" cried the joiner, in a

passion. "You understand nothing about it—you are a woman; but he—he knows well that a true workman never gives up his own inventions for money, no more than a soldier would give up his cross. That is his glory; he is bound to keep it for the honor it does him. Ah, thunder! if I had ever made a discovery, rather than put it up at auction I would have sold one of my eyes. Don't you see that a new invention is like a child to a workman? He takes care of it, he brings it up, he makes a way for it in the world, and it is only poor creatures who sell it."

Robert colored a little.

"You will think differently, father," said he, "when you know why I sold my plan."

"Yes, and you will thank him for it," added Genevieve, who could no longer keep silence.

"Never!" replied Michael.

"But, wretched man," cried she, "he only sold it for our sakes."

The joiner looked at his wife and son with astonishment. It was necessary to come to an explanation. The latter related how he had entered into a negotiation with Master Benoit, who had positively refused to sell his business unless one-half of the two thousand francs was first paid down. It was in the hopes of obtaining this sum that he had gone to work with the contractor at Versailles; he had had an opportunity of trying his invention and of finding a purchaser. Thanks to the money he received for it, he had just concluded the bargain with Benoit, and had brought his father the key of the new work-yard.

This explanation was given by the young workman with so much modesty and simplicity that I was quite affected by it. Genevieve cried; Michael pressed his son to his heart, and in a long embrace he seemed to ask his pardon for having unjustly accused him.

All was now explained with honor to Robert. The conduct which his parents had ascribed to indifference really sprang from affection; he had neither obeyed the voice of ambition nor of avarice, nor even the nobler inspiration of inventive genius: his whole motive and single aim had been the happiness of Genevieve and Michael. The day for proving his gratitude had come, and he had returned them sacrifice for sacrifice.

After the explanations and exclamations of joy were over, all three were about to leave me; but, the cloth being laid, I added three more places and kept them to breakfast.

The meal was prolonged; the fare was only tolerable, but the overflowings of affection made it delicious. Never had I better understood the unspeakable charm of family love. What calm enjoyment in that happiness which is always shared with others, in that community of interests which unites such various feelings, in that association of existences which forms one single being of so many! What is man without those home affections which like so many roots fix him firmly in the earth and permit him to imbibe all the juices of life? Energy, happiness—does it not all come from them? Without family life where would man learn to love, to associate, to deny himself? A community in little, is it not it which teaches us how to live in the great one? Such is the holiness of

home that to express our relation with God we have been obliged to borrow the words invented for our family life. Men have named themselves the *sons* of a heavenly *Father*.

Ah! let us carefully preserve these chains of domestic union. Do not let us unbind the human sheaf and scatter its ears to all the caprices of chance and of the winds, but let us rather enlarge this holy law; let us carry the principles and the habits of home beyond its bounds; and if it may be, let us realize the prayer of the apostle of the Gentiles when he exclaimed to the new-born children of Christ, "Be ye like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind."

Translation ANONYMOUS.

A STREET-MUSICIAN.

THE other day, as I came down Broome street, I saw a street-musician playing near the door of a genteel dwelling. The organ was uncommonly sweet and mellow in its tones, the tunes were slow and plaintive, and I fancied that I saw in the woman's Italian face an expression that indicated sufficient refinement to prefer the tender and the melancholy to the lively "trainer tunes" in vogue with the populace. She looked like one who had suffered much, and the sorrowful music seemed her own appropriate voice. A little girl clung to her scanty garments, as if afraid of all things but her mother. As I looked at them a young lady of pleasing countenance opened the window and began to sing like a bird, in keeping with the street-organ. Two other young girls came and leaned on her shoulder, and still she sang on. Blessings on her gentle heart! It was evidently the spontaneous gush of human love and sympathy.

The beauty of the incident attracted attention. A group of gentlemen gradually collected round the organist, and ever, as the tune ended, they bowed respectfully toward the window, waved their hats and called out, "More, if you please!" One, whom I knew well for the kindest and truest soul, passed round his hat; hearts were kindled, and the silver fell in freely. In a minute four or five dollars were collected for the poor woman. She spoke no word of gratitude, but she gave *such* a look!

"Will you go to the next street and play to a friend of mine?" said my kind-hearted friend.

She answered in tones expressing the deepest emotion,

"No, sir. God bless you all! God bless you *all!*" making a courtesy to the young lady, who had stepped back and stood sheltered by the curtain of the window. "I will play no more to-day; I will go home now."

The tears trickled down her cheeks, and as she walked away she ever and anon wiped her eyes with the corner of her shawl.

The group of gentlemen lingered a moment to look after her; then, turning toward the now-closed window, they gave three enthusiastic cheers, and departed better than they came. The pavement on which they stood had been a church to them, and for the next hour, at least, their hearts were more than usually prepared for deeds of gentleness and mercy.

Why are such scenes so uncommon? Why do we thus repress our sympathies and chill the genial current of nature by formal observances and restraints?

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.

FROM "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."

TITMOUSE IS INVITED TO SATIN LODGE.

TITTLEBAT was sitting in his room in a somewhat dismal humor, musing on many things and little imagining the intense interest he had excited in the feelings of the amiable occupants of Satin Lodge. A knock at his door startled him out of his revery. Behold, on opening it, Mr. Tagrag!

"Your most obedient, sir," commenced that gentleman, in a subdued and obsequious manner, plucking off his hat the instant that he saw Titmouse. "I hope you're better, sir? Been very uneasy, sir, about you."

"Please to walk in, sir," replied Titmouse, not a little fluttered. "I'm better, sir, I thank you."

"Happy to hear it, sir, but am also come to offer humble apologies for the rudeness of that upstart that was so rude to you yesterday at my premises. Know whom I mean, eh? Lutestring. I shall get rid of him. I do think—"

"Thank you, sir. But—but when I was in your employ—"

"'*Was* in my employ'!" interrupted Tagrag, with a sigh. "It's no use trying to hide it any longer: I've all along seen you was a world too good—quite above your situation in my poor shop. I may have been wrong, Mr. Titmouse," he continued, diffidently, as he placed himself on what seemed the only chair in the room, "but I did it all for the best. Eh? Don't you understand me, Mr. Titmouse?"

Titmouse continued looking on the floor incredulously and sheepishly:

"Very much obliged, sir, but must say you've rather a funny way of showing it, sir. Look at the sort of life you've led me for this—"

"Ah! knew you'd say so. But I can lay my hand on my heart, Mr. Titmouse, and declare to God—I can indeed, Mr. Titmouse." Titmouse preserved a very embarrassing silence. "See I'm out of your good books, but won't you forget and forgive, Mr. Titmouse? I meant well. Nay, I humbly beg forgiveness for everything you've not liked in me. Can I say more? Come, Mr. Titmouse; you've a noble nature, and I ask forgiveness."

"You—you ought to do it before the whole shop," replied Titmouse, a little relenting, "for they've all seen your goings on."

"Them! The brutes! the vulgar fellows! You and I, Mr. Titmouse, are a *leetle* above them. D'ye think we ought to mind what servants say? Only say the word, and I make a clean sweep of 'em all; you shall have the premises to yourself, Mr. Titmouse, within an hour after any of those chaps shows you disrespect."

"Ah! I don't know. You've used me

most uncommon bad—far worse than they have. You've nearly broke my heart, sir, you have!"

"Well, my womankind at home are right, after all. They told me all along I was going the wrong way to work when I said how I tried to keep your pride down and prevent you from having your head turned by knowing your good looks. My little girl has said with tears in her dear eyes, 'You'll break his spirit, dear papa. If he's handsome, wasn't it God that made him so?'"

The little frost-work which Titmouse had thrown around his heart began to melt like snow under sunbeams.

"The women are always right, Mr. Titmouse, and *we're* always wrong," continued Tagrag, earnestly, perceiving his advantage. "I could kick myself for my stupidity, and cruelty too."

"Ah, I should think so! No one knows what I have suffered. And now that I'm—I suppose you've heard of it all, sir—what's in the wind, and all that?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Gammon—that most respectable gentleman—and I have had a long talk yesterday about you, in which he certainly did tell me everything. Nothing like confidence, Mr. Titmouse, when gentleman meets gentleman, you know. It's really delightful."

"*Isn't* it, sir?" eagerly interrupted Titmouse, his eyes glistening with sudden rapture.

"Ah! ten thou— I *must* shake hands with you, my dear Mr. Titmouse;" and for the first time in their lives their hands touched, Tagrag squeezing that of Titmouse with energetic cordiality, while he added, with a little emotion in his tone, "Thomas Tagrag may be a plain-spoken and wrong-headed man, but he's a warm heart."

"And did Mr. Gammon tell you all, sir?" eagerly interrupted Titmouse.

"Everything—everything. Quite confidential, I assure you, for he saw the interest I felt in you."

"And did he say about my—hem! eh?—my stopping a few weeks longer with you?" inquired Titmouse, chagrin overspreading his features.

"I think he did, Mr. Titmouse. He's bent on it, sir. And so would any true friends of yours be, because, you see—" Here he dropped his voice and looked very mysteriously at Titmouse. "In short, I quite agree with Mr. Gammon."

"Do you, indeed, sir?" exclaimed Titmouse, with rather an uneasy look.

"I do, i'faith! Why, they'd give thousands and thousands to get you out of the way. And what's money to them? But they must look very sharp that get at you in the premises of Thomas Tagrag. Talking of that—ah ha!—it *will* be a funny thing to see *you*, Mr. Titmouse, Squire Titmouse. Ah ha, ha!"

"You won't hardly expect me to go out with goods, I suppose, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Might as well ask me if I'd set you to clean my shoes. No, no, my dear Mr. Titmouse; you and I have done as master and servant: it's only as friends that we know each other now. You may say and do whatever you like, and come and go when and where you like. It's true it will make my other hands rather jealous and get me into trouble, but what do I care? Suppose

they do all give me warning for your sake? Let 'em go, say I." He snapped his fingers with an air of defiance. "Your looks and manners would keep a shop full of customers; one Titmouse is worth a hundred of them."

"You speak uncommon gentlemanlike, sir," said Titmouse, with a little excitement; "and if you'd only always— But that's all past and gone, and I've no objections to say at once that all the articles I may want in your line I'll have at your establishment, pay cash down and ask for no discount. And I'll send all my friends, for, in course, sir, you know, I shall have lots of them."

"Don't forget your oldest, your truest, your humblest friend, Mr. Titmouse," said Tagrag, with a cringing air.

"That I won't!" replied Titmouse, heatedly.

"By the way," said Tagrag, "did you ever see anything so odd? Forgot the main thing: come and take your mutton with me at Clapham next Sunday. My womankind will be quite delighted. Nay, 'tis *their* invitation. Ha, ha!"

"You're very kind," replied Titmouse, coloring with pleasure. Here seemed the first pale primrose of the coming spring—an invitation to Satin Lodge.

"The kindness will be yours, Mr. Titmouse. We shall be quite alone; have you all to ourselves; only me, my wife and daughter. An only child, Mr. Titmouse. *Such* a child! She's really often said to me 'I wonder—' But I won't make you vain, eh? May I call it a fixture?"

"'Pon my life, Mr. Tagrag, you're monstrous uncommon polite. It's true I was going to dine with Mr. Gammon—"

"Oh! pho!—I mean no disrespect, mind—he's only a bachelor. I've ladies in the case, and all that—eh, Mr. Titmouse?—and a *young* one."

"Well, thank you, sir. Since you're so pressing—"

"That's it! An engagement—Satin Lodge—for Sunday next," said Tagrag, rising and looking at his watch. "Time for me to be off. See you soon at the shop? Soon arrange that little matter of business, eh? You understand? Good-bye! good-bye!" and, shaking Titmouse cordially by the hand, Tagrag took his departure.

TAGRAG ANNOUNCES TO HIS FAMILY TITMOUSE'S INTENDED VISIT.

"By the way, Tag," exclaimed Mrs. Tagrag, suddenly, but in the same mournful tone, addressing her husband, "you haven't, of course, forgot the lace for my new bonnet?"

"Never once thought of it," replied Tagrag, doggedly.

"You haven't! Good gracious! what am I to go to chapel in next Sunday?" she exclaimed, with sudden alarm, closing her book. "And our seat in the very front of the gallery! Bless me! I shall have a hundred eyes on me."

"Now that you're coming down a bit and dropped out of the clouds, Dolly," said her husband, much relieved, "I'll tell you a bit of news that will, I fancy, rather—"

"Come, what is it, Tag?" eagerly inquired his wife.

"What should you say of a chance of a certain somebody"—there he looked unut-

terable things at his daughter—"that shall be nameless, becoming mistress of ten thousand a year?"

"Why"—Mrs. Tagrag changed color—"has any one fallen in love with Tab?"

"What should you say of our Tab marrying a man with ten thousand a year? There's for you! Isn't that better than all your religion?"

"Oh, Tag, don't say that. But"—there she hastily turned down the leaf of *Groans from the Bottomless Pit* and tossed that inestimable work upon the sofa—"do tell me, lovey, what *are* you talking about?"

"What indeed, Dolly? I'm going to have him here to dinner next Sunday."

Miss Tagrag, having been listening with breathless eagerness to this little colloquy between her prudent and amiable parents, unconscious of what she was about, was pouring all the tea into the sugar-basin.

"Have who, dear Tag?" inquired Mrs. Tagrag, impatiently.

"Who? Why whom but Tittlebat Titmouse? You've seen him and heard me speak of him."

"What! that odious, nasty—"

"Hush! hush!" involuntarily exclaimed Tagrag, with an apprehensive air. "That's all past and gone; I was always too hard on him. Well, he's turned up all of a sudden master of ten thousand a year. He has indeed; you'll see if he hasn't."

Mrs. Tagrag and her daughter sat in speechless wonder.

"Where did he see Tab, Taggy?" at length inquired Mrs. Tagrag.

"Oh— I—I— Why, you see, I don't exactly think *that* signifies much: he *will* see her next Sunday."

"So then he's positively coming?"

"Y-e-s; I've no doubt—" "I'll discharge Lutestring to-morrow," thought Tagrag.

"But aren't we counting our chickens, Tag, before they're hatched? If Titmouse is all of a sudden become such a catch, he'll be snapped up in a minute."

"Why, you see, Dolly, we're first in the market: I'm sure of that. His attorney tells me he's to be kept quite snug and quiet under my care for months and see no one. So when he once get sight of Tabby and gets into her company— Eh, Tab, sweet, you'll do all the rest. Hem!"

"La, pa! how you go on!" simpered Miss Tagrag.

"You must do your part, Tab," said her father; "we'll do ours. He'll bite, you may depend on it."

"What sort of a looking young man is he, dear pa?" inquired Miss Tagrag, blushing and her heart fluttering very fast.

"Oh, you must have seen him, sweetest."

"How should I ever notice any of the lots of young men at the shop, pa? I don't at all know him."

"Well, he's the handsomest, most genteel-looking fellow I ever came across; he's long been an ornament to my establishment for his good looks and civil and obliging manners—"

"Dear me!" interrupted Mrs. Tagrag, anxiously addressing her daughter. "I hope, Tabby, that Miss Nix will send home your lilac-colored frock by next Sunday."

"If she don't, ma, I'll take care she never makes anything more for me."

"We'll call there to-morrow, love, and hurry her on," said her mother; and from that moment until eleven o'clock, when the amiable and interesting trio retired to rest, nothing was talked of but the charming Titmouse and the good fortune he so richly deserved and how long the courtship was likely to last.

TITMOUSE INFORMS MR. OILY GAMMON OF HIS INTENDED VISIT.

"I'm going, Mr. Gammon, to dine at Satin Lodge, Mr. Tagrag's country-house, next Sunday."

"Indeed? It will be quite a change for you, Mr. Titmouse."

"Yes, it will, by Jove! And—a—a—what's more, there's— Hem! hem! You understand?"

"Go on, I beg, my dear Mr. Titmouse."

"There's a lady in the case. Not that she's said anything, but a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. Eh, Mr. Gammon?"

"I should think so. Miss Tagrag will have money, of course?"

"You've hit it! Lots! But I've not made up my mind."

"I'd better undeceive this poor devil at once as to this sordid wretch Tagrag," thought Gammon; "otherwise, the cunning old rogue may get a very mischievous hold upon him. And a *lady in the case!* The old scamp has a daughter. Whew! this will never do. The sooner I enlighten my young friend, the better, though at a little risk."

"It's very important to be able to tell who are real and who are false friends, as I was saying just now, my dear Titmouse," said Gammon, seriously.

"I think so. Now, look! For instance, there's that fellow Huckaback. I should say he—"

"Pho! pho! My dear sir, a mere beetle; he's not worth thinking of, one way or the other. But can't you guess another sham friend who has changed so suddenly?"

"Do you mean Mr. Tagrag? Eh?"

"I mention no names, but it's rather odd that when I am speaking of hollow-hearted friends you should at once name Mr. Tagrag."

"The proof of the pudding—handsome is that handsome does; and I've got five pounds of his money, at any rate."

"Of course he took no security for such a trifle, between such close friends as you and him?"

"Oh! Why, now you mention it—But 'twas only a line—one line."

"I knew it, my dear sir," interrupted Gammon, calmly, with a significant smile. "Tagrag and Huckaback! they're on a par. Ah ha, ha! My dear Titmouse, you are too honest and confiding."

"What keen eyes you lawyers have, to be sure! Well, I never!" He was evidently somewhat staggered. "I—I must say," he presently added, looking gratefully at Gammon, "I think I do now know of a true friend that sent me two five-pound notes and never asked for any security."

"My dear sir, you really pain me by alluding to such a matter."

Oh, Gammon, is not this too bad? What are the papers which you know are now in your pockets signed only this very evening by Titmouse?

"You are not a match for Tagrag, Tit-

mouse, because he was made for a tradesman: you are not. Do you think he would have parted with his five pounds but for value received?—Oh, Tagrag, Tagrag!"

"I—I really begin to think, Mr. Gammon— I do think you're right."

"'Think'! Why, for a man of your acuteness, how could he imagine you could forget the long course of insult and tyranny—that he should change all of a sudden just now, when—"

"Ay, by Jove! Just when I'm coming into my property," interrupted Titmouse, quickly.

"To be sure—to be sure! Just now, I say, to make this sudden change. Bah! Bah!"

"I hate Tagrag, and always did. Now he's trying to take me in just as he does everybody, but I've found him out; I won't lay out a penny with him."

"Would you, do you think, ever have seen the inside of Satin Lodge if you hadn't—"

"Why, I don't know. I really think—Hem!"

"Were you, my dear sir? But now a scheme occurs to me—a very amusing idea. Shall I tell you a way of proving to his own face how insincere and interested he is toward you? Go to dinner, by all means; eat his good things, hear all that the whole set of them have to say, and just before you go—it will require you to have all your wits about you—pretend, with a long face, that our affair is all a bottle of smoke. Say that Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap have told you the day before that they had made a horrid mistake."

"I—I really daren't. I couldn't—I couldn't keep it up; he'd half kill me. Besides, there will be Miss Tagrag; it would be the death of her, I know."

"'Miss Tagrag'! What on earth can you have to do with her? You! Why if you really succeed in getting this fine property, she might make a very suitable wife for one of your grooms."

Gammon succeeded at length in obtaining Titmouse's promise to adopt his suggestion, and thereby discover the true nature of the feelings entertained toward him at Satin Lodge. He shook Titmouse energetically by the hand, and left him perfectly certain that if there was one person in the world worthy of his esteem, and even reverence, that person was Oily Gammon, Esq.

TITMOUSE VISITS SATIN LODGE AND CARRIES OUT MR. GAMMON'S SUGGESTIONS.

"Ah, Titmouse, Titmouse! Give me your hand," said Tagrag. "You'll forget us all when you are a great man, but we shall always remember you."

"You're very good—very," said Titmouse, cordially returning the pressure of Tagrag's hand.

At that instant it suddenly occurred to him to adopt the suggestion of Mr. Gammon. Tagrag was going on very fast indeed about the disinterested nature of his feelings toward Titmouse, toward whom, he said, he had always felt just as he did at that moment: 'twas in vain to deny it.

"I'm sure your conduct shows it, sir," commenced Titmouse, feeling a shudder like that with which a timid bather approaches the margin of the cold stream. "I could have taken my oath, sir, you would have

refused to let me come into your house when you heard of it—"

"Ah ha! that's rather an odd idea, too. If I felt a true friendship for you as plain Titmouse, it's so likely I should. My dear sir, it was *I* that thought *you* wouldn't have come into *my* house! A likely thing!"

Titmouse was puzzled. His perceptions, never very quick or clear, were now undoubtedly somewhat obfusticated with what he had been drinking. In short, he did not understand that Tagrag had not understood him, and felt rather baffled.

"What surprising ups and down there are in life, Mr. Titmouse!" said Mrs. Tagrag, respectfully. "They're all sent from above to try us. No one knows how they'd behave if as how—in a manner—they were turned upside down."

"I—I hope, mem, I haven't done anything to show—"

"Oh, my dear Titmouse," anxiously interrupted Tagrag, inwardly cursing his wife, who, finding she always went wrong in her husband's eyes whenever she spoke a word, determined for the future to stick to her negus. "The fact is there's a Mr. Horror here that's filled my wife there with all sorts of— Nay, if she isn't bursting with cant! So never mind her. You done anything wrong? You're a pattern."

"Well, I'm a happy man again," resumed Titmouse, resolved now to go on. "And when did they tell you of it, sir?"

"Oh, a few days ago—a week ago," replied Tagrag, trying to recollect.

"Why—why, sir, ain't you mistaken?" inquired Titmouse, with a depressed, but at the same time a surprised, air. "It only happened this morning after you left."

"Eh? eh? Ah ha! What *do* you mean, Mr. Titmouse?" interrupted Tagrag, with a sickening attempt at a smile. Mrs. Tagrag and Miss Tagrag also turned exceedingly startled faces toward Titmouse, who felt as if a house were going to fall down on him.

"Why, sir"—he began to cry (an attempt which was greatly aided by the maudlin condition to which drink had reduced him)—"till to-day I thought I was heir to ten thousand a year, and it seems I'm not: it's all a mistake."

Tagrag's face changed visibly; it was getting frightful to look at; the inward shock and agony were forcing out on his slanting forehead great drops of perspiration.

"What — a —capital — joke — Mr. Titmouse!" he gasped, drawing his handkerchief over his forehead.

Titmouse, though greatly alarmed, stood to his gun pretty steadily:

"I—I wish it was a joke. It's been no joke to me, sir. There's another Tittlebat Titmouse, it seems, in Shoreditch, that's the right—"

"Who told you this, sir? Pho! I don't —I can't—believe it," said Tagrag, in a voice tremulous between suppressed rage and fear.

"True, 'pon my life. It is—"

"How dare you swear before the ladies! You're insulting them, sir!" almost roared Tagrag. "You're not a gentleman!" He suddenly dropped his voice and in a trembling and most earnest manner asked Titmouse whether he was really joking or serious.

"Never more serious in my life, sir. It's really all up."

Titmouse groaned. A satanic scowl shot over Tagrag's disgusting features.

"Oh, ma, I do feel so ill!" faintly exclaimed Miss Tagrag, turning deadly pale.

Titmouse was on the verge of dropping on his knees and confessing the trick, greatly agitated at the effect produced on Miss Tagrag, when Tagrag's heavy hand was suddenly placed on his shoulder and he whispered in a fierce undertone, "You impostor!" and that stopped Titmouse and made something like a man of him. He was a fearful fool, but he did not want for mere pluck, and now it was roused.

Mrs. Tagrag exclaimed, "Oh, you shocking scamp!" as she passed Titmouse and led her daughter out of the room.

"If I'm an impostor, sir, I'm no fit company for *you*, I suppose, sir?" said Titmouse, rising.

"Pay me my five-pound note!" almost shouted Tagrag.

"Well, sir, if I'm poor, I ain't a rogue," said Titmouse, preparing to give him what he asked for, when a faint shriek was heard plainly from Miss Tagrag, overhead. Then the seething caldron boiled over.

"You infernal scoundrel!" said Tagrag, almost choked with fury; and, suddenly seizing Titmouse by the collar, scarce giving him time in passing to get hold of his hat and stick, he urged him along through the passage, down the gravel-walk, threw open the gate, thrust him furiously through it and sent after him such a blast of execration as was enough to drive him a hundred yards down the road.

Titmouse did not fully recover his breath or his senses for more than half an hour afterward. When he did, the first thing that occurred to him was an inclination to fall down on his knees on the open road and worship the sagacious and admirable Gammon, who, as soon as he afterward heard Titmouse's infuriated account of his ignominious expulsion, burst into a fit of hearty but gentle laughter.

SAMUEL WARREN.

WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION.

IN the discretionary exercise of executive power the Washington administration was wise and tolerant. In filling offices the President preferred, when he could, the Revolutionary chiefs of whose integrity and ability he had ample proofs. No one will say that such men did not deserve the honors and emoluments of office which their own perilous efforts helped to establish. He did not, like some of his successors, profess to ask, "Is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the Constitution?" He appointed men that were so. He displaced no man for the expression of his opinions, even in the feverish excitement of French delusion. With regard to all other foreign governments, the judiciary, the national bank, the Indian tribes, the mint; in his deportment to his own ministers, his communications to Congress, his construction of the Constitution, his sacred regard for it, his devotion to the whole Union, his magnanimity and forbearance, his personal dignity,—in all these, and in relation to all other subjects, how great and honorable was his example, how transcendently above all praise that man can bestow! And yet how utterly have his views and his example been disregarded!

WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

THE MANSLAYER'S DIFFICULTY OF CONCEALMENT.

FROM "A LIFE'S ASSIZE."

THE EVIDENCE OF GUILT.

NOT a circumstance could point him out as guilty—not one; and even as he came to this decision he sat down in his chair faint and sick, dizzy and confused for the moment, as though some one had whispered in his ear, "Thou art the man!" He had left, he felt certain, no sign nor token behind in the dead man's keeping—no mute testimony which those clinched fingers should deliver up in evidence against him. Had he not, truly? If this were so, what did that button missing from his coat, with a piece of cloth torn also away, mean? Mean! It only meant this, and he knew it—that there were a button and a jagged morsel of tweed in the possession either of the corpse or of those who had found the body, and that there, in the coat he had flung unthinkingly off the previous night, was the rent which that bit of cloth would fit, and a button missing which that button pulled off by Kenneth Challerson as he fell would replace.

For a moment the room swam round before him, and then his head steadied. Previously he had not guessed the depth or the peril of the waters across which he had elected to pass to safety, but, now that he did understand his danger, everything in the man's character likely to be of use to him at such an extremity rose up to do battle against the danger he beheld approaching. As he recalled the grasp his opponent had laid upon him ere he fell, the clutch with which the dying man seized convulsively (as he now knew) the first object his fingers touched, he felt no shadow of doubt but that clinched in his right hand lay the damning bit of evidence that if once brought home would put the rope round his, Andrew Hardell's, neck.

Instinctively he raised his hand to his throat, for as this thought occurred to him he felt as if he were choking. For the moment he seemed hemmed in, but it was only for the moment; next instant he recollected Anthony Hardell's suit of clothes lying snugly in his knapsack, and quickly as his eager haste would let him he flung off his own garments and dressed in the others. Then he stuffed his discarded habiliments into the knapsack. Upon no *might*, upon no *if*, would he risk his safety now. He knew just what he had to do, and that was to get rid of his clothes, and till he was rid of them never to let the knapsack out of his sight.

SEEKING HOW TO CONCEAL.

Until a man have something to conceal he can form no idea of the difficulty he will experience in hiding it.

Had any one told Andrew Hardell on the

morning when he left Dumfries that a person desirous of secreting a suit of clothes should, with all the lonely hills before him —with the woods rich in fern and grass and tangled brambles at his right hand and his left, with the Nith and the sea accessible— fail to get rid of his burden easily, the young man would have laughed scornfully:

"Be at a loss with all that wealth of heather, all that wilderness of gorse? Why, if he only stuck the things down far enough, they might stay there safely concealed till they rotted."

This is the sort of remark he would have made twenty-four hours previously had such a difficulty been submitted to him, but it was now twenty-four hours after, and the wide difference between *might* and *would* was already revealing itself to his understanding. He had stepped from the land of theory into the land of practice, and the paths of that latter country are not usually easy. Theoretically, he could have hidden away a whole wardrobe on the top of Criffel; practically, he toiled over the mountain and pursued his road to Whitehill and Colvend carrying the evidence with him which he most earnestly desired to destroy. It seemed to his imagination as if there were no place on the earth or under the earth where that coat wanting a button might be concealed. The heather would wither, the cattle would eat the grass, the rain would wash the earth away, the loose stones, if he piled them above, would be wanted for some purpose and carted off. If he descended into the plantations lying below him and hid his burden among the underwood and brambles, the children searching for blaeberries would be sure to find it; if he cast the accursed thing into the sea, the waves would wash the bundle to shore. Had the desolate mountain and the silent hills and the quiet valleys been earth's most populous places, he could not have felt more eyes were upon his actions than in that most wretched summer-day's walk. How he passed the hours he never could accurately remember. As a man in delirium gets through the weary days with scarcely a recollection as to how they were spent, so he strode on mile after mile, which seemed to melt into air behind him.

What he learnt that day I might never hope to tell. It seemed to him afterward that he went to school and acquired all he knew of his fellows, of their temptations, their remorse, their terror, while he walked among the heather, alone with nature and his own misery. Stumbling among the grass, sick, weary, dizzy, he conned line upon line of lessons destined never to be forgotten. He went down into the wells of his heart and drank waters of bitterness therefrom; he experienced the terrors of a troubled mind; he went through agonies of regret, through depths of despair; he beat against the door which had so suddenly closed between him and the light, until for very weariness he was fain to believe in the darkness that had fallen on his noontide; in his anguish he cried to God, asking was it just, was it well, and throughout all, in a dull, persistent way, he looked for some place where he might hide the evidence against him, where he might rid himself of his burden and walk on dreading no pursuit, defiant of detection.

The day drew on. He had not tasted food, and he had walked miles upon miles since leaving New Abbey; he was growing

faint and sick and weary, when the path led suddenly down toward the shore, down from the hillside to the lower ground which lies beyond the cliffs I have mentioned, and brought him into a tiny cove that appeared to his imagination like a corner cut out of fairy-land. For the moment he forgot his trouble, forgot himself, in astonishment at the place where he stood—a bay hemmed in by high rocks, between which only a glimpse of the sea could be obtained, carpeted by the finest, whitest sand and thousands upon thousands of liliputian shells. Beside the path by which he had descended grew brambles and ivy, broom and ferns innumerable; wild flowers decked the little knolls of earth that were piled one above another on the land side of the bay. Great rocks almost like giant stones placed on end, only larger and loftier than any giant stones we know, formed ramparts about the cove; and when Andrew Hardell passed round and between these rocks, he found more tiny bays, each guarded, each sheltered, each with its own special lookout seaward, each with its own peculiar charm—creek within creek, bay without bay, rocks where one could play at hide-and-seek with the sea, places where no man might find, spots where the traveller seemed to have reached the last confines of earth and to be standing on the very shore of eternity.

For the first time that day Andrew Hardell felt himself alone, hidden. He was sheltered from the glare of the sun; shaded by the rocks, he could look forth as from a bower with undazzled eyes upon the calm sea rippling lazily, leisurely in on the sand.

At the outlet of one of the creeks he found a natural basin that, covered by the tide twice a day, remained full of water when it ebbed. Into this, the sides of which were covered with small shellfish and seaweed, Andrew Hardell plunged his head. Again and again he dipped it into the water; then he shook the moisture from his hair, and with a sense of refreshment, looking up, beheld what he had travelled so far to find—a hiding-place.

Far above high-water mark appeared in all directions fissures in the rocks—cracks narrow and deep, such as the sun makes sometimes in the earth. Here no cattle would come to browse, no children's hands be thrust in to discover, no man could get his arm down to search for anything which might lie concealed. All the day long he had been scanning the earth and the sea, the purple heather and the blue expanse of water, searching for a hiding-place in vain, and now, all at once, by the merest accident, as it seemed, he had come upon that which he sought.

It was no easy matter to climb the rocks, but he managed at length to do so and search out the most likely fissure in which to rid himself of his burden. He selected one which lay on the westerly side of a rock, standing more out toward the sea than most of its companions—a rock backed against two others, encrusted up to a certain point with limpets and mussels, and clothed all over with gray lichen and long green seaweed.

It took him a weary time to coax bit after bit of the coat down through the crevice; and when at length it was completely hidden from view, he had still to find another fissure in which to conceal the remainder of the suit. Patiently he cut the cloth to pieces; with his knife he slit the seams, and separated the whole into portions con-

venient to thrust down the cracks. When the last morsel disappeared, with a rod, which he tore from among the brambles, he measured the depth the pieces had dropped, and, having thrust them down as far as he could, he collected small stones in his knapsack and half filled up the crevices with them. Stones and shells and sand he gathered and carried up with a great terror and a great joy contending together in his breast.

In the after-years, whenever by the seashore he beheld children digging in the sand and picking up pebbles and shells, his thoughts flew back to an evening by the Solway when he too scooped up the sand in handfuls and sought for shells and pebbles—not for amusement, but to save his life. A stretch of seashore with the sun's rays streaming from the west over it always brought in the days which were then all to be passed through—the memory of fairy-bays shut in by rocks where the evidence lay buried that would have sufficed to hang him.

When he had finished, he left the creek, and, wandering in and out between the rocks, came to a point from whence he could behold the low coast lying beyond. Looking over the water, there came upon the man an intense desire to plunge into it. Rid of the burden he had carried all day, with a sense of relief upon him, with the door of escape standing at length wide open, he felt he might bathe safely; so, retracing his steps to the nearest of the enclosed bays he had just quitted, he threw off his clothes and swam out, meeting the advancing tide. Looking landward, he could trace the way he had come; he could see the grassy hills, the jagged headlands, the solitary rocks; and as he beheld the still beauty of the scene, as he felt the lash of the waves coming up toward the shore, the strength, the hope, he had lost seemed to come back, and he bethought him—God knows why, for our memories are linked together after a fashion to which man can give no clue—of the leper who dipped seven times in Jordan and came forth clean as a little child. That, Andrew Hardell knew, might never be his fate, and yet already he commenced to feel that the happiness had not quite departed out of his life, that the face of Nature might once again smile for him as it smiled for others, that it was quite possible Suspicion might never knock at his door, that he might yet return to England and quietly resume the old roads of existence, no one but himself knowing of the secret hidden in his heart—of the evidence on which he had so recently piled sand and stones and shells.

Mightily refreshed and invigorated, he returned to the shore and dressed himself; then, just as the sun was setting, he left the beach, and, regaining the grass, struck into a path winding by the shore that seemed to lead off in the direction he desired to go.

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

FROM "NIGHT-SIDES OF CITY LIFE."*

HAVE you ever examined the faces of the neglected children of the poor? Other children have gladness in their faces. When a group of them rush across the road, it seems as though a spring gust had unloosened an orchard of apple-blossoms. But these children of the poor! There is

* Published by Messrs. J Fairbanks & Co.

but little ring in their laughter, and it stops quick, as though some bitter memory tripped it. They have an old walk. They do not skip or run up on the lumber just for the pleasure of leaping down. They never bathed in the mountain-stream. They never waded in the brook for pebbles. They never chased the butterfly across the lawn, putting their hat right down where it was. Childhood has been dashed out of them. Want waved its wizard wand above the manger of their birth, and withered leaves are lying where God intended a budding giant of battle.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

SELECTIONS FROM THE MISHNA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW REDACTED BY JEHUDA-HA-NASSI IN 220 A. D. AT TIBERIAS.

SABBATH.

MAN must not go out with a sword, nor with a bow, nor with a triangular shield, nor with a round one, nor with a spear; if he has gone out (with either of these), he is guilty, (and bound to bring) a sin offering. R. Eleazar saith, "They are ornaments (becoming) to him," but the sages hold "they are nothing else but a stigma (unbecoming), for it is said, 'They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'" Knee-buckles are clean, and a man may go out with them on the Sabbath; stride-chains† are liable to become unclean, and a man must not go out with them on the Sabbath.

TEMPLE.

They (priests who minister) may replace a plaster on a wound (which plaster they had taken off to perform the service) in the temple, but (this must) not (be done) in the country. (To put) the first (plaster on a wound on the Sabbath) is in either place (alike) prohibited. They (Levites performing on musical instruments) may tie a string (of an instrument which has burst in the middle on the Sabbath) in the temple, but (this must) not (be done) in the country. (To put) a new string (on the Sabbath) is in either place (alike) prohibited. They (the ministers) may remove a wart‡ (from an animal on the Sabbath) in the temple, but (this must) not (be done) in the country; by (means of) an instrument (it) is in either place (alike) prohibited (so to do).

A priest (ministering) who hurts his finger may bind it up with reeds in the temple (on the Sabbath), but (this must) not (be done) in the country. To squeeze out the blood is in either place (alike) prohibited. They may strew salt on the stairs (of the altar on the Sabbath) that they (ministering priests) slip not down; also draw water from the well Gola and from the large well with the rolling wheel on the Sabbath, and from the cold well on festivals.

(Should the carcase of) a dead reptile be found in the temple (on the Sabbath), the priest moves it out with his belt, as the unclean thing must not remain (within the temple). Such is the dictum of R. Jochanan ben Beroka, but R. Jehuda saith, "It

* Comprises the body of the "oral law," or the juridico-political, civil and religious code of the Jews, and forms, as such, a kind of complement to the Mosaic, or written, law, which it explains, amplifies and immutably forces.

† Small chains used to contract the length of the stride.

‡ Which is a blemish to an animal intended for sacrifice.

must be removed with wooden pincers, that the uncleanness spread not further." From whence is it to be moved out? From the inner temple, from the hall and from the interspace between the hall and the altar. Such is the dictum of R. Simeon ben Nonos, but R. Eleazar saith, "Every place (the entering of which by an unclean person), if intentionally, (exposes him) to be cut off from his people; and if inadvertently, to bring a sin offering, it must be removed out from. In all other places (within the precincts of the temple) it (the reptile) is to be covered with a copper vessel (till after the day of rest, when it is removed). R. Simeon saith, "In whatsoever the sages permitted, they only grant thee that (the right to do) which is thine own, inasmuch as what they allow only could become unlawful through (their) enactment of the Sabbath rest."

Translation of REV. D. A. DE SOLA* and his coadjutor, REV. M. J. RAPHALL.

ZOROASTER.†

ZARATHUSTRA SPITAMA, the prophet and reformer of the fire-worshippers of Persia—the founder of what is now known as the Parsee religion—was born at Bactria. Nothing is known of his family except that the name of his father was Pourushâspa, and that of his daughter, the only one of his children mentioned, was Pouruchista. His life is completely shrouded in darkness, both the Greek and the Roman and most of the Zend accounts of him being legendary and unreliable. It is said that he passed twenty years in the desert; that the love of wisdom and justice compelled him to retire to a mountain, to live there in solitude; that as he descended from it there fell a celestial fire upon the mountain which burned perpetually, and that in the presence of the king of Persia and his greatest lords he came out of the flames uninjured. The Chronicle of Alexandria says that his body was afterward consumed by a heavenly fire. In the Zend he is to a great extent represented, not as historical, but as a dogmatical personality vested with superhuman—or, rather, divine—powers, standing next to God, above the archangels themselves. His temptations by the devil, whose empire is threatened by him, form the subject of many traditional reports and legends. He is represented as the abyss of all wisdom and truth and the master of the whole living creation. "We worship"—so runs one of the prayers in the Fravardin Yasht—"the rule and the guardian angel of Zarathustra Spitama, who first thought good thoughts, who first spoke good words, who first performed good actions, who was the first priest, the first warrior, the first cultivator of soil, the first prophet, the first who was inspired, the first who has given to mankind nature, and reality, and word, and hearing of word, and wealth, and all good things created by Mazda, which embellish reality; who first caused the wheel to turn among gods and men, who first praised the purity of the living creation and destroyed idolatry, who confessed the Zarathustrian belief in Ahuramazda, the religion of the living God against the devils; . . . through whom the whole true and revealed word was heard, which is the life and guidance of the world. . . . Through his knowledge and speech the waters and trees become desirous of growing; through

* Appointed translator by the vestry board of the Sphardim synagogue. † Or Zarathrustra.

his knowledge and speech all things created by the Holy Spirit are uttering words of happiness." In the old Yazna alone he appears like a living reality—a man acting a great and prominent part both in the history of his country and that of mankind.

The period of Zoroaster's birth is very uncertain. The dates generally given are as follows: Xanthus of Lydia places him about six hundred years before the Trojan war; Aristotle and Eudoxus place him six thousand years before Plato; others, again, five thousand years before the Trojan war. Berosos, a Babylonian historian, makes him a Babylonian king and the founder of a dynasty which reigned between 2200 and 2000 B. C. over Babylon. There is scarcely a doubt that he must be considered to belong to an age not later than 1000 B. C.; possibly he was a contemporary of Moses.

Zoroaster was a voluminous writer. Most of his writings have been lost. Pliny says he was the author of two million verses; this, however, is no doubt an exaggeration. The Gâthas are considered as the writings of him and his immediate disciples, but mostly his own. He taught the existence of one supreme Being, and for man a future state—for the good, of happiness; for the bad, of woe; that the world was governed by two principles, one of good, and the other of evil. He considered fire and light not so much an object of worship as rather the most pure and lively emblems of the eternal God, and was of the opinion that man required something visible or tangible to exalt his mind to that degree of adoration which is due to the divine Being.

It cannot be doubted that Zoroaster was a deep and great thinker far above his contemporaries, and even many of the most enlightened men of subsequent ages. If proof were needed for the high appreciation in which he was held in antiquity, it might be found in the circumstance that even the Greeks and Romans—not particularly given to overrating foreign learning and wisdom—held him in the very highest estimation, as may be seen by their reiterated praises of the wisdom of him whose name they scarcely knew how to pronounce.

W. & R. CHAMBERS and PETER BAYLE.

SELECTIONS FROM ZOROASTER.

COLLECTED BY PSELLUS.

ORACLES.

FOR nothing imperfect circulates from a paternal principle.

The Father hurled not forth fear, but infused persuasion.

The Father has hastily withdrawn himself, but has not shut up his own fire in his intellectual power.

All things are the progeny of one fire; the Father perfected all things and delivered them over to the second mind, whom all nations of men call the first.

What the mind says, it says by understanding.

The soul, being a bright fire, by the power of the Father remains immortal, and is mistress of life and fills up many of the recesses of the world.

The paternal mind has sowed symbols in the soul.

PARTICULAR SOULS.

The soul of man will in a manner clasp God to herself. Having nothing mortal, she

is wholly inebriated from God, for she glories in the harmony under which the mortal body exists.

The souls of those who quit the body violently are the most pure.

Since the soul perpetually runs and passes through all things in a certain space of time —which being performed, it is presently compelled to run back again through all things and unfold the same web of generation in the world—as often as the same causes return the same effects will in like manner be returned. In us the ethereal vestment of the soul perpetually revolves.

Let the immortal depths of your soul lead you, but earnestly extend your eyes upward.

Man, being an intelligible mortal, must bridle his soul that she may not incur terrestrial infelicity, but be saved.

MORAL MAXIMS.

The most ancient of all things is God, for he is uncreated; the most beautiful is the world, because it is the work of God; the greatest is space, for it contains all that has been created; the quickest is the mind, the strongest is necessity, the wisest is time, for it teaches to become so; the most constant is hope, which alone remains to man when he has lost everything; the best is virtue, without which there is nothing good.

It is the decree of the most just God that men shall be judged according to the good or evil which they shall have done. Their actions will be weighed in the balance of equity. The good will dwell in light.

Honor thy father and thy mother if thou wishest to live eternal life.

Such as thou art unto thy father, such shall thy children be unto thee.

Honor the aged, and let the youngest always yield unto the oldest.

Never speak ill of the dead.

Marry in thy youth. This world is but a passage; it is necessary that thy son should succeed to thee, and that the chain of being should be preserved unbroken.

When thou eatest, give also to the dogs to eat.

It is forbidden to quit a post without the permission of the commander. Life is the post of man.

Temperance is the strength of the mind. Man is dead in the intoxication of wine.

Man is not in safety except under the buckler of wisdom.

Excessive liberty and grinding servitude are equally dangerous and produce nearly the same effects.

Hate not each other because you differ in opinion—rather love each other; for it is impossible that in such a variety of sentiments there should not be some fixed point on which all men ought to unite.

To live well we must abstain from those things which we consider as reprehensible in others.

We ought not to become answerable for others, as we can hardly be answerable for ourselves.

That we may not betray ourselves, it is necessary to learn the art of being silent. He who knows not how to be silent knows not how to speak.

Live with thy friends as if they were one day to become thy enemies.

Before thou quittest thy house know what thou art going to do, and at thy return examine what thou hast done.

Translation of J. P. Cory.

LADY JANE GREY.

ON the 11th of June, Lord Chief-Justice Montague, with other law-officers, was commanded to attend upon the king at Greenwich. Edward, in presence of some members of the council, then declared to them that he had prepared notes of an intended new settlement of the crown, and that he desired they should be reduced into letters-patent. These notes were in effect to set aside the devise of Henry to his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, and to give the crown to the heirs of the Lady Frances, who was the living duchess of Suffolk, but who was herself passed over. The Lady Jane Grey was the eldest of her three daughters; she had no male heir. The judge hesitated, but Northumberland's threats finally prevailed, and on the 14th fifteen lords of the council, nine judges and other officers signed a paper agreeing to maintain the succession as contained in the king's notes delivered to the judges. King Edward died on the 6th of July. The dying boy was no doubt worked upon to this unjust exclusion of his sisters from the throne by the influence of Northumberland, who appears to have possessed an extraordinary control over his actions. Though during the short reign of Edward VI. his nonage precluded him from much share in the direction of public affairs, the disposition, the abilities and the acquirements of this youth, who died before he had completed his sixteenth year, could not be without some effect upon the opinions of the time. The journal written with his own hand, which is preserved in the Cotton Library, is very remarkable. It is in the form of a diary from the 24th of March, 1549, till the 30th of November, 1552. Of his earlier life it presents only a short summary. A very competent judge (Sir J. Mackintosh) has said, "It is perhaps somewhat brief and dry for so young an author, but the adoption of such a plan and the accuracy with which it is written bear marks of an untainted taste and of a considerate mind."

On the 8th of July the council sent for the lord mayor and six aldermen and other citizens of London, and made them swear to abide by the letters-patent. The princess Mary was at Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire. She hastily took horse for her manor of Kenninghall, from which place she addressed a letter to the council, dated the 9th, in which she called upon them, on their allegiance, immediately to proclaim her right and title to the crown. Having answered the letter of Mary declaring that Jane was invested with the true title to the crown, and recommending to the princess to be "quiet and obedient," the council caused Queen Jane to be proclaimed on the 10th. On the 12th the council, who surrounded the Lady Jane in the Tower, received intelligence that Mary had been joined at Kenninghall by the earl of Bath and other leading men, and that

the earl of Sussex and his son were marching to her aid. Northumberland received from Queen Jane the commission for the lieutenantship of the army, sealed, and after a strong appeal to the fidelity of the council he departed, with six hundred men, for the eastern counties. Northumberland was to have received succor at Northampton, but the promised aid of men and munition never arrived. Meanwhile, the cause of Mary was prospering in every quarter, and Queen Jane's supposed friends were fast deserting her. The termination of the march of Northumberland is a pitiable exhibition of the unhonored fall of inordinate ambition. He had retreated to Cambridge with his small army; letters of discomfort had reached him. On the 19th, at night, he heard that Queen Mary had been proclaimed in London; "the next morning he called for a herald and proclaimed her himself." The mayor of Cambridge arrested him after the proclamation, but upon his remonstrance let him go free. He stayed at Cambridge one night; the next morning he was arrested by the earl of Arundel.

On Monday, the 12th of February, Lord Guilford Dudley, the young husband of Lady Jane Grey, was led out of his prison-walls to die on Tower Hill at ten o'clock. Out of the window of a house in the Tower did Jane, whose own hour of final release was fast approaching, see him walk to his execution. On the green against the White Tower a scaffold had been erected, on which the Lady Jane was to die. She went forth to her death at eleven o'clock on that "black Monday," as Strype calls the day, "her countenance nothing abashed, neither her eyes anything moistened with tears," and in her hand she held a book, whereon she prayed all the way till she came to the scaffold. At the last "she tied the kercher about her eyes, then, feeling for the block, said, 'What shall I do? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guided her thereto, and she laid her head down upon the block, and stretched forth her body and said, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' And so she ended."

CHARLES KNIGHT.

THE LAST DAYS OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

FROM THE MEMORIAL ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JAMES A. GARFIELD DELIVERED IN THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES FEBRUARY 27, 1882.

GARFIELD'S ambition for the success of his administration was high. With strong caution and conservatism in his nature, he was in no danger of attempting rash experiments or of resorting to the empiricism of statesmanship. Himself a conspicuous illustration of what ability and ambition may do under republican institutions, he loved his country with a passion of patriotic devotion, and every waking thought was given to her advancement. He was an American in all his aspirations, and he looked to the destiny and influence of the United States with the philosophic composure of Jefferson and the demonstrative confidence of John Adams.

On the morning of Saturday, July second [1881], the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly, happy. On his way to the railroad-station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleas-

ure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor and destined to grow stronger. Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave. Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death; and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties? Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears, the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his, the little boy not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic, the fair young daughter, the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care, and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands; before him, desolation and great darkness. And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering; he trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death; with unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree. As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison-walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders—on its far sails whitening in the morning light, on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun, on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon, on the serene and shining pathway of

the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

FROM THE HEBREW OF KING DAVID (Psalm xxiii.).

THE Lord ruleth me: and I shall want nothing.

He hath set me in a place of pasture.

He hath brought me up, on the water of refreshment: he hath converted my soul.

He hath led me on the paths of justice, for his own name's sake.

For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evils, for thou art with me.

Thy rod and thy staff, they have comforted me.

Thou hast prepared a table before me, against them that afflict me.

Thou hast anointed my head with oil; and my chalice which inebriateth me, how goodly is it!

And thy mercy will follow me all the days of my life.

And that I may dwell in the house of the Lord, unto length of days.

Translation of the LATIN VULGATE.
(First published at Douay, A. D. 1609).

THE HOLY JERUSALEM.

FROM THE GREEK OF ST. JOHN (Revelation xxii. 1–5).

AND he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Translation of KING JAMES'S VERSION.*

A ROMAN PRAYER IN THE DAYS OF TIBERIUS CÆSAR.

FROM THE LATIN OF VALLEUS PATERCULUS.

O JUPITER CAPITOLINUS, O Jupiter Stator, O Mars Gradivus, author of the Roman name, O Vesta, guardian of the eternal fire, O all ye deities who have exalted the present magnitude of the Roman empire to a position of supremacy over the world,—guard, preserve and protect, I entreat and conjure you, in the name of the commonwealth, our present state, our present peace, our present prince. And when he shall have completed a long course on earth, grant him successors to the remotest ages, and such as shall have abilities to support the empire of the world as powerfully as we have seen him support it.

Translation of REV. JOHN SELBY WATSON.

* This version, translated by a commission of fifty-four learned men of all parties, appointed by King James I., was published in 1611. A selection from the Revised Translation will be found in Vol. IV. p. 12€ of this work.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugles's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe;
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain;
The raven's scream or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay
Alone now wakes each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

THEODORE O'HARA.

OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER.

OH NO! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once-familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry me
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more
The valley where we met

I do not see the hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget?

For oh, there are so many things
Recall the past to me—
The breeze upon the sunny hills,
The billows of the sea.
The rosy tint that decks the sky
Before the sun is set—
Ay, every leaf I look upon—
Forbids me to forget.

They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets me:
I heed not what they say.
Like me, perhaps, she struggles with
Each feeling of regret;
But if she loved as I have loved,
She never can forget.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET.

TELL him I love him yet as in that joyous time;
Tell him I ne'er forget, though memory now be crime;
Tell him, when sad moonlight is over earth and sea,
I dream of him by night: he must not dream of me.

Tell him to go where Fame looks proudly on the brave;
Tell him to win a name by deeds on land and wave;
Green, green upon his brow the laurel-wreath shall be,
Although the laurel now may not be shared with me.

Tell him to smile again in pleasure's dazzling throng,
To wear another's chain, to praise another's song;
Before the loveliest there I'd have him bend the knee,
And breathe to her the prayer he used to breathe to me.

And tell him day by day life looks to me more dim:
I falter when I pray, although I pray for him;
And bid him, when I die, come to our favorite tree;
I shall not hear him sigh: then let him sigh for me.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE LION'S RIDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

THE lion is the desert's king; through his domain so wide
Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.
By the sedgy brink where the wild herds drink close couches the grim chief;
The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more
The changeful play of signals gay, when the gloom is speckled o'er
With kraal-fires, when the Caffre wends home through the lone karroo,
When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu,—

Then bend your gaze across the waste. What see ye? The giraffe,
Majestic, stalks toward the lagoon the turbid lymph to quaff;
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels him down to cool
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound, a roar, a bound: the lion sits astride
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so ride?
Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state
To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with ravenous greed;
His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the steed.
Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,
Away, away, in wild dismay, the camelopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the moonlit plain!
As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring eyeballs strain;
In thick black streams of purling blood full fast his life is fleeting;
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that through the Wilderness the path of Israel traced,
Like an airy phantom dull and wan, a spirit of the waste,
From the sandy sea uprising as the water-spout from ocean,
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the vulture whirs on high;
Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and sly,
And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join in the horrid race;
By the footprints wet with gore and sweat their monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear the while
With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's painted pile.
On! on! No pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and strength remain:
The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls and breathes his last;
The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's fell repast.
O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried:
Thus nightly o'er his broad domain the king of beasts doth ride.

Translation ANONYMOUS.

MARTIAL ELEGY.

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

HOW glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!

But oh what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The monarch whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam,
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe,
While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed, dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him; Affliction's storm
Shall blind him, wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name
And children like himself inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand
To save our children. Fight ye side by side
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might,
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age—a sight unblessed—
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevelled in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.
But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears—
The hero-boy that dies in blooming years:
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far
For having perished in the front of war.

Translation of THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean;
She was baith guid and fair, Jean;
Oh, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean;
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRN.

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY.

From "Farm Festivals."

T ain't the funniest thing a man can do—
Existing in a country when it's new;
Nature—who moved in first, a good long while—
Has things already somewhat her own style,
And she don't want her woodland splendors battered,
Her rustic furniture broke up and scattered,
Her paintings, which long years ago were done
By that old splendid artist-king the Sun,
Torn down and dragged in Civilization's gutter
Or sold to purchase settlers' bread and butter.
She don't want things exposed, from porch to closet,
And so she kind o' nags the man who does it.
She carries in her pockets bags of seeds,
As general agent of the thriftiest weeds;
She sends her blackbirds in the early morn
To superintend his fields of planted corn;
She gives him rain past any duck's desire,
Then, maybe, several weeks of quiet fire;
She sails mosquitoes—leeches perched on wings—
To poison him with blood-devouring stings;
She loves her ague-muscle to display
And shake him up—say every other day;
With thoughtful, conscientious care, she makes
Those travellin' poison-bottles, rattlesnakes;
She finds time, 'mongst her other family cares,
To keep in stock good wildcats, wolves and bears;
She spurns his offered hand with silent gibes,
And compromises with the Indian tribes
(For they who've wrestled with his bloody art
Say Nature always takes an Indian's part).
In short, her toil is every day increased
To scare him out and hustle him back East,
Till finally it appears to her some day
That he has made arrangements for to stay;
Then she turns 'round, as sweet as anything,
And takes her new-made friend into the ring,
And changes from a snarl into a purr—
From mother-in-law to mother, as it were.

Well, when I first infested this retreat,
Things to my view looked frightful incomplete,
But Nature seemed quite cheerful all about me,
A-carrying on her different trades without me.
These words the forest seemed at me to throw:
"Sit down and rest a while before you go;'
From bees to trees the whole woods seemed to say,
"You're welcome here till you can get away,

But not for time of any large amount;
So don't be hanging round on our account."
But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
And brought my wife and plunder right along;
I hadn't a round-trip ticket to go back,
And if I had there wasn't no railroad track;
And drivin' east was what I couldn't endure:
I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good,
And helped me every blessed way she could;
She seemed to take to every rough old tree
As sing'lar as when first she took to me.
She kep' our little log house neat as wax,
And once I caught her fooling with my axe;
She learned a hundred masculine things to do:
She aimed a shot-gun pretty middlin' true,
Although, in spite of my express desire,
She always shut her eyes before she'd fire.
She hadn't the muscle (though she *had* the heart)
In out-door work to take an active part,
Though in our firm of Duty & Endeavor
She wasn't no silent partner whatsoever.
When I was loggin', burnin', choppin' wood,
She'd linger 'round and help me all she could,
And kept me fresh-ambitious all the while,
And lifted tons just with her voice and smile.
With no desire my glory for to rob,
She used to stan' around and boss the job,
And when first-class success my hands befell
Would proudly say, "*We* did that pretty well!"
She *was* delicious both to hear and see—
That pretty wife-girl that kep' house for me.

Sundays, we didn't propose, for lack 'o church,
To have our souls left wholly in the lurch,
And so I shaved and dressed up well's I could,
And did a day's work trying to be good.
My wife was always bandbox-sleek; and when
Our fat old bull's-eye watch said half-past ten
('Twas always varying from the narrow way,
And lied on Sundays same as any day),
The family Bible from its high perch started
(The one her mother gave her when they parted),
The hymn-book, full of music-balm and fire—
The one she used to sing in in the choir—
One I sang with her from—I've got it yet—
The very first time that we *really* met.
(I recollect, when first our voices gibed,
A feeling that declines to be described;
And when our eyes met—near the second verse—
A kind of old-acquaintance look in hers,
And something went from mine, which, I declare,
I never even knew before was there;
And when our hands touched—slight as slight could be—
A streak o' sweetened lightnin' thrilled through me.
But that's enough of that; perhaps even now
You'll think I'm softer than the law'll allow;
But you'll protect an old man with his age.
For yesterday I turned my eightieth page.
Besides, there'd be less couples falling out
If such things were more freely talked about.)

Well, we would take these books, sit down alone,
And have a two-horse meeting all our own,
And read our verses, sing our sacred rhymes,
And make it seem a good deal like old times.
But finally across her face there'd glide
A sort of sorry shadow from inside,
And once she dropped her head, like a tired flower,
Upon my arm, and cried a half an hour.
I humored her until she had it out,
And didn't ask her what it was about.
I knew right well: our reading, song and prayer
Had brought the old times back too true and square.
The large-attended meetings morn and night;
The spiritual and mental warmth and light;
Her father in his pew next to the aisle;
Her mother with the mother of her smile;
Her brothers' sly, forbidden Sunday glee;
Her sisters, e'ena'most as sweet as she;
Her girl and boy friends, not too warm or cool;
Her little scrub class in the Sunday-school;
The social and the singings and the ball;
And happy home-cheer waiting for them all,—
These marched in close procession through her mind,
And didn't forget to leave their tracks behind.
You married men—there's many in my view—
Don't think your wife can all wrap up in you,
Don't deem, though close her life to yours may grow,
That you are all the folks she wants to know,
Or think your stitches form the only part
Of the crochet-work of a woman's heart.
Though married souls each other's lives may burnish,
Each needs some help the other cannot furnish.

Well, neighborhoods meant counties in those days;
The roads didn't have accommodating ways,
And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see—
And much less talk with—any one but me.
The Indians sometimes showed their sun-baked faces,
But they didn't teem with conversational graces;
Some ideas from the birds and trees she stole,
But 'twasn't like talking with a human soul;
And finally I thought that I could trace
A half heart-hunger peering from her face.
Then she would drive it back and shut the door;
Of course that only made me see it more.
'Twas hard to see her give her life to mine,
Making a steady effort not to pine;
'Twas hard to hear that laugh bloom out each minute
And recognize the seeds of sorrow in it.
No misery makes a close observer mourn
Like hopeless grief with hopeful courage borne;
There's nothing sets the sympathies to paining
Like a complaining woman uncomplaining.
It always draws my breath out into sighs
To see a brave look in a woman's eyes.

Well, she went on, as plucky as could be,
Fighting the foe she thought I did not see,

And using her heart-horticultural powers
To turn that forest to a bed of flowers.
You cannot check an unadmitted sigh,
And so I had to soothe her on the sly,
And secretly to help her draw her load;
And soon it came to be an up-hill road.
Hard work bears hard upon the average pulse
Even with satisfactory results;
But when effects are scarce, the heavy strain
Falls dead and solid on the heart and brain.
And when we're bothered, it will oft occur
We seek blame-timber; and I lit on her,
And looked at her with daily-lessening favor
For what I knew she couldn't help, to save her.
(We often—what our minds should blush with shame for—
Blame people most for what they're least to blame for.)
Then there'd a misty, jealous thought occur
Because I wasn't earth and heaven to her,
And all the planets that about us hovered,
And several more that hadn't been discovered;
And my hard muscle-labor day by day
Deprived good-nature of the right of way;
And 'tain't no use—this trying to conceal
From hearts that love us what our own hearts feel:
They can't escape close observation's mesh,
And thoughts have tongues that are not made of flesh.
And so ere long she caught the half-grown fact;
Commenced observing how I didn't act,
And silently began to grieve and doubt
O'er old attentions, now sometimes left out;
Some kind caress, some little petting ways,
Commenced a-staying in on rainy days
(I did not see't so clear then, I'll allow,
But I can trace it rather acc'rate now);
And Discord, when he once had called and seen us,
Came round quite often, and edged in between us.

One night I came from work unusual late,
Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate:
Her supper struck me wrong (though I'll allow
She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow);
And when I went to milk the cows, and found
They'd wandered from their usual feeding-ground,
And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em,
Which I must copy if I meant to find 'em,
Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,
And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:
"You ought to've kept the animals in view,
And drove 'em in; you'd nothing else to do.
The heft of all our life on me must fall;
You just lie round and let me do it all."

That speech! It hadn't been gone a half a minute
Before I saw the cold black poison in it,
And I'd have given all I had, and more,
To've only safely got it back in-door.
I'm now what most folks "well-to-do" would call:
I feel to-day as if I'd give it all
Provided I through fifty years might reach
And kill and bury that half-minute speech.
Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds:
You can't do that way when you're flying words.

Things that we think may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

She handed back no words as I could hear;
She didn't frown, she didn't shed a tear;
Half proud, half crushed, she stood and looked me o'er
Like some one she had never seen before,
But such a sudden anguish-lit surprise
I never viewed before in human eyes.
(I've seen it oft enough since in a dream;
It sometimes wakes me like a midnight scream.)

That night, while theoretically sleeping,
I half heard and half felt that she was weeping,
And my heart then projected a design
To softly draw her face up close to mine
And beg of her forgiveness to bestow
For saying that we both knew wasn't so.
I've got enough of this world's goods to do me,
And make my nephews painfully civil to me:
I'd give it all to know she only knew
How near I came to what was square and true.
But somehow, every single time I'd try,
Pride would appear and kind o' catch my eye,
And hold me on the edge of my advance
With the cold steel of one sly, scornful glance.

Next morning, when, stone-faced, but heavy-hearted,
With dinner-pail and sharpened axe I started
Away for my day's work, she watched the door,
And followed me halfway to it, or more;
And I was just a-turning round at this,
And asking for my usual good-bye kiss,
But on her lip I saw a proudish curve
And in her eye a shadow of reserve,
And she had shown—perhaps half unawares—
Some little independent breakfast airs;
And so the usual parting didn't occur,
Although her eyes invited me to her,
Or rather half invited me; for she
Didn't advertise to furnish kisses free:
You always had—that is, I had—to pay
Full market price, and go more'n half the way.
So, with a short "Good-bye," I shut the door,
And left her as I never had before.

Now, when a man works with his muscle smartly,
It makes him up into machinery, partly,
And any trouble he may have on hand
Gets deadened like, and easier to stand.
And, though the memory of last night's mistake
Bothered me with a dull and heavy ache,
I all the forenoon gave my strength full rein
And made the wounded trees bear half the pain.
But when at noon my lunch I came to eat,
Put up by her so delicately neat—
Choicer, somewhat, than yesterday's had been,
And some fresh, sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in:
"Tender and pleasant thoughts," I knew they meant—
It seemed as if her kiss with me she'd sent;

Then I became once more her humble lover,
And said, "To-night I'll ask forgiveness of her."

I went home over-early on that eve,
Having contrived to make myself believe
By various signs I kind o' knew and guessed
A thunder-storm was coming from the west.
('Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,
How many honest ones will take its part;
A dozen first-class reasons said 'twas right
That I should strike home early on that night.)

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung
With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue,
But all within looked desolate and bare;
My house had lost its soul: she was not there.
A pencilled note was on the table spread,
And these are something like the words it said:
"The cows have strayed away again, I fear;
I watched them pretty close; don't scold me, dear.
And where they are I think I *nearly* know:
I heard the bell not very long ago.
I've hunted for them all the afternoon;
I'll try once more: I think I'll find them soon.
Dear, if a burden I have been to you
And haven't helped you as I ought to do,
Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead;
I've tried to do my best—I have indeed.
Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,
And have kind words for me when I get back."

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue
Some swift-blown raindrops to the window clung,
And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded:
My thunder-storm had come, now 'twasn't needed.
I rushed out-door; the air was stained with black;
Night had come early on the storm-cloud's back;
And everything kept dimming to the sight,
Save when the clouds threw their electric light,
When, for a flash, so clean-cut was the view,
I'd think I saw her, knowing 'twas not true.
Through my small clearing dashed wide sheets of spray,
As if the ocean-waves had lost their way;
Scarcely a pause the thunder-battle made
In the bold clamor of its cannonade.
And she, while I was sheltered, dry and warm,
Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm—
She who, when storm-frights found her at her best,
Had always hid her white face on my breast!

My dog, who'd skirmished 'round me all the day,
Now, crouched and whimpering, in a corner lay;
I dragged him by the collar to the wall;
I pressed his quivering muzzle to a shawl.
"Track her, old boy!" I shouted; and he whined,
Matched eyes with me as if to read my mind,

Then with a yell went tearing through the wood:
I followed him as faithful as I could.
No pleasure-trip was that through flood and flame:
We raced with death; we hunted noble game.
All night we dragged the woods without avail;
The ground got drenched: we could not keep the trail.
Three times again my cabin home I found,
Half hoping she might be there safe and sound,
But each time 'twas an unavailing care;
My house had lost its soul: she was not there.

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning-sun
Laughed at the ruin that the night had done,
Bleeding and drenched, by toil and sorrow bent,
Back to what used to be my home I went.
But as I neared our little clearing-ground—
Listen!—I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound;
The cabin door was just a bit ajar;
It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star.
"Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form!
She made them guide her homeward through the storm."
Such pangs of joy I never felt before;
"You've come!" I shouted, and rushed through the door.

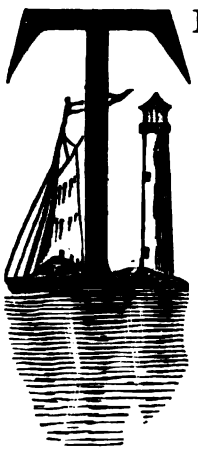
Yes, she had come—and gone again. She lay
With all her young life crushed and wrenched away—
Lay the heart-ruins of our home among,
Not far from where I killed her with my tongue.
The raindrops glittered 'mid her hair's long strands,
The forest-thorns had torn her feet and hands,
And 'midst the tears—brave tears—that one could trace
Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face,
I once again the mournful words could read,
"I've tried to do my best—I have indeed."

And now I'm mostly done; my story's o'er;
Part of it never breathed the air before.
'Tisn't over-usual, it must be allowed,
To volunteer heart-history to a crowd
And scatter 'mongst them confidential tears,
But you'll protect an old man with his years;
And wheresoe'er this story's voice can reach,
This is the sermon I would have it preach:

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire" is good advice, we know;
"Careful with words" is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said.
You have my life-grief. Do not think a minute
'Twas told to take up time: there's business in it.
It sheds advice; whoe'er will take and live it
Is welcome to the pain it costs to give it.

WILL CARLETON.

INVENTION OF THE PRINTING-PRESS.



THE use of carved blocks for the multiplication of copies of playing-cards and devotional pictures gave birth to a principle which has effected, and is still effecting, the most important changes in the world. These devotional pictures had short legends or texts attached to them; and when a text had to be printed, it was engraved in a solid piece, as well as the picture. The first person who seized upon the idea that the text or legend might be composed of separate letters capable of rearrangement after the impressions were taken off, so as to be applied, without new cutting, to other texts and legends, had secured the principle upon which the printing art was to depend. It was easy to extend the principle from a few lines to a whole page, and from one page to many, so as to form a book; but then were seen the great labor and expense of cutting so many separate letters upon small pieces of wood or metal, and another step was required to be made before the principle was thoroughly worked out. This step consisted in the ready multiplication of the separate letters by casting metal in moulds. Lastly, instead of using the old Chinese mode of friction to produce impressions, a *press* was to be perfected. All these gradations were undoubtedly the result of long and patient experiments carried on by several individuals who each saw the importance of the notion they were laboring to work out. It is this circumstance which has given rise to the interminable controversies as to the inventors of printing, some claiming the honor for Coster of Haarlem, and some for Guttenberg of Mentz; and, as is usual in all such disputes, it was represented that the man to whom public opinion had assigned the credit of the invention had stolen it from another, who, as is also usual in these cases, thought of it in a dream or received it by some other mysterious revelation. The general consent of Europe now assigns the chief honor to Guttenberg.

During the summer of 1837 a statue of John Guttenberg by Thorwaldsen was erected at Mentz (or Mayence), and on the 14th of August and the following days a festival was held there, upon the occasion of the inauguration of the monument. Abundant evidence has been brought forward of late years to show that Guttenberg deserves all the honors of having conceived, and in great part perfected, an art which has produced the most signal effects upon the destinies of mankind. At that festival of Mentz—at which many hundred persons were assembled from all parts of Europe to do honor to the inventor of printing—no rival pretensions were put forward, although many of the compatriots of Coster of Haarlem were present. The fine statue of Guttenberg was opened amidst a universal burst of enthusiasm. Never were the shouts of a

vast multitude raised on a more elevating occasion—never were the triumphs of intellect celebrated with greater fervor. It was computed that at least fifteen thousand strangers had arrived to do honor to the first printer.

The modes in which a large population displays its enthusiasm are pretty much the same throughout the world. If the sentiment which collects men together be very heart-stirring, all the outward manifestations of the sentiment harmonize with its real truth. Thus processions and orations and public dinners and pageantries which in themselves are vain and empty are important when the persons whom they collect together have one common feeling which for the time is all-pervading. We never saw such a popular fervor as prevailed at Mentz at the festival of August, 1837. The statue was to be opened on Monday, the 14th, but on the Sunday evening the name of Guttenberg was rife through all the streets. In the morning all Mentz was in motion by six o'clock, and at eight a procession was formed to the cathedral, which, if it was not much more imposing than some of the processions of trades in London and other cities, was conducted with a quiet precision which evidenced that the people felt they were engaged in a solemn act. The fine old cathedral was crowded. The bishop of Mentz performed high mass; the first Bible printed by Guttenberg was displayed. The procession again advanced to the adjacent square, where the statue was to be opened. Here was erected a vast amphitheatre, where, seated under their respective banners, were deputations from all the great cities of Europe. Amidst salvos of artillery the veil was removed from the statue and a hymn was sung by a thousand voices. Then came orations, then dinners, ball, oratorios, boat-races, processions by torchlight. For three days the population of Mentz was kept in a state of high excitement, and the echo of the excitement went through Germany. "Guttenberg! Guttenberg!" was toasted in many a bumper of Rhenish wine amidst this cordial and enthusiastic people.

And, indeed, even in one who could not boast of belonging to the land in which printing was invented, the universality of the mighty effects of this art, when rightly considered, would produce almost a corresponding enthusiasm. It is difficult to look upon the great changes that have been effected during the last four centuries, and which are still in progress everywhere around us, and not connect them with printing and with its inventor. The castles on the Rhine, under whose ruins we travelled back from Mentz, perished before the powerful combinations of the people of the towns; the petty feudal despots fell when the burghers had acquired wealth and knowledge; but the progress of despotism upon a larger scale could not have been arrested had the art of Guttenberg not been discovered. The strongholds of military power still frown over the same majestic river. The Rhine has seen its pretty fortresses crumble into decay; Ehrenbreitstein is more strong than ever, but even Ehrenbreitstein will fail before the power of mind. The Rhine is crowded with steamboats where the feudal lord once levied tribute upon the frail bark of the fisherman, and the approaches to the Rhine from all Germany and from France and Belgium have become a great series of railroads. Such communications will make war a game much more difficult to play; and

when mankind are thoroughly civilized, it will never be played again. Seeing, then, what intellect has done and is doing, we may well venerate the memory of Guttenberg of Mentz

CHARLES KNIGHT.

TIME.

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO THROW NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

"WE know what we are," said poor Ophelia, "but we know not what we may be." Perhaps she would have spoken with a nicer accuracy had she said, "We know what we *have been*." Of our present state we can, strictly speaking, know nothing. The act of meditation on ourselves, however quick and subtle, must refer to the past, in which alone we can truly be said to live. Even in the moments of intensest enjoyment our pleasures are multiplied by the quick-revolving images of thought; we feel the past and future in each fragment of the instant even as the flavor of every drop of some delicious liquid is heightened and prolonged on the lips. It is the past only which we really enjoy as soon as we become sensible of duration. Each bygone instant of delight becomes rapidly present to us and "bears a glass which shows us many more." This is the great privilege of a meditative being—never properly to have any sense of the present, but to feel the great realities as they pass away, casting their delicate shadows on the future.

Time, then, is only a notion unfelt in its passage—a mere measure given by the mind to its own past emotions. Is there, then, any abstract common measure by which the infinite variety of intellectual acts can be meted, any real passage of years which is the same to all, any periodical revolution in which all who have lived have lived out equal hours? Is chronology any other than a fable, a "tale that is told"? Certain outward visible actions have passed and certain seasons have rolled over them, but has the common idea of time as applicable to these any truth higher or surer than those infinite varieties of duration which have been felt by each single heart? Who shall truly count the measure of his own days, much more scan the real life of the millions around him?

The ordinary language of moralists respecting time shows that we really know nothing respecting it. They say that life is fleeting and short; why, humanly speaking, may they not as well affirm that it is extended and lasting? The words "short" and "long" have meaning only when used comparatively, and to what can we compare or liken this our human existence? The images of fragility—thin vapors, delicate flowers and shadows cast from the most fleeting things—which we employ as emblems of its transitoriness really serve to exhibit its durability as great in comparison with their own. If life is short compared with the age of some fine animals, how much longer is it than that of many some of whom pass through all the varieties of youth, maturity and age during a few hours, according to man's reckoning, and, if they are endowed with memory, look back on their early minutes through the long vista of a summer's day? An antediluvian shepherd might complain with as much apparent reason of the

brevity of his nine hundred years as we of our threescore and ten; he would find as little to confute or to establish his theory. There is nothing visible by which we can fairly reckon the measure of our lives. It is not just to compare them with the duration of rocks and hills which have withstood "a thousand storms, a thousand thunders," because where there is no consciousness there is really no time. The power of imagination supplies to us the place of ages. We have thoughts which "date beyond the pyramids." Antiquity spreads around us her mighty wings. We live centuries in contemplation and have all the sentiment of six thousand years in our memories:

> "The wars *we* too remember of King Nine,
> And old Assaracus and Ibycus divine."

Whence, then, the prevalent feeling of the brevity of our life? Not, assuredly, from its comparison with anything which is presented to our senses. It is only because the mind is formed for eternity that it feels the shortness of its earthly sojourn. Seventy years, or seventy thousand, or seven, shared as the common lot of a species, would seem alike sufficient to those who had no sense within them of a being which should have no end. When this sense has been weakened as it was amidst all the exquisite forms of Grecian mythology, the brevity of life has been forgotten. There is scarcely an allusion to this general sentiment, so deep a spring of the pathetic, throughout all the Greek tragedies. It will be found also to prevail in individuals in proportion as they meditate on themselves or as they nurse in solitude and silence the instinct of the eternal.

The doctrine that time exists only in remembrance may serve to explain some apparent inconsistencies in the language which we use respecting our sense of its passage. We hear persons complaining of the slow passage of time when they have spent a single night of unbroken wearisomeness, and wondering how speedily hours filled with pleasure or engrossing occupations have flown, and yet we all know how long any period seems which has been crowded with events or feelings leaving a strong impression behind them. In thinking on seasons of *ennui* we have nothing but a sense of length: we merely remember that we felt the tedium of existence; but there is really no space in the imagination filled up by the period. Mere time unpeopled with diversified emotions or circumstances is but one idea, and that idea is nothing more than the remembrance of a listless sensation. A night of dull pain and months of lingering weakness are in the retrospect nearly the same thing. When our hands or our hearts are busy, we know nothing of time: it does not exist for us; but as soon as we pause to meditate on that which is gone we seem to have lived long, because we look back through a long series of events or feel them at once peering one above the other like ranges of distant hills. Actions or feelings, not hours, mark all the backward course of our being. Our sense of the nearness to us of any circumstance in our life is determined on the same principles—not by the revolution of the seasons, but by the relation which the event bears in importance to all that has happened to us since. To him who has thought or done or suffered much the level days of his childhood seem at an immeasurable distance—far off as the age of chivalry or as the line of Sesostris. There

are some recollections of such overpowering vastness that their objects seem ever near; their size reduces all intermediate events to nothing, and they peer upon us like "a forked mountain or blue promontory," which, being far off, is yet nigh. How different from these appears some inconsiderable occurrence of more recent date which a flash of thought redeems for a moment from long oblivion, which is seen amidst the dim confusion of half-forgotten things like a little rock lighted up by a chance gleam of sunshine afar in the mighty waters!

What immense difference is there, then, in the real duration of men's lives! He lives longest of all who looks back oftenest, whose life is most populous of thought or action and on every retrospect makes the vastest picture. The man who does not meditate has no real consciousness of being. Such a one goes to death as to a drunken sleep; he parts with existence wantonly because he knows nothing of its value. Mere men of pleasure are, therefore, the most careless of duellists and the gayest of soldiers. To know the true value of being, yet to lay it down for a great cause, is a pitch of heroism which has rarely been attained by man. That mastery of the fear of death which is so common among men of spirit is nothing but a conquest over the apprehension of dying; it is a mere victory of nerve and muscle. Those whose days have no principle of continuity, who never feel time but in the shape of *ennui*, may quit the world for sport or for honor. But he who truly lives, who feels the past and future in the instant, whose days are to him a possession of majestic remembrances and golden hopes, ought not to fancy himself bound by such an example. He may be inspired to lay down his life when truth or virtue shall demand so great a sacrifice, but he will be influenced by mere weakness of resolution, not by courage, if he suffer himself to be shamed or laughed or worried out of it.

T. Noon Talfourd.

SÆMUND THE LEARNED.

SÆMUND, son of Sigfus, the reputed collector of the poems bearing his name, which is sometimes also called the Elder and the Poetic Edda, was of a highly distinguished family, being descended in a direct line from King Harald Hildetönn. He was born at Oddi, his paternal dwelling, in the South of Iceland, between the years 1054 and 1057, or about fifty years after the establishment by law of the Christian religion in that island; hence it is easy to imagine that many heathens or baptized favorers of the old mythic songs of heathenism may have lived in his days and imparted to him the lays of the times of old, which his unfettered mind induced him to hand down to posterity.

The youth of Sæmund was passed in travel and study in Germany and France and, according to some accounts, in Italy. His cousin John Ögmundson, who later became first bishop of Holum and after his death was received among the number of saints, when on his way to Rome fell in with his youthful kinsman, and took him back with him to Iceland in the year 1076. Sæmund afterward became a priest at Oddi, where he instructed many young men in useful learning, but the effects of which were not improbably such as to the common people might appear as witchcraft or magic;

and, indeed, Sæmund's predilection for the sagas and songs of the old heathen times (even for the magical ones) was so well known that among his countrymen there were some who regarded him as a great sorcerer, though chiefly in what is called white or innocuous and defensive sorcery—a repute which still clings to his memory among the common people of Iceland, and will long adhere to it through the numerous and popular stories regarding him (some of them highly entertaining) that are orally transmitted from generation to generation. Sæmund died at the age of seventy-seven, leaving behind him a work on the history of Norway and Iceland which is now almost entirely lost. TURNER.

THE VALA'S PROPHECY.*

"THE EDDA" OF SÆMUND THE LEARNED. FROM THE OLD NORSE OR ICELANDIC.

FOR silence I pray all
sacred children,
great and small,
sons of Heimdall.
they will that I Valfather's
deeds recount,
men's ancient saws,
those that I best remember.

The Jötuns I remember
early born,
those who me of old
have reared.

I nine worlds remember,
nine trees,
the great central tree,
beneath the earth.

There was in times of old,
where Ymir dwelt,
nor sand nor sea
nor gelid waves;
earth existed not,
nor heaven above:
'twas a chaotic chasm,
and grass nowhere
before Bur's sons
raised up heaven's vault,
they who the noble
mid-earth shaped.

The sun shone from the south
over the structure's rocks:
then was the earth begrown
with herbage green.
The sun from the south,
the moon's companion,
her right hand cast
about the heavenly horses.
The sun knew not
where she a dwelling had,
the moon knew not
what power he possessed,
the stars knew not
where they had a station.

Then went the powers all
to their judgment-seats,
the all-holy gods,
and thereon held council:
to night and to the waning moon
gave names;

* In this grand and ancient lay—dating, most probably, from the time of heathenism—are set forth as the utterances of a Vala, or wandering prophetess, the story of the creation of the world from chaos.

morn they named,
and mid-day,
afternoon and eve,
whereby to reckon years.

The Æsir met
on Ida's plain;
they altar-steads and temples
high constructed;
their strength they proved,
all things tried,
furnaces established,
precious things forged,
formed tongs,
and fabricated tools;
at tables played at home;
joyous they were;
to them was naught
the want of gold,
until there came
Thurs-maidens three,
all powerful,
from Jötunheim.

Then went all the powers
to their judgment-seats,
the all-holy gods,
and thereon held council,
who should of the dwarfs
the race create,
from the sea-giant's blood
and livid bones.

Then was Môtsognir
created greatest
of all the dwarfs,
and Durin second;
there in man's likeness
they created many
dwarfs from earth,
as Durin said.

* * *

Until there came three
mighty and benevolent
Æsir to the world
from their assembly.
They found on earth,
nearly powerless,
Ask and Embla,
void of destiny.
Spirit they possessed not,
sense they had not,
blood nor motive powers,
nor goodly color.
Spirit gave Odin,
sense gave Hœnir,
blood gave Lodur,
and goodly color.

* * *

I know an ash standing,
Yggdrasil hight,
a lofty tree laved
with limpid water:
thence come the dews
into the dales that fall;
ever stands it green
over Urd's fountain.
Thence come maidens
much knowing—
three from the hall
which under that tree stands;
Urd hight the one,
the second Verdandi—
on a tablet they graved—
Skuld the third.
Laws they established,
life allotted
to the sons of men;
destinies pronounced.

Alone she sat without,
when came that ancient
dread Æsir's prince;
and in his eye she gazed:
"Of what wouldst thou ask me?
Why temptest thou me?
Odin, I know all,
where thou thine eye didst sink
in the pure well of Mim."
Mim drinks mead each morn
from Valfather's pledge.
Understand ye yet, or what?
The chief of hosts gave her
rings and necklace,
useful discourse,
and a divining spirit:
wide and far she saw
o'er every world.

She that war remembers,
the first on earth,
when Gullveig they
with lances pierced,
and in the high one's hall
her burnt,
thrice burnt,
thrice brought her forth—
oft, not seldom;
yet she still lives.
Heidi they called her,
whithersoe'er she came,
the well-foreseeing Vala:
wolves she tamed,
magic arts she knew,
magic arts practised;
ever was she the joy
of evil people.

Then went the powers all
to their judgment-seats,
the all-holy gods,
and thereon held council,
whether the Æsir should
avenge the crime,
or all the gods
receive atonement.

Broken was the outer wall
of the Æsir's burgh.
The Vanir, foreseeing conflict,
tramp o'er the plains.
Odin cast [his spear],
and 'mid the people hurled it;
that was the first
warfare in the world.

A LIFE.

DAY dawned. Within a curtained room
Filled to faintness with perfume
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light;
But, for the lady fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose. The lady's grave was green,
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place.

And then—he died! Behold before ye,
Humanity's poor sum and story—
Life, death, and all that is of glory.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER
(Barry Cornwall).

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

ON Monday morning, April 3, 1854, died Professor Wilson —the "Christopher North" whom probably none of his readers ever thought of as dead or dying or losing any of the intense vitality which distinguishes the ideal "Christopher North" from all other men. "Christopher North" and John Wilson are separated now and for ever. The one will live very long, if not always, and without losing an atom of his vigor; but the other, after long sinking, after grievous depression and gradual extinction by paralysis, is gone, and none of the many who loved and worshipped him could wish that he had lived another day in the condition of his latter years.

Yet he was not very old. He was born at Paisley in 1788, his father being a wealthy manufacturer there. He entered Glasgow University at the age of thirteen, and in four years more went to Magdalen College, Oxford, where his extraordinary quality was recognized at once. He was the leader in all sports, from his great bodily strength as well as his enthusiasm for pleasure of that kind, and he gained the Newdegate prize for an English poem of sixty lines. On leaving college he bought the Elleray estate, on Windermere, which will ever be haunted by his memory, for there is not a point of interest about it or the neighborhood which he has not immortalized. So early as the beginning of 1812 we find Scott writing to Joanna Baillie of the extraordinary young man John Wilson, who had written an elegy upon "poor Grahame," and was then engaged in a poem called the "Isle of Palms"—"something," added Scott, curiously enough, "in the style of Southey." "He seems an excellent, warm-hearted and enthusiastic young man; something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality places him among the list of originals." A short time after this, and in consequence of loss of property, he studied law, and was called to the Scotch bar. So early as that date, before any of the Waverley novels appeared, the grateful young poet, who deeply felt Scott's kindness in encouraging his muse, gave him the title of "the Great Magician," by which he was soon to be recognized by all the world. This was in some stanzas called the "Magic Mirror" which appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. When John Kemble took leave of the stage at Edinburgh and was entertained at a very remarkable dinner, where all the company believed they were taking leave of dramatic pleasure for ever, Jeffrey was in the chair and John Wilson shared the vice-presidentship with Scott. Scott's kindness to his young friend was earnest and vigilant. We find him inviting Wilson and Lockhart from Elleray to Abbotsford the next year, fixing the precise day when he wished them to arrive; and the reason turned out to be that Lord Melville was to be there, and it

was possible that something good might turn up in the Parliament House for the young men in consequence of the interview.

For Wilson this sort of aid was soon unnecessary. He became professor of moral philosophy at Edinburgh in 1820, and had already done more than any one man toward raising the character of periodical literature by his marvellous contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the stimulus his genius imparted to a whole generation of writers of that class. We all know his selection from those papers—the three volumes of *Recreations of Christopher North.* There is nothing in our literature exactly like them, and we may venture to say there never will be. They are not only the most effective transcription of the moods of thought and feeling of a deeply thinking and feeling mind—a complete arresting and presentment of those moods as they pass—but an absolute realizing of the influence of Nature in a book. The scents and breezes of the moorland are carried fairly into even the sick-chamber by that book, and through it the writer practised the benevolence of the ancient rich man, and was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. Mr. Hallam, the calmest of critics, has declared Wilson's eloquence to be as the rushing of mighty waters, and it was no less the bracing of the mountain-winds. His fame will rest on his prose-writings, and not on his two chief poems, the "Isle of Palms" and the "City of the Plague;" and, of his prose-writings, his *Recreations* will, we imagine, outlive his three novels, *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, the *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay* and *The Foresters.* If the marvel of his eloquence is not lessened, it is at least accounted for to those who have seen him, or even his portrait. Such a presence is rarely seen, and more than one person has said that he reminded them of the first man, Adam, so full was that large frame of vitality, force and sentience. His tread seemed almost to shake the streets, his eye almost saw through stone walls, and, as for his voice, there was no heart that could stand before it. He swept away all hearts whithersoever he would. No less striking was it to see him in a mood of repose, as when he steered the old packet-boat that used to pass between Bowness and Ambleside before the steamers were put upon the lake. Sitting motionless with his hand upon the rudder, in the presence of journeymen and market-women, with his eye apparently looking beyond everything into nothing and his mouth closed under his beard as if he meant never to speak again, he was quite as impressive and immortal an image as he could have been to the students of his class or the comrades of his jovial hours. The tendencies of such a temperament are obvious enough, and his faults arose from the indulgence of those tendencies. A few words from a friendly letter of Scott's written when Wilson was a candidate for his professorship will sufficiently indicate the nature of his weaknesses, and may stand for all the censure we are disposed to offer. "You must, of course," writes Scott to Lockhart, "recommend to Wilson great temper in his canvass, for wrath will do no good. After all, he must leave off sack, purge and live cleanly as a gentleman ought to do, otherwise people will compare his present ambition to that of Sir Terry O'Fag when he wished to become a judge. 'Our pleasant vices are made the whips to scourge us,' as Lear says; for other-

wise what could possibly stand in the way of his nomination? I trust it will take place and give him the consistence and steadiness which are all he wants to make him the first man of the age." He did get his election, and it was not very long after that he and Campbell, the poet, were seen one morning leaving a tavern in Edinburgh haggard and red-eyed, hoarse and exhausted—not only the feeble Campbell, but the mighty Wilson—they having sat *tête-à-tete* for twenty-four hours discussing poetry and wine to the top of their bent—a remarkable spectacle in connection with the moral philosophy chair in any university. But if the constituents of such an office crave a John Wilson to fill it, they must take him with all his liabilities about him.

His moods were as various as those of the Mother Nature he adored. In 1815, when all the rest of the world was in the dark about the Scotch novels, he was in excessive delight at receiving from William Laidlaw the evidence that Colonel Mannering was Scott himself; deep in proportion was his grief when he saw that genial mind going out. The trembling of his mighty voice when he paid his tribute to Scott's genius at the public meeting after his death moved every heart present. He could enter into the spirit of lake-scenery deeply with Wordsworth when floating on Windermere at sunset, and he could, as we see by Moore's diary, imitate Wordsworth's monologues to admiration under the lamp at a jovial Edinburgh supper-table. He could collect as strange a set of oddities about him there as ever Johnson or Fielding did in their city lodgings, and he could wander alone for a week along the trout-streams and by the mountain-tarns of Westmoreland. He could proudly lead the regatta from Mr. Bolton's, at Storr's, as "admiral of the lake," with Canning, Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and others, and shed an intellectual sunshine as radiant as that which glittered upon Windermere, and he could forbid the felling of any trees at Elleray and shroud himself in its damp gloom when its mistress was gone, leaving a bequest of melancholy which he never surmounted. The "grace and gentle goodness" of his wife were bound about his heartstrings, and the thought of her was known and felt to underlie all his moods from the time of her death. She loved Elleray and the trees about it, and he allowed not a twig of them to be touched till the place grew too mossy and mournful, and then he parted with it. He was much beloved in that neighborhood, where he met with kindness whatever was genuine, while he repulsed and shamed all flatteries and affectations. Every old boatman and young angler, every hoary shepherd and primitive dame, among the hills of the district, knew him and enjoyed his presence. He was a steady and genial friend to poor Hartley Coleridge for a long course of years. He made others happy by being so intensely happy himself when his brighter moods were on him. He felt, and enjoyed too, intensely, and paid the penalty in the deep melancholy of the close of his life. He could not chasten the exuberance of his love of Nature and of genial human intercourse, and he was cut off from both long before his death. The sad spectacle was witnessed with respectful sorrow, for all who had ever known him felt deeply in debt to him. He underwent an attack of pressure on the brain some years before his death, and an access of paralysis closed the scene.

It is curious that, whereas it is universally agreed that it is by his prose that he won his immortality, he argued with Moore that the inferiority of prose to poetry was proved by the fact that there is no such thing as a school of prose, while literary history consists of a succession of schools of poetry. It may be that his prose is something new in the world. At this moment, under the emotion of parting from him, we are disposed to think it is. Nowhere can we look for such a combination of music, emotion, speculation, comment, wit and imagination as in some of his *Noctes Ambrosianæ* and in hundreds of the pages of *Christopher's Recreations*. In them we rejoice to think the subdued spirit is revived that we have seen fail, and the dumb voice reawakened for the delight of many a future generation.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

PERIODICAL literature is a type of many of the most beautiful things and interesting events in nature—or say, rather, that *they* are types of *it*—the flowers and the stars. As to flowers, they are the prettiest periodicals ever published in folio. The leaves are wire-wove and hot-pressed by Nature's self; their circulation is wide over all the land: from castle to cottage they are regularly taken in; as old age bends over them his youth is renewed, and you see childhood poring upon them pressed close to its very bosom. Some of them are ephemeral; their contents are exhaled between the rising and setting sun. Once a week others break through their green, pink or crimson cover, and how delightful, on the seventh day, smiles in the sunshine the Sabbath flower—a Sunday publication perused without blame by the most religious even before morning prayer! Each month, indeed, throughout the whole year, has its own flower periodical. Some are annual, some biennial, some triennial, and there are perennials that seem to live for ever and yet are still periodical, though our love will not allow us to know when they die and phœnix-like reappear from their own ashes. So much for flowers, typifying or typified—leaves emblematical of pages; buds, of binding; dew-veils, of covers; and the wafting away of bloom and fragrance like the dissemination of fine feelings, bright fancies and winged thoughts.

The flowers are the periodicals of the earth; the stars are the periodicals of heaven. With what unfailing regularity do the numbers issue forth! Hesperus and Lucifer, ye are one concern. The pole-star is studied by all nations. How popular the poetry of the moon! On what subject does not the sun throw light? No fear of hurting your eyes by reading that fine, clear, large type on that softened page. As you turn them over, one blue, another yellow and another green, all are alike delightful to the pupil, dear as the very apple of his eye. Yes, the great periodical press of heaven is unceasingly at work night and day, the only free power all over the world. 'Tis indeed like the air we breathe: if we have it not, we die.

Look, then, at all paper periodicals with pleasure for the sake of the flowers and the stars. Suppose them all extinct, and life would be like a flowerless earth, a starless heaven. We should soon forget the seasons. The periodicals of the external would soon

all lose their meaning were there no longer any periodicals of the internal. These are the lights and shadows of life, merrily dancing or gravely stealing over the dial—remembrancers of the past, teachers of the present, prophets of the future hours. Were they all dead, Spring would in vain renew her promise, wearisome would be the interminable summer days, the fruits of autumn tasteless, the winter ingle blink mournfully round the hearth. What are the blessed seasons themselves, in nature and in Thomson, but periodicals of a larger growth? We should doubt the goodness of that man's heart who loved not the periodical literature of earth and sky, who would not weep to see one of its flowers wither, one of its stars fall, one beauty die on its humble bed, one glory drop from its lofty sphere. Let them bloom and burn on—flowers in which there is no poison, stars in which there is no disease, whose blossoms are all sweet, and whose rays are all sanative, both alike steeped in dew, and both, to the fine ear of Nature's worshipper, bathed in music.

Pomposo never reads magazine poetry, nor, we presume, ever looks at a field or wayside flower. He studies only the standard authors. He walks only in gardens with high brick walls, and then admires only at a hint from the head-gardener. Pomposo does not know that many of the finest poems of our day first appeared in magazines—or, worse still, in newspapers—and that in our periodicals, daily and weekly, equally with the monthlies and quarterlies, is to be found the best criticism of poetry anywhere extant, superior far, in that unpretending form, to nine-tenths of the learned lucubrations of Germany, though some of it, too, is good, almost, as one's heart could desire. What is the circulation even of a popular volume of verses—if any such there be—to that of a number of maga? Hundreds of thousands at home peruse it before it is a week old, as many abroad ere the moon has thrice renewed her horns; and the series ceases not, regular as the seasons that make up the perfect year. Our periodical literature, say of it what you will, gives light to the heads and heat to the hearts of millions of our race. The greatest and best men of the age have not disdained to belong to the brotherhood; and thus the hovel holds what must not be missing in the hall, the furniture of the cot is the same as that of the palace, and duke and ditcher read their lessons from the same page.

PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON
(Christopher North).

THE ALEXANDRIAN MUSEUM.

FROM "HISTORY OF THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE."*

[The Alexandrian Library was founded by Ptolemy Soter about three hundred years before Christ. It was partly destroyed by Theophilus in A. D. 391; Amru, a Saracen, with an Arab army, captured Alexandria A. D. 640, and completed its destruction. It is said that Abulfaragius the grammarian, a famous philosopher, asked Amru for the library; his request was referred to Caliph Omar, who replied "that if those books contained the same doctrine as the Koran, they could be of no use, since the Koran contained all necessary truths; but if they contained anything contrary to that book, they ought to be destroyed;" and therefore, whatever their contents, he ordered them burned.]

TO give practical force to this project, a grand state institution was founded at Alexandria; it became celebrated as the Museum. To it as to a centre philosophers from all parts of the world converged; it is said that at one time not less than four-

* Published by Harper & Brothers.

teen thousand students were assembled there. Alexandria, in confirmation of the prophetic foresight of the great soldier who founded it, quickly became an immense metropolis abounding in mercantile and manufacturing activity. As is ever the case with such cities, its higher classes were prodigal and dissipated, its lower only to be held in restraint by armed force. Its public amusements were such as might be expected—theatrical shows, music, horse-racing. In the solitude of such a crowd or in the noise of such dissipation any one could find a retreat—atheists who had been banished from Athens, devotees from the Ganges, monotheistic Jews, blasphemers from Asia Minor. Indeed, it has been said that in this heterogeneous community blasphemy was hardly looked upon as a crime; at the worst, it was no more than an unfortunate, and, it might be, an innocent, mistake. But, since uneducated men need some solid support on which their thoughts may rest, mere abstract doctrines not meeting their wants, it became necessary to provide a corporeal representation for this eclectic philosophical pantheism, and hence the Ptolemies were obliged to restore—or, as some say, to import—the worship of the god Serapis. Those who affirm that he was imported say that he was brought from Sinope; modern Egyptian scholars, however, give a different account. As setting forth the pantheistic doctrine of which he was the emblem, his image, subsequently to attain worldwide fame, was made of all kinds of metals and stones. "All is God." But still the people, with that instinct which other nations and ages have displayed, hankered after a female divinity, and this led to the partial restoration of the worship of Isis. It is interesting to remark how the humble classes never shake off the reminiscences of early life, leaning rather to the maternal than to the paternal attachment. Perhaps it is for that reason that they expect a more favorable attention to their supplications from a female divinity than a god. Accordingly, the devotees of Isis soon outnumbered those of Serapis, though a magnificent temple had been built for him at Rhacotis, in the quarter adjoining the Museum, and his worship was celebrated with more than imperial splendor. In subsequent ages the worship of Serapis diffused itself throughout the Roman empire, though the authorities—consuls, Senate, emperors—knowing well the idea it foreshadowed and the doctrine it was meant to imply, used their utmost power to put it down.

The Alexandrian Museum soon assumed the character of a university. In it those great libraries were collected, the pride and boast of antiquity. Demetrius Phalareus was instructed to collect all the writings in the world. So powerfully were the exertions of himself and his successors enforced by the government that two immense libraries were procured. They contained seven hundred thousand volumes. In this literary and scientific retreat, supported in ease, and even in luxury—luxury, for allusions to the sumptuous dinners have descended to our times—the philosophers spent their time in mental culture by study or mutual improvement by debates. The king himself conferred appointments to these positions; in later times the Roman emperors succeeded to the patronage, the government thereby binding in golden chains intellect that might

otherwise have proved troublesome. At first, in honor of the ancient religion, the presidency of the establishment was committed to an Egyptian priest, but in the course of time that policy was abandoned. It must not, however, be imagined that the duties of the inmates were limited to reading and rhetorical display; a far more practical character was imparted to them. A botanical garden in connection with the Museum offered an opportunity to those who were interested in the study of the nature of plants; a zoological menagerie afforded like facilities to those interested in animals. Even these costly establishments were made to minister to the luxury of the times: in the zoological garden pheasants were raised for the royal table.

Besides these elegant and fashionable appointments, another, of a more forbidding, and perhaps repulsive, kind, was added—an establishment which in the light of our times is sufficient to confer immortal glory on those illustrious and high-minded kings, and to put to shame the ignorance and superstition of many modern nations: it was an anatomical school suitably provided with means for the dissection of the human body, this anatomical school being the basis of a medical college for the education of physicians. For the astronomers Ptolemy Euergetes placed in the Square Porch an equinoctial and a solstitial armil, the graduated limbs of these instruments being divided into degrees and sixths. There were in the observatory stone quadrants, the precursors of our mural quadrants. On the floor a meridian line was drawn for the adjustment of the instruments. There were also astrolabes and dioptras. Thus, side by side, almost in the king's palace, were noble provisions for the cultivation of exact science and for the pursuit of light literature. Under the same roof were gathered together geometers, astronomers, chemists, mechanicians, engineers. There were also poets who ministered to the literary wants of the dissipated city, authors who could write verse not only in correct metre, but in all kinds of fantastic forms—trees, hearts and eggs. Here met together the literary dandy and the grim theologian. At their repasts occasionally the king himself would preside, enlivening the moment with the condescensions of royal relaxation. Thus, of Philadelphus it is stated that he caused to be presented to the Stoic Sphærus a dish of fruit made of wax so beautifully colored as to be undistinguishable from the natural, and, on the mortified philosopher detecting too late the fraud that had been practised upon him, inquired what he now thought of the maxim of his sect that "the sage is never deceived by appearances." Of the same sovereign it is related that he received the translators of the Septuagint Bible with the highest honors, entertaining them at his table. Under the atmosphere of the place their usual religious ceremonial was laid aside, save that the king courteously requested one of the aged priests to offer an extempore prayer. It is naively related that the Alexandrians present, ever quick to discern rhetorical merit, testified their estimation of the performance with loud applause.

But not alone did literature and the exact sciences thus find protection. As if no subjects with which the human mind has occupied itself can be unworthy of investigation, in the Museum were cultivated the more doubtful arts magic and astrology.

Philadelphus, who toward the close of his life was haunted with an intolerable dread of death, devoted himself with intense assiduity to the discovery of the elixir of life and to alchemy. Such a comprehensive organization for the development of human knowledge never existed in the world before, and, considering the circumstances, never has since. To be connected with it was the passport to the highest Alexandrian society and to court-favor.

To the Museum—and, it has been asserted, particularly to Ptolemy Philadelphus—the Christian world is thus under obligation for the ancient version of the Hebrew Scriptures, the Septuagint. . . .

But it was not alone as regards theology that Alexandria exerted a power on subsequent ages: her influence was as strongly marked in the impression it gave to science. Astronomical observatories, chemical laboratories, libraries, dissecting-houses, were not in vain. There went forth from them a spirit powerful enough to tincture all future times. Nothing like the Alexandrian Museum was ever called into existence in Greece or Rome even in their palmiest days. It is the unique and noble memorial of the dynasty of the Ptolemies, who have thereby laid the whole human race under obligations and vindicated their title to be regarded as a most illustrious line of kings. The Museum was, in truth, an attempt at the organization of human knowledge both for its development and its diffusion. It was conceived and executed in a practical manner worthy of Alexander. And though, in the night through which Europe has been passing—a night full of dreams and delusions—men have not entertained a right estimate of the spirit in which that great institution was founded and the work it accomplished, its glories being eclipsed by darker and more unworthy things, the time is approaching when its action on the course of human events will be better understood and its influences on European civilization more clearly discerned.

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, LL.D.

SONG.

SHALL I love you like the wind, love,
That is so fierce and strong,
That sweeps all barriers from its path
And recks not right or wrong?—
The passion of the wind, love,
Can never last for long.

Shall I love you like the fire, love,
With furious heat and noise,
To waken in you all love's fears
And little of love's joys?—
The passion of the fire, love,
Whate'er it finds, destroys.

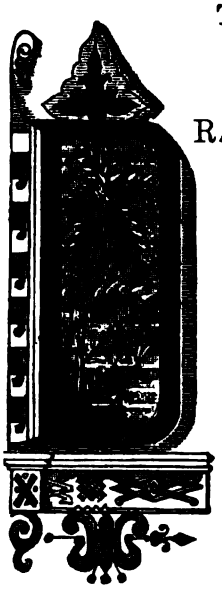
I will love you like the stars, love,
Set in the heavenly blue,
That only shine the brighter
After weeping tears of dew;
Above the wind and fire, love,
They love the ages through.

And when this life is o'er, love,
With all its joys and jars,
We'll leave behind the wind and fire
To wage their boisterous wars:
Then we shall only be, love,
The nearer to the stars.

R. W. RAYMOND

THE EXECUTION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.*

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF LUIS DE CAMOENS OF PORTUGAL.



RAGGED from her bower by murderous ruffian hands,
Before the frowning king fair Inez stands;
Her tears of artless innocence, her air
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Moved the stern monarch, when with eager zeal
Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal:
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possessed,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confessed;
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled—
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes—
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes, in trembling teardrops drowned,
To heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound;
Then on her infants turned the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe. The babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus: "O monarch, hear!
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tigers or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspired by Nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given,
Shalt thou, who wearest the sacred stamp of Heaven,
The human form divine—shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply?
Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould! superfluous were my prayer:
Thou couldst not then a helpless damsel slay
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confessed,
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.
In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me for their sakes if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valor glows;

* The story of Inez de Castro is very generally known. She was the object of Don Pedro's passion, and was assassinated by order of King Alfonso IV., his father, to prevent an unequal union.

That thou art brave let vanquished Afric tell:
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell.
Ah! let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deserts or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lion's roaring and the tiger's yell—
There with mine infant race consigned to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find
In vain by me implored from humankind;
There, in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
For him whose love I mourn my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur and the tear shall flow,
And my fond wish and all my hope to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear—
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woeful, hopeless joy."

In tears she uttered. As the frozen snow,
Touched by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So just began to melt his stubborn soul
As mild-rayed pity o'er the tyrant stole.
But Destiny forbade: with eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom.
Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,
Their swords unsheathed around her brandished shine.

Oh foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain!
By men of arms a helpless lady slain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfilled the mandate of his furious sire;
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
He rushed, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dashed the daughter on the sacred floor,
While mildly she her raving mother eyed,
Resigned her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal,
Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel.
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustained
The loveliest face, where all the graces reigned,
Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflamed
That her pale corse was Lisbon's queen proclaimed—
That snowy neck was stained with spouting gore:
Another sword her lovely bosom tore;
The flowers that glistened with her tears bedewed
Now shrunk and languished with her blood imbrued.
As when a rose erewhile of bloom so gay,
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white and all its fragrance fled,
So from her cheeks the roses died away,
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay.
With dreadful smiles and crimsoned with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,

Unmindful of the sure though future hour
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

. . .

O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness—as of old
A sudden night unwonted horror cast
O'er that dire banquet where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied?—Yet you, ye vales,
Ye distant forests and ye flowery dales,
When, pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call,
Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
And "Pedro! Pedro!" mournful sighed around.
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewailed the memory of her hapless loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
Transformed their tears, which weeps and murmurs still.
To give immortal pity to her woe
They taught the rivulet through her bowers to flow,
And still through violet-beds the fountain pours
Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.
Nor long her blood for vengeance cried in vain:
Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.
In vain her murderers for refuge fly:
Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply;
The injured lover's and the monarch's ire
And stern-browed justice in their doom conspire:
In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in fire.

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

SELECTIONS FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "INEZ DE CASTRO."

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF ANTONIO FERREIRA OF PORTUGAL.

ON the opening of the fourth act Inez appears before the king attended by his two confidential advisers, Coelho and Pacheco, and the scene that follows is a noble combination of pathos, eloquence and fine chivalric manners. After she has appealed to the justice, the compassion and the generosity of the monarch in behalf of her offspring at her side, whom she presents to him, the king replies to her in these words:

"It is thy sins that kill thee: think on them."

On which she answers:

"Alas! whate'er my sins,
None dare accuse my loyalty to thee,
Most gracious prince! My sins toward God are many,
Yet doth not Heaven hear the repentant voice
That sues for pity? God is just, but merciful,
And pardons oft where he might punish—oft,
Long-suffering, reprieves the wretch, who lives;
For Heaven is watchful still to pardon sinners,
And such th' example once you gave your subjects;
Nor change your generous nature now to me."

Coelho informs her that she is already condemned, and that it is time she should prepare her soul, in order that she may avoid a still more tremendous doom. At these words, turning toward her executioners, she appeals to their knightly honor and to their ancestral chivalry. It is here that her confidence in the prevailing laws of honor, contrasted with the dark counsels of political convenience, produces the finest effect:

"Have I no friend? Where are my friends? Who else
Should now appease the anger of the king?

Implore him for me; help to win his pity!—
And ye, true knights who succor the oppressed,
Let not the innocent thus unjustly suffer:
If you can see me die, the world will say
'Twas you who bade me suffer."

One might imagine that such language would have blunted the weapons of her destroyers, but the reply of Coelho, intent upon her death and about to strike the fatal blow, is calm and dignified:

"I do beseech you, Inez, by these tears
You shed in vain, to snatch the few short moments
That still are yours to render up your soul
In peace and prayer to God. 'Tis the king's will,
And it is just. We did attend him hither
For this, to save his kingdom, not to punish
The innocent; it is a sacrifice
Which, would to Heaven! might be averted from us.
But, as it may not be, forgive the king:
He is not cruel; and if we appear so
In having given him counsel, go where thou
Mayest cry for vengeance just upon thy foes—
At the eternal throne. We have condemned thee
Unjustly, as it seems, yet we shall follow
Thy steps ere long, and at the judgment-seat
Render account before the Judge supreme
Of that which thou complainest of—this deed."

Inez after her death was proclaimed queen of Portugal on the accession of her lover to the throne. J. C. L. SISMONDO DE SISMONDI.

MICHAEL VASSILJEVICH LOMONOSOV.

LOMONOSOV* is the father of Russian poetry. It did not advance from step to step through various gradations of improvement, but received from his extraordinary genius an elevation and a purity which are singularly opposed to the barbarous compositions which preceded him. His works have been collected into six volumes.

Lomonosov was born in Cholmognie in 1711. He was the son of a sailor. He studied Latin and Greek, rhetoric and poetry, in Sakonospaskoe Uchilishchœ. In 1734 he entered the imperial academy, and two years afterward was sent to Germany as a student. On his return to Petersburg he was appointed to the professorship of chemistry; in 1751 he was made associate of the academy, and in 1760 called to the directorship of the academical gymnasium and of the university. He died in 1765. The Petersburg academy of sciences published a complete collection of his works in sixteen volumes, which reached a third edition in 1804. JOHN BOWRING.

* Or "Broken Nose."

ON THE MAJESTY OF GOD.†

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF MICHAEL VASSILJEVICH LOMONOSOV, THE FATHER OF RUSSIAN POETRY.

NOW day conceals her face, and darkness fills
The field, the forest, with the shades of night;
The gloomy clouds are gathering round the hills,
Veiling the last ray of the lingering light.
The abyss of heaven appears; the stars are kindling round;
Who, who can count those stars, who that abyss can sound?

Just as a sand 'whelmed in the infinite sea,
A ray the frozen iceberg sends to heaven,
A feather in the fierce flame's majesty,
A mote by midnight's maddened whirlwind driven,
Am I 'midst this parade—an atom less than naught,
Lost and o'erpowered by the gigantic thought.

† On seeing the great Northern Lights.

And we are told by wisdom's knowing ones
That there are multitudes of worlds like this;
That yon unnumbered lamps are glowing suns,
And each a link amidst creation is;
There dwells the Godhead too, there shines his wisdom's essence,
His everlasting strength, his all-supporting presence.

Where are thy secret laws, O Nature, where?
Thy north lights dazzle in the wintry zone:
How dost thou light from ice thy torches there?
There has thy sun some sacred, secret throne?
See in yon frozen seas what glories have their birth;
Thence night leads forth the day to illuminate the earth.

Come, then, philosopher, whose privileged eye
Reads Nature's hidden pages and decrees—
Come now, and tell us whence and where and why
Earth's icy regions glow with lights like these,
That fill our souls with awe; profound inquirer, say,
For thou dost count the stars and trace the planets' way.

What fills with dazzling beams the illumined air?
What wakes the flames that light the firmament?
The lightnings flash: there is no thunder there;
And earth and heaven with fiery sheets are blent;
The winter night now gleams with brighter, lovelier ray
Than ever yet adorned the golden summer's day.

Is there some vast, some hidden, magazine
Where the gross darkness flames of fire supplies?
Some phosphorous fabric which the mountains screen
Whose clouds of light above those mountains rise,
Where the winds rattle loud around the foaming sea
And lift the waves to heaven in thundering revelry?

Thou knowest not! 'Tis doubt, 'tis darkness, all:
Even here on earth our thoughts benighted stray,
And all is mystery through this worldly ball;
Who, then, can reach or read yon milky way?
Creation's heights and depths are all unknown, untrod;
Who, then, shall say how vast, how great, creation's God?

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

THE DOVE AND THE STRANGER.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DMITRIEV.

STRANGER. Why mourning there so sad, thou gentle dove?

DOVE. I mourn—unceasing mourn—my vanished love.

STRANGER. What! has thy love, then, fled, or faithless proved?

DOVE. Ah, no! The sportsman murdered him I loved.

STRANGER. Unhappy one, beware! that sportsman's nigh.

DOVE. Oh, let him come—or else of grief I die.

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

DAY-DREAMS.

These lines were written by the Rev. J. A. Allen, of Ardath, Wolf Island, Upper Canada. He ranks as one of the greatest poets of the Dominion. His poem, Day-Dreams by a Butterfly, was first published in 1854, at Kingston, Ontario.

IN man's soul inwrought
Are whole realms of thought,
In the progress of things unrolled;
Time's favoring gale
Expands each white sail,
And new worlds new wonders unfold.
The thing that we are
We know not: the far,
The wondrous, the high, the profound,
We reach; but the mind,
The essence enshrined
Within us, what plummet can sound?
—— The human soul
Is no mere blank scroll,
Where fancy may write what she wills.
Each faculty, sense,
Force, feeling intense,
Stands immovable as the hills.
When death comes, we shake
Our chains off, awake
From life's dream, by mind's native worth:
Our coils now unfold,
By death snapped, and bold
The disenthralled spirit steps forth.
Scales drop from the eyes
Of mind, and the guise,
Which thought had assumed during life,
Is shred—like a flower,
By the scathing power
Of winged lightning—thus ends the strife;
And as a balloon
Springs upward, so soon
As its cords have slipped their firm tie,
So springs the glad soul,
Freed from time's control,
With one bound, to its native sky—
That sky which is near,
Not far off; 'tis here,
In the soul, not the soul in it;
And Soul hath not space,
Nor needs it for base,
A wide universe, or a point.
All spirits might dwell
In a cypris' shell,
Whose very minuteness astounds,
Feel free, as a fly,
In day's open sky,
And roam through its infinite bounds.
What's SPACE but a thought
In the sense-loom wrought,
Inwove in the woof of the mind;
Each varying scene
On life's glowing screen,
By the pen of the spirit designed.
Thus is the immense
A web of the sense,
Where matter, space, time are inwrought,
In hues dark as night,
Or bright as the light,
Or dim as the shadows of thought.

J. A. ALLEN.

THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land-breeze blew mild and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the Spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion
From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.
No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The seabird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
And the fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
I sighed as I looked from the hill's gentle slope:
All hushed was the billow's commotion,
And I thought that the beacon looked lovely as Hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.
The time is long past and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow
Will memory often rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
And in life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, then may the seraph of mercy arise
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

PAUL MOON JAMES.

GULFWEED.

A WEARY weed tossed to and fro,
Drearily drenched in the ocean-brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine,
Sport of the spume of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery:
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar
Gracefully grow I night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore
Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole—
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

THE KING'S WOOING.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

Donna Juana prefers Don Henry to his brother, the king, Don Pedro. To him she remains constant in spite of the passion of the monarch, who was neither less amiable, less young nor less captivating. She endeavors in various ways to make known her attachment to Don Henry, and at last, when the king is on the point of receiving her hand, she begs to speak to him alone, hoping to free herself from him by a singular artifice.

JUANA. Don Pedro, I have ventured to confide
In your known valor and your generous wisdom

To speak with you thus frankly. You must know
Don Henry did address me, and I answered
His suit, though with a grave and modest carriage.
Never from him heard I unfitting words;
Never from him did I receive a line
Trenching upon mine honor; yet, believe me,
If I have answered not your love, I have
A deeper motive than you think of. Listen!
But no! How can I tell such circumstances?
And yet the hazard only may be blamed.
Doth not my cheek grow pale?

THE KING. Oh, I am lost!

Juana, I am lost! My love begets
A thousand strange chimeras. What shall I
Believe of this thy treachery—of thy honor?
Oh, speak, nor longer torture me. I know
The hazards wherewith lovers are environed.

JUANA. I seek choice words and the disguise of rhetoric,
And yet the simple truth will best excuse me.
I and Don Henry—he was speaking to me—
Descended the great staircase of the palace—
I cannot tell it. Will you let me write it?

THE KING. No, tarry not; my patience is exhausted.

JUANA. I said we did descend the staircase— No,
Not the doomed criminal can be more moved
Than I am at this tale.

THE KING. In God's name, hasten!

JUANA. Wait but a little while.

THE KING. You torture me.

JUANA. Nay, I will tell you all.

THE KING. Oh, end the tale!

My blood creeps through each artery drop by drop.

JUANA. Alas, My Lord, my crime was very light.
Well, Henry then approached me.

THE KING. Well, and then?

JUANA. His mouth—'twas by some fatal accident—
Met mine. Perchance he only sought to speak,
But in the obscurity of night he did
Unwittingly do this discourtesy.
Now, then, you know the hidden fatal reason
Why I can never be your wife.

THE KING. I know,
Juana, that this tale is the mere coinage
Of your own brain. I know, too, that Don Henry
Hath not yet sought his exile—that he lingers
In Seville, plotting how to injure me.
I know that they will say it ill becomes
One of my rank to struggle for your love—
That wise men and that fools will all agree
In telling me I have forgot my honor,
But I am wounded: jealousy and love
Have blinded me. I equally despise
The wise man and the fool, and only seek
To satisfy the injury I feel.
Vengeance exists not undebased with fury,
Nor love untainted by the breath of folly.
This night will I assassinate Don Henry,
And, he being dead, I will espouse thee. Then
Thou never canst compare his love with mine.
'Tis true that while he lives I can't espouse thee,
Seeing that my dishonor lives in him
Who hath usurped the place reserved for me;

But, while I thus avenge this crime, I feel
That it hath no reality. And yet
Though thine adventure be all false—invented
To make me yield my wishes and renounce
My marriage—it suffices that it hath
Been only told to me to seal my vengeance;
Or if love makes me credit aught of it,
Henry shall die, and I will wed his widow;
Then, though the tale thou tellest were discovered,
Thine honor and mine own will be uninjured.

It is neither a tyrant nor a madman who speaks. Don Pedro resolves to commit fratricide—not like a monster, but like a Spaniard delicate upon the point of honor. He despatches assassins by different routes to discover his brother. In the mean time, Don Henry marries Juana, and the king, when he thus finds the evil without remedy and his honor unimpaired, pardons the two lovers.

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

LOVE AND TIME.

TWO pilgrims from the distant plain
Come quickly o'er the mossy ground:
One is a boy with locks of gold
Thick curling round his face so fair;
The other, pilgrim stern and old,
Has snowy beard and silver hair.

The youth, with many a merry trick,
Goes singing on his careless way;
His old companion walks as quick,
But speaks no word by night or day.
Where'er the old man treads, the grass
Fast fadeth with a certain doom;
But where the beauteous boy doth pass,
Unnumbered flowers are seen to bloom.

And thus before the sage the boy
Trips lightly o'er the blooming lands,
And proudly bears a pretty toy—
A crystal glass with diamond sands.
A smile o'er any brow would pass
To see him frolic in the sun,
To see him shake the crystal glass
And make the sands more quickly run.

And now they leap the streamlet o'er,
A silver thread so white and thin,
And now they reach the open door
And now they lightly enter in.
"God save all here!" That kind wish flies
Still sweeter from his lips so sweet.
"God save you kindly!" Norah cries;
"Sit down, my child, and rest and eat."

"Thanks, gentle Norah, fair and good:
We'll rest a while our weary feet;
But, though this old man needeth food,
There's nothing here that he can eat.
His taste is strange: he eats alone
Beneath some ruined cloister's cope,
Or on some tottering turret's stone,
While I can only live on hope.

"A week ago, ere you were wed—
It was the very night before—
Upon so many sweets I fed
While passing by your mother's door;
It was that dear, delicious hour
When Owen here the nosegay brought,
And found you in the woodbine bower:
Since then, indeed, I've needed naught."

A blush steals over Norah's face,
A smile comes over Owen's brow,
A tranquil joy illumes the place,
As if the moon were shining now;
The boy beholds the pleasing pain,
The sweet confusion he has done,

And shakes the crystal glass again
And makes the sands more quickly run:

"Dear Norah, we are pilgrims bound
Upon an endless path sublime;
We pace the green earth round and round,
And mortals call us Love and Time.
He seeks the many; I, the few;
I dwell with peasants; he, with kings.
We seldom meet; but when we do,
I take his glass; and he, my wings.

"And thus together on we go
Where'er I chance or wish to lead,
And Time, whose lonely steps are slow,
Now sweeps along with lightning speed.
Now on our bright predestined way
We must to other regions pass;
But take this gift, and night and day
Look well upon its truthful glass.

"How quick or slow the bright sands fall
Is hid from lovers' eyes alone;
If you can see them move at all,
Be sure your heart has colder grown.
'Tis coldness makes the glass grow dry,
The icy hand, the freezing brow;
But warm the heart and breathe the sigh,
And then they'll pass you know not how."

She took the glass where Love's warm hands
A bright impervious vapor cast;
She looks, but cannot see the sands,
Although she feels they're falling fast.
But cold hours came, and then, alas!
She saw them falling, frozen through,
Till Love's warm light suffused the glass
And hid the loosening sands from view.

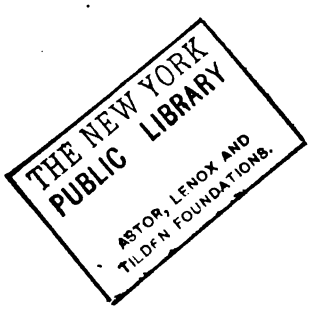
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

THE ROYAL GUEST.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men:
With thee I'm slow and difficult of speech;
With others I may guide the car of talk:
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.
If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair
And choose my newest garment from the shelf:
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.
For them I while the hours with tale or song
Or web of fancy fringed with careless rhyme,
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time?

Oh, friend beloved, I sit apart and dumb—
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.
Thou art to me most like a royal guest
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.
Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me,
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine,
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

JULIA WARD HOWE.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MINOT J. SAVAGE.

DECORATING THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

A SILENT bivouac of the dead, we say,
While on the low green tents we lay our flowers,
And with soft tread we take our reverent way
Past where each seems to sleep away the hours.

A silent bivouac? Nay, they sleep not here:
They have passed on; and, gleaming bright ahead,
Their camp-fires on yon heights of truth appear,
Lighting the way that coming feet shall tread.

Their shot-torn flags still wave upon the air,
There where some new heroic deed is done;
And, echoing loud, their shout still ringeth where
Some new field waits, by brave hearts to be won.

The brave die never, though they sleep in dust:
Their courage nerves a thousand living men,
Who seize and carry on the sacred trust,
And win their noble victories o'er again.

Their graves are cradles of the purpose high
That led them on the weary march, and through
The battles where the dying do not die,
Bnt live forever in the deeds they do.

And from these cradles rise the coming years,—
The dead souls resurrected,—still to keep,
The memory of those times of blood and tears,
And carry on the work of those who sleep.

And thus the silent bivouac of the dead
Finds voice, and thrills with throbbing life to-day;
And we, who softly by their green tents tread,
Will hear and heed the noble words they say.

M. J. SAVAGE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

[We are indebted to George H. Ellis, publisher, of Boston, Mass., for kind permission to use this selection from Dr. Savage's poems.]

VICTOR HUGO.

THIS truly great man—romancer, dramatist, politician, orator, statesman, and, above all, *par excellence*, poet, *the* poet of France in the modern period—was born at Besançon on the 26th of February, 1802. Entering the world almost with the century and living until 1884, his life, actions and writings form a striking illustration of the marvellous history of France during that period. There is not a cardinal event, political or social, which is not clearly mirrored in his writings. He was the son of a general officer in the French army, and, with his father, led a wandering life in his youth, according to the exigences

of service, in Italy, Switzerland and Spain. General Hugo was devoted to the first emperor, and his son inherited that loyalty and admiration; to both he was always *Napoleon le Grand*. During his early life his father and mother separated, and Victor, remaining with his father, devoted himself to literature. In 1822 he published his *Odes et Ballades*, which informed the French that a young but very promising poet had risen among them. This was soon followed by two romantic and very vivid stories entitled *Hans of Iceland* and *Bug-Jargal*. In 1826 he issued a second volume of *Odes and Ballads*, and in 1827 his *Cromwell*, a drama. While all these works were well received, they were as nothing in comparison with his powerful and very realistic novel named *Les derniers Jours d'un Condamné*—the confessions of a criminal just before his execution.

Thus far Hugo's literary efforts were somewhat desultory, written at the caprice of his fancy; but he now undertook a dangerous and logical conflict in the arena of letters: it was nothing less than a furious and deadly assault upon the *classic* school, which had up to that time and for centuries past prevailed in France, and which was illustrated by the immortal works of Corneille, Racine and Molière. He set forth *Romanticism* as the true field and home of the drama. In direct contradiction to the pedantic stiffness and the theatrical heroes of the older playwrights, he seized the idea of passion in its modern and more touching reality, taking for his heroes of every period men and women with whom we can sympathize, scorning at once the unities and the proprieties of the classic drama, and letting into the cumbrous stage-effects of the earlier day a touch of fervid nature which makes the whole world kin. The gage of battle was thrown down by his presentation of *Hernani* in 1830. The theatre was thronged and surrounded by the contending factions and a furious, literary war was waged. The French Academy—*arbiter literarum*—given over to classicism, petitioned the king, Charles X., to suppress the play and the author. The revolution of the three days of July in that same year, which sent the king flying for his life to Holyrood, caused a temporary truce; but Hugo continued the attack. In 1830 he also produced *Marion de l'Orme*, and in 1832 *Le Roi s'amuse*, the presentation of which was forbidden by the government. This was the surest way to help him to success. In 1831 he had published his splendid novel *Notre Dame de Paris*—known in English as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*—which seemed to cap the climax of his renown. Then followed at short intervals his dramas *Lucrece Borgia*, *Marie Stuart*, *Ruy Blas*, and others. So thoroughly had his power and pertinacity conquered opposition that in 1841 the Academy, which ten years before had tried to crush him, had been so far converted to his views that they admitted him among the immortal forty, and in 1845 he was created a peer of France. Of a wonderful energy, by nature impulsive and violent, he was almost always in opposition. When Louis Philippe was driven away, in 1848, he acknowledged the republic, and would have continued to act with the council of the nation; but when the *coup d'état* of 1851 came, he found a cause upon which to exhaust his invective. He was driven into exile—first to the island of Jersey, where he em-

ployed his pen in denouncing the new emperor, in his *Napoléon le Petit* and *Les Châtiments*. He was obliged to leave Jersey and take refuge in the English island of Guernsey, where he continued to live until the downfall of Napoleon III., in 1871. Admitted more than once to amnesty during that interval, he proudly refused it. When his wife died, her body was taken to France for burial. The husband mournfully conducted it to the French frontier, and, there consigning it with tears to the hands of friends, he retraced his steps to his now self-imposed exile.

The story of the *coup d'état* in its painful details, rendered more painful by the settled anger of the writer, is told in his *Histoire d'un Crime*, which, although rapidly written in 1852, was not published until 1877. In February, 1876, he was elected a senator of France. His greatest work—in which, indeed, great strength of sentiment and power of moral description are allied with some redundancy of expression—is *Les Misérables*, which literally took the world by storm. It was at once translated into nine languages. Always the ardent and sympathetic friend of the workingman and the champion of the poor, he has done more to ameliorate their condition by this book than could be effected by long codes of laws. Among his curious works are *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* ("*The Toilers of the Sea*") and *L'Homme qui rit* ("*The Man who Laughs*"). To realize the Reign of Terror in La Vendée, he wrote what is perhaps the least successful of his romances, but which abounds in fine descriptions—*Quatre vingt treize* ("*'93*"). After enjoying, on his return to France, in 1871, a series of ovations and the permanent affection of his admiring countrymen, he died in 1884, mourned by a whole nation and regretted by cultured people everywhere. Never was there a grander funeral. The Pantheon—transformed from a church into a grand mausoleum when Mirabeau died, and bearing upon its pediment the inscription, "*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*"—was reopened to receive his honored remains. Truly, it might be said of him, as Mrs. Browning wrote of the burial of Napoleon I.:

> "I think this nation's tears thus poured together
> Better than shouts. I think this funeral
> Grander than crownings, though a pope bless all.
> I think this grave stronger than thrones."

A splendid *édition definitive* of his works, in about fifty volumes, was issued during his last years. Whatever he left unpublished will be issued in the concluding volumes of the series.

THE EFFECTS OF INFLATION IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

MR. HUME informs us in his *History of England* that some old people, upon hearing the news of the restoration of Charles II., died suddenly of joy. There was a time when I doubted the truth of this assertion, but I am now disposed to believe it, from having heard of a similar effect from an agreeable political event in the course of the American Revolution. The doorkeeper of Congress, an aged man, died suddenly immediately after hearing of the capture of Lord Cornwallis's army. His death was universally ascribed to a violent emotion of political joy. This species of joy ap-

pears to be one of the strongest emotions that can agitate the human mind.

Perhaps the influence of that ardor in trade and speculation which seized many of the friends of the Revolution, and which was excited by the fallacious nominal amount of the paper money, should rather be considered as a disease than as a passion. It unhinged the judgment, deposed the moral faculty and filled the imagination, in many people, with airy and impracticable schemes of wealth and grandeur. Desultory manners and a peculiar species of extempore conduct were among its characteristic symptoms. It produced insensibility to cold, hunger and danger. The trading towns, and in some instances the extremities, of the United States, were frequently visited in a few hours or days by persons affected by this disease, and hence "to travel with the speed of a speculation" became a common saying in many parts of the country. This species of insanity (if I may be allowed to call it by that name) did not require the confinement of a Bedlam to cure it, like the South-Sea madness described by Dr. Mead. Its remedies were the depreciation of the paper money and the events of the peace. BENJAMIN RUSH.

DAYS OF KAMEHAMEHA I.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED JANUARY, 1841, AT HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS, BY GOVERNOR KEKUANAOA.

IN looking over the years that are past, I see great reason to praise God for his goodness to me, and to all who are here present. I look back to the reign of Kamehameha I., and around on the present state of things, and I say there is no being so great and good as Jehovah, and there are no laws so good as His. I will mention some things which I saw in the reign of Kamehameha I. There was idolatry. We worshipped wooden gods and feather gods, and all sorts of worthless things. In former days right and wrong were all alike to us; but now we see there is a difference. There is a right, and there is a wrong. Uncleanness abounded in our times of darkness. The law of marriage was then unknown. Untold evils arose from this source, such as infanticide, quarrels, murders, and such like things. All these evils are not done away, but they have greatly decreased. In the reign of Kamehameha I. we were not taught to respect the rights of others. We abused the maimed, the blind, the aged, and the chiefs oppressed the poor without mercy. We did not know then that these things were wrong. In those ancient times we were greatly given to gambling, drinking and sports. These were universal, and the chiefs were foremost in them. It was common, also, for the chiefs to seize such property as they coveted, without giving anything in return for it. Property is now secured to all by the laws of the kingdom. We chiefs do not dare now to take property which is not our own. Some chiefs have done so, and they have been called to account. Taxes are now fixed and regular, and we have many good laws, like enlightened countries.

EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY.

DIODORUS SICULUS, in relating the tradition of the Egyptians respecting the formation of the universe, says, "In the beginning the heaven and the earth had but one form, being mingled together by their nature, but, afterward having been separated, the world began to take its present form. By the motion of the air the particles of fire

rose and gave to the sun, moon and stars their circular motion. Solid matter fell down and formed the earth and the sea, whence sprang animals and fishes—almost in the same manner that the multitude of insects and of other animals in Egypt are still seen to issue from the earth, tempered by the waters of the Nile."

The Egyptian mythology had two senses, one sacred and sublime, the other sensible and palpable. The priests placed the sphinxes at the entrance on their temples thereby to show that their theology contained secrets of wisdom under enigmatical words. For instance, the inscription on the statues of Isis was in these mystic words: "I am all that has been, all that shall be, and no mortal has ever taken off my veil." Their theology had, therefore, two significations, one holy and symbolical, the other vulgar and literal. The figures of animals represented in temples, and which they seemed to worship, were nothing but hieroglyphics intended to represent divine attributes. In studying their sacred language, the hieroglyphics of which were emblems, one sees that they generally believed an inanimate and confused nature could not be the origin of all things. They believed that there was a supreme intelligence that had created the world, and that there was also in man an intelligence superior to the body, and which was called the soul. But this great and sublime idea was admitted and preserved by the priests, who were more enlightened than the multitude, and, as they highly appreciated an opinion which elevated them so far above other men, they enveloped it with impenetrable mysteries. Even the priests themselves were not admitted to a knowledge of those mysteries until they had passed through the most terrible trials. These trials were called initiations. As the objects and forms of worship among the Egyptians were confided to the priests alone, their rites were characterized by blindness, ignorance, bigotry and superstition. In these absurdities and mummeries they surpassed all other nations.

The stories which history affords in relation to the Egyptian mythology are meagre. They paid adoration to animals, birds, insects and vegetables, such as garlic, leeks and onions. Juvenal intimates that their religious exercises were not held in estimation by the Romans, but history makes mention of their principal deities. They adopted eight great gods, the Sun, Saturn, Rhea, Jupiter, Vulcan, Vesta and Mercury, or Hermes. Chronos, or Saturn, having married Rhea, became the father of Osiris and Isis, or, according to some, of Jupiter and Juno. According to others, Jupiter was the father of five other deities, Osiris, Isis, Typhon, Apollo and Aphrodite, or Venus. The ancients varied in their opinions respecting Osiris, and the Greeks have blended the attributes of others with his. They bestowed on him the divine honors with which Jupiter, Bacchus, Serapis, Pluto, Pan, Anubis, and so on, were loaded. So Isis was the Phrygian Cybele, the Eleusinian Ceres, the Athenian Pallas, the Cypriot Venus, the Cretan Diana, the Sicilian Proserpine, the Roman Bellona, and the like. Thus one nature was comprehended in Osiris and Isis. The Egyptians called the sun "Osiris," and the moon "Isis." With them Osiris signified "full of eyes, very clear sighted;" Isis signified the "antique," because they thought the moon eternal.

WILLIAM DARLINGTON

GIOTTO.

AMBROGIOTTO BONDONE; BORN 1276; DIED 1336.

"Cimabue thought
To lord it over painting's field, and now
The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed."—*Carey's Dante.*

OFTEN quoted as have been these lines, from Dante's *Purgatorio*, they must needs be once more quoted here, for it is a curious circumstance that, applicable in his own day, five hundred years ago, they should still be so applicable in ours. Open any common history not intended for the very profound, and there we still find Cimabue "lording it over painting's field" and placed at the head of a revolution in art with which, as an artist, he had little or nothing to do, but much as a man; for to him—to his quick perception and generous protection of talent in the lowly shepherd-boy—we owe Giotto, than whom no single human being of whom we read has exercised in any particular department of science or art a more immediate, wide and lasting influence. The total change in the direction and character of art must in all human probability have taken place sooner or later, since all the influences of that wonderful period of regeneration were tending toward it. Then did architecture struggle, as it were, from the Byzantine into the Gothic forms like a mighty plant putting forth its rich foliage and shooting up toward heaven; then did the speech of the people—the vulgar tongues, as they were called—begin to assume their present structure and become the medium through which beauty and love and action and feeling and thought were to be uttered and immortalized; and then arose Giotto, the destined instrument through which his own beautiful art was to become, not a mere fashioner of idols, but one of the great interpreters of the human soul, with all its "infinite" of feelings and faculties, and of human life in all its multifarious aspects. Giotto was the first painter who "held, as it were, the mirror up to Nature." Cimabue's strongest claim to the gratitude of succeeding ages is that he bequeathed such a man to his native country and to the world.

About the year 1289, when Cimabue was already old and at the height of his fame, as he was riding in the valley of Vespignano, about fourteen miles from Florence, his attention was attracted by a boy who was herding sheep, and who, while his flocks were feeding around, seemed intently drawing on a smooth fragment of slate, with a bit of pointed stone, the figure of one of his sheep as it was quietly grazing before him. Cimabue rode up to him, and, looking with astonishment at the performance of the untutored boy, asked him if he would go with him and learn, to which the boy replied that he was right willing if his father were content. The father, a herdsman of the valley—by name Bondone—being consulted, gladly consented to the wish of the noble stranger, and Giotto hence-

forth became the inmate and pupil of Cimabue.

This pretty story, which was first related by Lorenzo Ghiberti, the sculptor (born 1378), and since by Vasari and a thousand others, luckily rests on evidence as satisfactory as can be given for any events of a rude and distant age, and may well obtain our belief, as well as gratify our fancy; it has been the subject of many pictures, and is introduced in Rogers's *Italy:*

> "Let us wander thro' the fields
> Where Cimabue found the shepherd-boy
> Tracing his idle fancies on the ground."

Giotto was about twelve or fourteen years old when taken into the house of Cimabue. For his instruction in those branches of polite learning necessary to an artist his protector placed him under the tuition of Brunetto Latini, who was also the preceptor of Dante. When, at the age of twenty-six, Giotto lost his friend and master, he was already an accomplished man as well as a celebrated painter, and the influence of his large, original mind upon the later works of Cimabue is distinctly to be traced.

The first recorded performance of Giotto was a painting on the wall of the Palazzo dell' Podestà, or council-chamber, of Florence, in which were introduced the portraits of Dante, Brunetto Latini, Corso Donati, and others. Vasari speaks of these works as the first successful attempts at portraiture in the history of modern art. They were soon afterward plastered or whitewashed over during the triumph of the enemies of Dante, and for ages, though known to exist, they were lost and buried from sight. The hope of recovering these most interesting portraits had long been entertained, and various attempts had been made at different times without success, till at length, as late as 1840, they were brought to light by the perseverance and enthusiasm of Mr. Bezzi, an Italian gentleman. On comparing the head of Dante painted when he was about thirty, prosperous and distinguished in his native city, with the later portraits of him when an exile, worn, wasted, embittered by misfortune and disappointment and wounded pride, the difference of expression is as touching as the identity in feature is indubitable.

The attention which in his childhood Giotto seems to have given to all natural forms and appearances showed itself in his earlier pictures; he was the first to whom it occurred to group his personages into something like a situation and to give to their attitudes and features the expression adapted to it. Thus, in a very early picture of the Annunciation, he gave to the Virgin a look of fear; and in another, painted some time afterward, of the presentation in the temple, he made the infant Christ shrink from the priest, and, turning, extend his little arms to his mother, the first attempt at that species of grace and naïveté of expression afterward carried to perfection by Raffaelle. These and other works painted in his native city so astonished his fellow-citizens and all who beheld them by their beauty and novelty that they seem to have wanted adequate words in which to express the excess of their delight and admiration, and insisted that the figures of Giotto so completely beguiled the sense that they were mistaken for realities—a commonplace eulogium never merited but by the most commonplace and mechanical of painters.

In the church of Santa Croce, Giotto painted a coronation of the Virgin, still to be seen, with choirs of angels on either side. In the refectory he painted the Last Supper, also still remaining—a grand, solemn, simple composition, which, as a first endeavor to give variety of expression and attitude to a number of persons—all seated, and all but two actuated by a similar feeling—must still be regarded as extraordinary. In a chapel of the church of the Carmine at Florence he painted a series of pictures from the life of John the Baptist. These were destroyed by fire in 1771, but, happily, an English engraver then studying at Florence, named Patch, had previously made accurate drawings from them, which he engraved and published.

The pope, Boniface VIII., hearing of his marvellous skill, invited him to Rome, and the story says that the messenger of His Holiness, wishing to have some proof that Giotto was indeed the man he was in search of, desired to see a specimen of his excellence in his art. Hereupon, Giotto taking up a sheet of paper, traced on it with a single flourish of his hand a circle so perfect that "it was a miracle to see," and, though we know not how or why, seems to have at once converted the pope to a belief of his superiority over all other painters. This story gave rise to the well-known Italian proverb, "Rounder than the O of Giotto," and is something like a story told of one of the Grecian painters. But to return. Giotto went to Rome and there executed many things which raised his fame higher and higher, and among them, for the ancient basilica of St. Peter's, the famous mosaic of the *Navicella*—or the *Barca*, as it is sometimes called. It represents a ship with the disciples on a tempestuous sea; the winds, personified as demons, rage around it.

By the time Giotto had attained his thirtieth year he had reached such hitherto unknown excellence in art, and his celebrity was so universal, that every city and every petty sovereign in Italy contended for the honor of his presence and his pencil and tempted him with the promise of rich rewards. For the lords of Arezzo, of Rimini and Ravenna, and for the duke of Milan, he executed many works now almost wholly perished. Castruccio Castricani, the warlike tyrant of Lucca, also employed him, but how Giotto was induced to listen to the offers of this enemy of his country is not explained. Perhaps Castruccio, as the head of the Ghibelline party, in which Giotto had apparently enrolled himself, appeared in the light of a friend rather than an enemy; however this may be, a picture which Giotto painted for Castruccio, and in which he introduced the portrait of the tyrant with a falcon on his fist, is still preserved in the lyceum at Lucca. For Guido da Polente, the father of that hapless Francesca di Rimini whose story is so beautifully told by Dante, he painted the interior of a church, and for Malatesta di Rimini (who was father of Francesca's husband) he painted the portrait of that prince in a bark with his companions and a company of mariners, and among them, Vasari tells us, was the figure of a sailor who, turning round with his hand before his face, is in the act of spitting in the sea, so lifelike as to strike the beholders with amazement. This has perished, but the figure of the thirsty man stooping to drink in one of the frescoes at Assisi still remains

to show the kind of excellence through which Giotto excited such admiration in his contemporaries—a power of imitation, a truth in the expression of natural actions and feelings, to which painting had never yet ascended or descended. This leaning to the actual and the real has been made a subject of reproach.

It is said—but this does not rest on very satisfactory evidence—that Giotto also visited Avignon in the train of Pope Clement V., and painted there the portraits of Petrarch and Laura.

About the year 1327, King Robert of Naples, the father of Queen Joanna, wrote to his son, the duke of Calabria, then at Florence, to send to him on any terms the famous painter Giotto, who accordingly travelled to the court of Naples, stopping on his way in several cities, where he left specimens of his skill. He also visited Orvieto for the purpose of viewing the sculpture with which the brothers Agostino and Agnolo were decorating the cathedral, and not only bestowed on it high commendation, but obtained for the artists the praise and patronage they merited. There is at Gaeta a crucifixion, painted by Giotto, either on his way to Naples or on his return, in which he introduced himself kneeling in an attitude of deep devotion and contrition at the foot of the cross. This introduction of portraiture into a subject so awful was another innovation, not so praiseworthy as some of his alterations. Giotto's feeling for truth and propriety of expression is particularly remarkable and commendable in the alteration of the dreadful but popular subject of the crucifix; in the Byzantine school the sole aim seems to have been to represent physical agony, and to render it by every species of distortion and exaggeration as terrible and repulsive as possible. Giotto was the first to soften this awful and painful figure by an expression of divine resignation and by greater attention to beauty of form. A Crucifixion painted by him became the model for his scholars and was multiplied by imitation through all Italy; so that a famous painter of crucifixes after the Greek fashion, Margaritone, who had been a friend and contemporary of Cimabue, confounded by the introduction of this new method of art, which he partly disdained and partly despaired to imitate, and old enough to hate innovations of all kinds, took to his bed *infastidito* ("through vexation"), and so died.

But to return to Giotto, whom we left on the road to Naples. King Robert received him with great honor and rejoicing, and, being a monarch of singular accomplishments and fond of the society of learned and distinguished men, he soon found that Giotto was not merely a painter, but a man of the world, a man of various acquirements, whose general reputation for wit and vivacity was not unmerited. He would sometimes visit the painter at his work, and while watching the rapid progress of his pencil amused himself with the quaint good sense of his discourse.

"If I were you, Giotto," said the king to him one very hot day, "I would leave off work and rest myself."

"And so would I, sire," replied the painter, "if I were *you*."

The king, in a playful mood, desired him to paint his kingdom, on which Giotto immediately sketched the figure of an ass with a heavy packsaddle on his back smelling with

an eager air at another packsaddle lying on the ground, on which were a crown and sceptre. By this emblem the satirical painter expressed the servility and the fickleness of the Neapolitans, and the king at once understood the allusion.

Giotto quitted Naples about the year 1328, and returned to his native city with great increase of riches and fame. He continued his works with unabated application, assisted by his pupils; for his school was now the most famous in Italy. Like most of the early Italian artists, he was an architect and sculptor as well as a painter, and his last public work was the famous campanile, or bell-tower, at Florence, founded in 1334, for which he made all the designs, and even executed with his own hand the models for the sculpture on the three lower divisions. According to Kugler, they form a regular series of subjects illustrating the development of human culture through religion and laws—"conceived," says the same authority, "with profound wisdom." When the emperor Charles V. saw this elegant structure, he exclaimed that it ought to be "kept under glass." In the same allegorical taste Giotto painted many pictures of the Virtues and Vices, ingeniously invented and rendered with great attention to natural and appropriate expression. In these and similar representations we trace distinctly the influence of the genius of Dante. A short time before his death he was invited to Milan by Azzo Visconti. He executed some admirable frescoes in the ancient palace of the dukes of Milan, but these have perished. Finally, having returned to Florence, he soon afterward died, "yielding up his soul to God in the year 1336; and, having been," adds Vasari, "no less a good Christian than an excellent painter," he was honorably interred in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, where his master, Cimabue, had been laid with similar honors thirty-five years before. Lorenzo de' Medici afterward placed above his tomb his effigy in marble. Giotto left four sons and four daughters, but we do not hear that any of his descendants became distinguished in art or otherwise.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON
(Miss Anna Murphy).

THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF GIL VICENTE.

THE rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go—
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side
Culling the lemons pale;
Thither—yes, thither—will I go,
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled:
'Tis for her lover all;
Thither—yes, thither—will I go,
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw for her gentle swain
She has placed the lemons pale;
Thither—yes, thither—will I go,
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

ASON, the son of Æson, king of Iolchos, having come to man's estate, demanded of Pelias his father's kingdom, which he held wrongfully. But Pelias answered that if he would bring from Colchis the golden fleece of the ram that had carried Phryxus thither he would yield him his right; whereon, Jason sailed to Colchis in the ship Argo, with other heroes, and by means of Medea, the king's daughter, won the fleece, and carried off also Medea, and so, after many troubles, came back to Iolchos again.

KING ÆETES AND JASON.

Then spake Æetes: "Stranger, thou shalt soon
Hear all thou wouldst hear in my house of gold;
Yet ere thou enterest the door behold
That ancient temple of the Far Darter,
And know that thy desire hangeth there
Against the gold wall of the inmost shrine,
Guarded by seven locks, whose keys are thine
When thou hast done what else thou hast to do,
And thou mayst well be bold to come thereto."

"King," said the prince, "fear not, but do thy part,
Nor look to see me turn back faint of heart,
Though I may die as my forefathers died,
Who, living long, their loved souls failed to hide
From death at last, however wise they were.
But verily, O king, thy house is fair,
And here I think to see full many a thing
Men love; so, whatso the next day may bring,
Right merrily shall pass these coming hours
Amidst fair things and winecups crowned with flowers."
"Enter, O guests," the king said, "and doubt not
Ye shall see things to make the heart grow hot
With joy and longing."

As he spoke, within
Blew up the horns, as when a king doth win
His throne at last, and, from behind, the men
Who hedged the heroes in shouted as when
He stands up on his throne, hidden no more.
Then those within threw open wide the door,
And straight the king took Jason by the hand
And entered, and the Minyæ did stand
In such a hall as there has never been
Before or afterward since Ops was queen.

The pillars made the mighty roof to hold,
The one was silver and the next was gold,
All down the hall; the roof, of some strange wood
Brought over sea, was dyed as red as blood,

Set thick with silver flowers, and delight
Of intertwining figures wrought aright.
With richest webs the marble walls were hung,
Picturing sweet stories by the poets sung
From ancient days, so that no wall seemed there,
But rather forests black and meadows fair,
And streets of well-built towns, with tumbling seas
About their marble wharves and palaces,
And fearful crags and mountains; and all trod
By changing feet of giant, nymph and god,
Spear-shaking warrior and slim-ankled maid.

The floor, moreover, of the place was laid
With colored stones wrought like a flowery mead,
And, ready to the hand for every need,
Midmost the hall two fair streams trickled down
O'er wondrous gemlike pebbles, green and brown,
Betwixt smooth banks of marble, and therein
Bright-colored fish shone through the water thin.

Now, 'midst these wonders were there tables spread,
Whither the wondering seafarers were led,
And there with meat and drink full delicate
Were feasted, and strange dainty things they ate
Of unused savor, and drank godlike wine,
While from the golden galleries divine
Heart-softening music breathed about the place,
And 'twixt the pillars, at a gentle pace,
Passed lovely damsels, raising voices sweet
And shrill unto the music, while their feet
From thin dusk raiment now and then would gleam
Upon the polished edges of the stream.

Long sat the Minyæ there, and for their parts
Few words they said, because, indeed, their hearts,
O'erburdened with delight, still dreaded death;
Nor did they think that they might long draw breath
In such an earthly paradise as this,
But looked to find sharp ending to their bliss.

JASON FIRST SEES MEDEA.—THE MAGIC POTION OF MEDEA.

So long they sat until at last the sun
Sank in the sea, and noisy day was done.
Then bade Æetes light the place, that they
Might turn grim-looking night into the day;
Whereon, the scented torches being brought,
As men with shaded eyes the shadows sought,
Turning to Jason, spake the king these words:
"Dost thou now wonder, guest, that with sharp swords
And mailèd breasts of men I fence myself—
Not as a peddler guarding his poor pelf,
But as a god shutting the door of heaven?
Behold, O prince, for threescore years and seven
Have I dwelt here in bliss, nor dare I give
The fleece to thee lest I should cease to live,
Nor dare I quite this treasure to withhold
Lest to the gods I seem grown overbold;

For many a cunning man I have to tell
Divine foreshowings of the oracle,
And thus they warn me. Therefore shalt thou hear
What well may fill a hero's heart with fear,
But not from my old lips: that thou mayst have,
Whether thy life thou here wilt spill or save,
At least one joy before thou comest to die,
Ho ye, bid in my lady presently!"

But Jason, wondering what should come of this,
With heart well steeled to suffer woe or bliss,
Sat waiting, while within the music ceased;
But from without a strain rose and increased,
Till shrill and clear it drew anigh the hall,
But silent at the entry did it fall,
And through the place there was no other sound
But falling of light footsteps on the ground,
For at the door a band of maids was seen,
Who went up toward the dais, a lovely queen
Being in their midst, who, coming nigh the place
Where the king sat, passed at a gentle pace
Alone before the others to the board,
And said, "Æetes, father and good lord,
What is it thou wouldst have of me to-night?"

"O daughter," said Æetes, "tell aright
Unto this king's son here, who is my guest,
What things he must accomplish ere his quest
Is finished, who has come this day to seek
The golden fell brought hither by the Greek,
The son of Athamas, the unlucky king,
That he may know at last for what a thing
He left the meadowy land and peaceful stead."

Then she to Jason turned her golden head,
And, reaching out her lovely arm, took up
From off the board a rich fair-jewelled cup,
And said, "O prince, these hard things must ye do:
First, going to their stall, bring out the two
Great brazen bulls the king my father feeds
On grass of Pontus and strange-nurtured seed;
Nor heed what they may do, but take the plough
That in their stall stands ever bright enow,
And on their gleaming necks cast thou the yoke,
And drive them as thou mayst, with cry and stroke,
Through the gray acre of the god of War.

"Then, when turned up the long straight furrows are,
Take thou the sack that holds the serpents' teeth
Our fathers slew upon the sunless heath;
There sow those evil seeds, and bide thou there
Till they send forth a strange crop—nothing fair—
Which garner thou if thou canst 'scape from death.

"But if thereafter still thou drawest breath,
Then shalt thou have the seven keys of the shrine
Wherein the beast's fair golden locks yet shine;

But yet sing not the song of triumph then
Or think thyself the luckiest of men,
For just within the brazen temple-gates
The guardian of the fleece for ever waits—
A fork-tongue dragon charmed for evermore
To writhe and wallow on the precious floor,
Sleepless, upon whose skin no steel will bite.

"If then with such a one thou needs must fight
Or knowest arts to tame him, do thy worst,
Nor, carrying off the prize, shalt thou be curst
By us or any god. But yet think well
If these three things be not impossible
To any man, and make a bloodless end
Of this thy quest, and as my father's friend,
Well gifted, in few days return in peace,
Lacking for naught, forgetful of the fleece."

Therewith she made an end, but while she spoke
Came Love unseen and cast his golden yoke
About them both, and sweeter her voice grew,
And softer ever, as betwixt them flew,
With fluttering wings, the new-born strong desire;
And when her eyes met his gray eyes, on fire
With that that burned her, then with sweet new shame
Her fair face reddened, and there went and came
Delicious tremors through her. But he said,
"A bitter song thou singest, royal maid,
Unto a sweet tune; yet doubt not that I
To-morrow this so certain death will try,
And, dying, may perchance not pass unwept,
And with sweet memories may my name be kept,
That men call Jason of the Minyæ."
Then said she, trembling, "Take, then, this of me,
And drink in token that thy life is passed,
And that thy reckless hand the die has cast."
Therewith she reached the cup to him, but he
Stretched out his hand and took it joyfully,
As with the cup he touched her dainty hand,
Nor was she loth a while with him to stand,
Forgetting all else in that honeyed pain.

At last she turned, and with head raised again
He drank, and swore for naught to leave that quest
Till he had reached the worst end or the best,
And down the hall the clustering Minyæ
Shouted for joy his godlike face to see.
But she, departing, made no further sign
Of her desires, but while with song and wine
They feasted till the fevered night was late
Within her bower she sat, made blind by fate.

But when all hushed and still the palace grew,
She put her gold robes off and on her drew
A dusky gown, and with a wallet small
And cutting wood-knife girt herself withal,
And from her dainty chamber softly passed
Through stairs and corridors, until at last
She came down to a gilded water-gate,
Which with a golden key she opened straight,
And swiftly stept into a little boat,
And, pushing off from shore, began to float

Adown the stream, and with her tender hands
And half-bared arms, the wonder of all lands,
Rowed strongly through the starlit gusty night
As though she knew the watery way aright.

So, from the city being gone apace,
Turning the boat's head, did she near a space
Where by the water's edge a thick yew-wood
Made a black blot on the dim gleaming flood;
But when she reached it, dropping either oar
Upon the grassy bank, she leapt ashore
And to a yew-bough made the boat's head fast;
Then here and there quick glances did she cast,
And listened lest some wanderer should be nigh.
Then by the river's side she tremblingly
Undid the bands that bound her yellow hair
And let it float about her, and made bare
Her shoulder and right arm; and, kneeling down,
Drew off her shoes and girded up her gown,
And in the river washed her silver feet
And trembling hands, and then turned round to meet
The yew-wood's darkness, gross and palpable,
As though she made for some place known full well.

Beneath her feet the way was rough enow,
And often would she meet some trunk or bough
And draw back shrinking, then press on again
With eager steps, not heeding fear or pain.
At last an open space she came unto
Where the faint glimmering starlight, shining through,
Showed in the midst a circle of smooth grass,
Through which from dark to dark a stream did pass;
And all around was darkness like a wall.

So, kneeling there, she let the wallet fall,
And from it drew a bundle of strange wood
Wound all about with strings as red as blood;
Then, breaking these, into a little pyre
The twigs she built, and, swiftly kindling fire,
Set it alight, and with her head bent low
Sat patiently and watched the red flames grow
Till it burned bright and lit the dreary place;
Then, leaving it, she went a little space
Into the shadow of the circling trees
With wood-knife drawn, and whiles upon her knees
She dropt, and sweeping the sharp knife around,
Took up some scarce-seen thing from off the ground
And thrust it in her bosom, and at last
Into the darkness of the trees she passed.

Meanwhile, the new fire burned with clear red flame,
Not wasting aught; but when again she came

Into its light, within her caught-up gown
Much herbs she had, and on her head a crown
Of dank night-flowering grasses known to few.

But, casting down the mystic herbs, she drew
From out her wallet a bowl polished bright,
Brazen and wrought with figures black and white,
Which from the stream she filled with water thin,
And, kneeling by the fire, cast therein
Shreddings of many herbs, and, setting it
Amidst the flames, she watched them curl and flit
About the edges of the blackening brass.
But when strange fumes began therefrom to pass,
And clouds of thick white smoke about her flew,
And colorless and sullen the fire grew,
Unto her fragrant breast her hand she set
And drew therefrom a bag of silken fret,
And into her right palm she gently shook
Three grains of something small that had the look
Of millet-seeds, then laid the bag once more
On that sweet hidden place it kissed before,
And, lifting up her right hand, murmured low:
"O Three-formed, Venerable, dost thou know
That I have left to-night my golden bed
On the sharp pavement of thy wood to shed
Blood from my naked feet and from mine eyes
Intolerable tears, to pour forth sighs
In the thick darkness as with footsteps weak
And trembling knees I prowl about to seek
That which I need, forsooth, but fear to find?
What wouldest thou, my Lady? Art thou blind,
Or sleepest thou, or dost thou, dread one, see
About me somewhat that misliketh thee?
What crown but thine is on mine unbound hair,
What jewel on my arms? or have I care
Against the flinty windings of thy wood
To guard my feet? or have I thought it good
To come before thee with unwashen hands?
And this my raiment: goddess, from three lands
The fleeces it was woven with were brought
Where deeds of thine in ancient days were wrought—
Delos and Argos and the Carian mead;
Nor was it made, O goddess, with small heed:
By unshod maidens was the yarn well spun,
And at the moonrise the close web begun,
And finished at the dawning of the light.
Naught hides me from the unseen eyes of night
But this alone; what dost thou, then, to me,
That at my need my flame sinks wretchedly
And all is vain I do? Ah! is it so
That to some other helper I must go
Better at need? Wilt thou, then, take my part
Once more, and pity my divided heart?
For never was I vowed to thee alone,
Nor didst thou bid me take the tight-drawn zone
And follow through the twilight of the trees
The glancing limbs of trim-shod huntresses.

Therefore look down upon me, and see now
These grains of what thou knowest I will throw
Upon the flame, and then, if at my need
Thou still wilt help me, help; but if indeed
I am forsaken of thee utterly,
The naked knees of Venus will I try,
And I may hap ere long to please her well,
And one more story they may have to tell
Who in the flowery isle her praises sing."

So speaking, on the dulled fire did she fling
The unknown grains; but when the Three-formed heard
From out her trembling lips that impious word,
She granted all her asking, though she knew
What evil road Medea hurried to
She fain had barred against her on that night.
So now again the fire flamed up bright,
The smoke grew thin, and in the brazen bowl,
Boiling, the mingled herbs did twine and roll,
And with new light Medea's wearied eyes
Gleamed in the fireshine o'er those mysteries;
And, taking a green twig from off the ground,
Therewith she stirred the mess, that cast around
A shower of hissing sparks and vapor white,
Sharp to the taste and 'wildering to the sight;
Which when she saw, the vessel off she drew,
As though the ending of her toil she knew,
And cooling for a while she let it stand,
But at the last therein she laid her hand;
And when she drew it out, she thrust the same
Amidst the fire, but neither coal nor flame
The tender rosy flesh could harm a whit,
Nor was there mark or blemish left on it.
Then did she pour whatso the bowl did hold
Into a fair gemmed phial wrought of gold
She drew out from the wallet, and, straightway
Stopping the mouth, in its own place did lay
The well-wrought phial, girding to her side
The wallet that the precious thing did hide.
Then all the remnants of the herbs she cast
On to the fire, and straight therefrom there passed
A high white flame; and when that sunk, outright
The fire died into the voiceless night.

But toward the river did she turn again,
Not heeding the rough ways or any pain,
But, running swiftly, came unto her boat,
And in the mid-stream soon was she afloat,
Drawn onward toward the town by flood of tide.
Nor heeded she that by the river-side
Still lay her golden shoes—a goodly prize
To some rough fisher, in whose sleepy eyes
They first should shine the while he drew his net
Against the yew-wood of the goddess set.

But she, swept onward by the hurrying stream,
Down in the east beheld a doubtful gleam
That told of dawn, so bent unto the oar,
In terror lest her folk should wake before

Her will was wrought; nor failed she now to hear
From neighboring homesteads shrilly notes and clear
Of waking cocks, and twittering from the sedge
Of restless birds about the river's edge;
And when she drew between the city walls,
She heard the hollow sound of rare footfalls
From men who needs must wake for that or this
While upon sleepers gathered dreams of bliss
Or great distress at ending of the night,
And gray things colored with the gathering light.
At last she reached the gilded water-gate,
And, though nigh breathless, scarce she dared to wait
To fasten up her shallop to the stone,
Which yet she dared not leave; so, this being done,
Swiftly by passages and stairs she ran,
Trembling and pale, though not yet seen by man,
Until to Jason's chamber door she came.

And there a while, indeed, she stayed, for shame
Rose up against her fear, but mighty love
And the sea-haunting, rose-crowned seed of Jove
O'ermastered both; so, trembling, on the pin
She laid her hand, but ere she entered in
She covered up again her shoulder sweet
And dropped her dusky raiment o'er her feet;
Then, entering the dimly-lighted room,
Where with the lamp dawn struggled through the gloom,
Seeking the prince, she peered, who sleeping lay
Upon his gold bed, and abode the day
Smiling, still clad in arms, and round his sword
His fingers met. Then she, with a soft word,
Came nigh him, and from out his slackened hand
With slender rosy fingers drew the brand,
Then, kneeling, laid her hand upon his breast
And said, "O Jason, wake up from thy rest—
Perchance from thy last rest—and speak to me."

Then fell his light sleep from him suddenly,
And on one arm he rose and clenched his hand,
Raising it up as though it held the brand,
And on this side and that began to stare.

But, bringing close to him her visage fair,
She whispered, "Smite not, for thou hast no sword.
Speak not above thy breath, for one loud word
May slay both thee and me. Day grows apace—
What day, thou knowest. Canst thou see my face?
Last night thou didst behold it with such eyes
That I, Medea, wise among the wise,
The safeguard of my father and his land,
Who have been used with steady eyes to stand
In awful groves alone with Hecate,
Henceforth must call myself the bond of thee,

The fool of love. Speak not, but kiss me, then—
Yea, kiss my lips, that not the best of men
Has touched ere thou. Alas! quick comes the day!
Draw back, but hearken what I have to say,
For every moment do I dread to hear
Thy wakened folk or our folk drawing near;
Therefore I speak as if with my last breath,
Shameless, beneath the shadowing wings of death,
That still may let us twain again to meet
And snatch from bitter love the bitter sweet
That some folk gather while they wait to die.
Alas, I loiter, and the day is nigh!
Soothly I came to bring thee more than this,
The memory of an unasked fruitless kiss,
Upon thy death-day, which this day would be
If there were not some little help in me."

Therewith from out her wallet did she draw
The phial and a crystal without flaw,
Shaped like an apple, scored with words about,
Then said, "But now I bid thee have no doubt.
With this oil hidden by these gems and gold
Anoint thine arms and body and be bold,
Nor fear the fire-breathing bulls one whit;
Such mighty virtue have I drawn to it,
Whereof I give thee proof." Therewith her hand
She thrust into the lamp-flame that did stand
Anigh the bed and showed it him again
Unscarred by any wound or drawn with pain,
Then said, "Now, when Mars' plain is ploughed at last
And in the furrows those ill seeds are cast,
Take thou this ball in hand and watch the thing;
Then shalt thou see a horrid crop upspring
Of all-armed men therefrom, to be thy bane
Were I not here to make their fury vain.
Draw not thy sword against them as they rise,
But cast this ball amid them, and their eyes
Shall serve them then but little to see thee,
And each of other's weapons slain shall be.

"Now will my father hide his rage at heart
And praise thee much that thou hast played thy part,
And bid thee to a banquet on this night
And pray thee wait until to-morrow's light
Before thou triest the temple of the fleece.
Trust not to him, but see that unto Greece
The ship's prow turns and all is ready there,
And at the banquet let thy men forbear
The maddening wine, and bid them arm them all
For what upon this night may chance to fall.

But I will get by stealth the keys that hold
The seven locks which guard the fleece of gold,
And while we try the fleece let thy men steal,
Howso they may, unto thy ready keel.
Thus art thou saved alive with thy desire.
But what thing will be left to me but fire—
The fire of fierce despair within my heart—
The while I reap my guerdon for my part,

Curses and torments, and in no long space
Real fire of pine-wood in some rocky place,
Wreathing around my body greedily,
A dreadful beacon o'er the leaden sea?"

But Jason drew her to him, and he said,
"Nay, by these tender hands and golden head,
That saving things for me have wrought to-night—
I know not what—by this unseen delight
Of thy fair body, may I rather burn,
Nor may the flame die ever if I turn
Back to my hollow ship and leave thee here,
Who in one minute art become so dear,
So longed for, that at last I know
Why men have been content to suffer woe
Past telling if the gods but granted this,
A little while such lips as thine to kiss,
A little while to drink such deep delight.
What wouldst thou? Wilt thou go from me? The light
Is gray and tender yet, and in your land
Surely the twilight lingering long doth stand
'Twixt dawn and day."

"O prince," she said, "I came
To save your life. I cast off fear and shame
A little while, but fear and shame are here:
The hand thou holdest trembles with my fear,
With shame my cheeks are burning, and the sound
Of mine own voice; but ere this hour comes round
We twain will be betwixt the dashing oars,
The ship still making for the Grecian shores.
Farewell till then, though in the lists to-day
Thyself shalt see me watching out the play."

Therewith she drew off from him and was gone,
And in the chamber Jason, left alone,
Praising the heavenly one, the queen of Jove,
Pondered upon this unasked gift of love
And all the changing wonder of his life.
But soon he rose to fit him for the strife,
And ere the sun his orb began to lift
O'er the dark hills, with fair Medea's gift
His arms and body he anointed well,
And round about his neck he hung the spell
Against the earth-born, the fair crystal ball,
Laid in a purse, and then from wall to wall
Athwart the chamber paced full eagerly,
Expecting when the fateful time should be.

Meanwhile, Medea, coming to her room
Unseen, lit up the slowly-parting gloom
With scented torches, then bound up her hair,
And stripped the dark gown from her body fair
And laid it with the brass bowl in a chest
Where many a day it had been wont to rest,
Brazen and bound with iron, and whose key
No eye but hers had ever happed to see.
Then, wearied, on her bed she cast her down
And strove to think, but soon the uneasy frown
Faded from off her brow, her lips, closed tight
But now, just parted, and her fingers white
Slackened their hold upon the coverlet,
And o'er her face faint smiles began to flit

As o'er the summer pool the faint soft air:
So instant and so kind the god was there.

THE TAMING OF THE BRAZEN BULLS.—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE EARTH-BORN.

Now, when she woke again, the bright sun glared
In at the window and the trumpets blared,
Shattering the sluggish air of that hot day,
For fain the king would be upon his way.
Then straight she called her maidens, who forthright
Did due observance to her body white,
And clad her in the raiment of a queen,
And round her crown they set a wreath of green.
But she, descending, came into the hall,
And found her father clad in royal pall,
Holding the ivory rod of sovereignty,
And Jason and his folk were standing by.

Now was Æetes saying, "Minyæ,
And you, my people, who are here by me,
Take heed that by his wilful act to-day
This man will perish, neither will I slay
One man among you.—Nay, prince, if you will,
A safe return I give unto you still."

But Jason answered, smiling in his joy:
"Once more, Æetes, nay. Against this toy
My life is pledged; let all go to the end."
Then, lifting up his eyes, he saw his friend,
Made fresh and lovelier by her quiet rest,
And set his hand upon his mailèd breast
Where in its covering lay the crystal ball.

But the king said, "Then let what will fall, fall,
Since time it is that we were on the way.—
And thou, O daughter, shalt be there to-day,
And see thy father's glory once more shown
Before our folk and those the wind has blown
From many lands to see this play played out."
Then raised the Colchians a mighty shout,
And doubtful grew the Minyæ of the end,
Unwitting who on that day was their friend.

But down the hall the king passed, who did hold
Medea's hand, and on a car of gold
They mounted, drawn anigh the carven door,
And spearmen of the Colchians went before
And followed after, and the Minyæ,
Set close together, followed solemnly,
Headed by Jason, at the heels of these.
So passed they through the streets and palaces
Thronged with much folk, and o'er the bridges passed,
And to the open country came at last,
Nor there went far, but, turning to the right,
Into a close they came where there were dight
Long galleries about the fateful stead,
Built all of marble fair and roofed with lead,
And carved about with stories of old time
Framed all about with golden lines of rhyme.
Moreover, midmost was an image made
Of mighty Mars, who maketh kings afraid,
That looked down on an altar builded fair,
Wherefrom already did a bright fire glare
And made the hot air glassy with its heat.
So in the gallery did the king take seat
With fair Medea, and the Colchians stood
Hedging the twain in with a mighty wood
Of spears and axes, while the Minyæ
Stood off a space the fated thing to see.

Ugly and rugged was that spot of ground,
And with an iron wall was closed around,
And at the farther end a monstrous cage
Of iron bars shut in the stupid rage
Of those two beasts, and therefrom ever came
The flashing and the scent of sulphurous flame
As with their brazen, clangorous bellowing
They hailed the coming of the Colchian king;
Nor was there one of the seafaring-men
But trembled, gazing on the deadly pen,
But Jason only, who before the rest
Shone like a star, having upon his breast
A golden corselet from the treasury
Of wise King Phineus by the doubtful sea,
By an Egyptian wrought who would not stay
At Salmydessa more than for a day,
But on that day the wondrous breastplate wrought
Which with good-will and strong help Jason bought;
And from that treasury his golden shoe
Came, and his thighs the king's gift covered too,
But on his head his father's helm was set,
Wreathed round with bay-leaves, and his sword lay yet
Within the scabbard, while his ungloved hand
Bore naught within it but an olive wand.
Now, King Æetes, well beholding him
Fearless of mien and so unmatched of limb,
Trembled a little in his heart as now
He bade the horn-blowers the challenge blow,
But thought, "What strength can help him, or what art,
Or which of all the gods be on his part?"
Impious! who knew not through what doubtful days,
E'en from his birth, and perilous rough ways
Juno had brought him safely, nor, indeed,
Of his own daughter's quivering lips took heed,
And restless hands, wherein the god so wrought
The wise man, seeing her, had known her thought.

Now, Jason, when he heard the challenge blow,
Across the evil fallow 'gan to go
With face beyond its wont in nowise pale,
Nor footstep faltering, if that might avail
The doomed man aught; so to the cage he came,
Whose bars now glowed red hot with spouted flame
In many a place. Nor doubted any one
Who there beheld him that his days were done,
Except his love alone, and even she,
Sickening with doubt and terror, scarce could see
The hero draw the brazen bolt aside
And throw the glowing wicket open wide.
But he alone, apart from his desire,
Stood unarmed, facing those two founts of fire,
Yet feared not aught, for hope and fear were dead
Within his heart, and utter hardihead
Had Juno set there; but the awful beasts,
Beholding now the best of all their feasts,
Roared in their joy and fury till from sight
They and the prince were hidden by the white,

Thick-rolling clouds of sulphurous pungent smoke,
Through which upon the blinded man they broke.
But when within a yard of him they came,
Baffled, they stopped, still bellowing, and the flame
Still spouting out from nostril and from mouth,
As from some island mountain in the south
The trembling mariners behold it cast;
But still to right and left of him it passed,
Breaking upon him as cool water might,
Nor harming more, except that from his sight
All corners of the cage were hidden now,
Nor knew he where to seek the brazen plough
As to and fro about the quivering cage
The monsters rushed in blind and helpless rage.
But as he doubted to his eyes alone
Within the place a golden light outshone,
Scattering the clouds of smoke, and he beheld
Once more the goddess who his head upheld
In rough Anaurus on that other tide.
She, smiling on him, beckoned, and 'gan glide
With rosy feet across the fearful floor,
Breathing cool odors round her, till a door
She opened to him in the iron wall,
Through which he passed, and found a grisly stall,
Of iron still, and at one end of it,
By glimmering lamps with greenish flame half lit,
Beheld the yoke and shining plough he sought,
Which, seizing straight, by mighty strength he brought
Unto the door, nor found the goddess there,
Who in the likeness of a damsel fair,
Colchian Metharma, through the spearmen passed,
Bearing them wine, and causeless terror cast
Into their foolish hearts, nor spared to go
And 'mid the close seafaring ranks to sow
Good hope of joyful ending, and then stood
Behind the maid unseen and brought the blood
Back to her cheeks and trembling lips and wan
With thoughts of things unknown to maid or man.

Meanwhile, upon the foreheads of the twain
Had Jason cast the yoke with little pain,
And drove them now with shouts out through the door
Which in such guise ne'er had they passed before,
For never were they made the earth to till,
But rather, feeding fat, to work the will
Of some all-knowing man; but now they went
Like any peasant's beasts, tamed by the scent
Of those new herbs Medea's hand had plucked,
Whose roots from evil earth strange power had sucked.

Now in the open field did Jason stand
And to the plough-stilts set his unused hand,
And down betwixt them lustily he bent;
Then the bulls drew, and the bright plough-share sent
The loathly fallow up on the right side,
Whilst o'er their bellowing shrilly Jason cried:

"Draw nigh, O king, and thy new ploughman see;
Then mayst thou make me shepherd too to thee,
Nor doubt thou, doing so, from out thy flock
To lose but one who ne'er shall bring thee stock,
Or ram or ewe, nor doubt the gray wolf, king,
Wood-haunting bear, dragon or such like thing.
Ah, the straight furrow! How it mindeth me
Of the smooth parting of the land-locked sea
Over against Eubœa, and this fire
Of the fair altar where my joyful sire
Will pour out wine to Neptune when I come
Not empty-handed back unto my home!"

Such mocks he said; but when the sunlight broke
Upon his armor through the sulphurous smoke,
And showed the lengthening furrow cutting through
The ugly farrow as anigh they drew,
The joyful Minyæ gave a mighty shout;
But pale the king sat with brows knit for doubt,
Muttering, "Whose counsel hast thou taken, then,
To do this thing, which not the best of men
Could do unholpen of some sorcery?
Whoso it is, wise were he now to die
Ere yet I know him, since for many a day
Vainly for death I hope to hear him pray."

Meanwhile, askance Medea eyed the king,
Thinking naught safe until that everything
Was finished in the Colchian land and she
No more beheld its shores across the sea.
But he, beholding her pale visage, thought
Grief like to his such paleness on her brought,
And, turning to her, said, "How pale thou art!
Let not this first foil go unto thine heart
Too deeply, since thou knowest certainly
One way or other this vain fool must die."

"Father," she said, "a doubt is on me still
Some god this is come here our wealth to spill;
Nor is this first thing easier than the rest."
Then, stammering, she said, "Were it not best
To give him that which he must have at last,
Before he slays us?"

But Æetes cast
A sharp glance at her, and a pang shot through
His weary heart as half the truth he knew.
But for one moment, and he made reply
In passionate words: "Then, daughter, let me die,
And ere I die behold thee led along,
A wretched slave, to suffer grief and wrong
In far-off lands, and Æa at thy back
Naught but a huge flame hiding woe and wrack,
Before from out my willing open hand
This wonder and the safeguard of my land
A god shall take; and such this man is not.
What! dost thou think because his eyes are hot
On tender maidens he must be a god?
Or that because firmly this field he trod

Well fenced with magic? Were he like to me,
Gray-haired and lean, what godhead wouldst thou see
In such a one? Hold, then, thy peace of this,
And thou shalt see thy god full widely miss
The mark he aims at, when from out the earth
Spring up those brothers of an evil birth."

And therewithal he gazed at her, and thought
To see the rosy flush by such words brought
Across her face, as in the autumn eve,
Just as the sun's last half begins to leave
The shivering world, both east and west are red;
But, calm and pale, she turned about her head,
And said, "My father, neither were these words
My words, nor would I struggle with my lord's.
Thou art full wise; whatso thine heart would have
That do, and heed me not, who fain would save
This glory of thy kingdom and of thee.
But now look up, and soothly thou shalt see
Mars' acre tilled. The field is ready; then
Bid them bring forth the seed that beareth men."

Again with her last words the shouts outbroke
From the seafarers, for beside the yoke
Before Mars' altar did Prince Jason stand,
Holding the wand of olive in his hand,
And on the new-turned furrow shone the sun
Behind him, and his half-day's work was done.

And now another marvel, for, behold,
As at the furrow's end he slacked his hold
Upon the plough-stilts, all the bellowing
Wherewith the beasts had made the grim close ring
Fell suddenly, and all the fire died
That they were wont erewhile to scatter wide
From mouth and nostril, and their loins and knees
Stiffened, and they grew naught but images,
Lifelike but lifeless, wonderful but dead,
Such as he makes who many a day hath fed
His furnace with the beechwood when the clay
Has grown beneath his deft hands day by day
And all is ready for the casting; then
Such things as these he makes for royal men.

But 'mid the shouts turned Jason to the king,
And said, "Fair sir, behold a wondrous thing,
And, since these beasts have been content to stay
Before Mars' altar, from this very day
His should they be if they were mine to give."

"O Jason," said the king, "well mayst thou live
For many a day, since thou this deed hast done,
But for the gods not unto any one

Will I give gifts, but let them take from me
What once they gave, if so the thing must be.
But do thou take this sack from out my hand
And cast its seed about the new-tilled land,
And watch the issue; and keep words till then,
I counsel thee, O luckiest of men."

Then Jason took the sack, and with it went
About that field new turned, and broadcast sent
The white teeth scattering, but or ere he came
Back to the altar and the flickering flame
He heard from 'neath the earth a muttered sound
That grew and grew till all that piece of ground
Swelled into little hillocks like as where
A stricken field was foughten, but that there
Quiet the heroes' bones lie underneath
The quivering grasses and the dusky heath;
But now these heaps the laboring earth up-threw
About Mars' acre ever greater grew,
And still increased the noise till none could hear
His fellow speak, and paleness and great fear
Fell upon all; and Jason only stood
As stands the stout oak in the poplar wood
When winds are blowing. Then he saw the mounds
Bursten asunder, and the muttered sounds
Changed into loud strange shouts and war-like clang
As with freed feet at last the earth-born sprang
On to the tumbling earth, and the sunlight
Shone on bright arms clean ready for the fight.
But terribly they showed, for through the place
Not one there was but had his staring face,
With great wide eyes and lips in a set smile,
Turned full on Jason, who for a short while
Forgot indeed Medea's warning word,
And from its golden sheath half drew his sword,
But then, remembering all, cried valiantly,
"New born ye are: new slain too shall ye be.
Take this, and round about it read your doom,
And bid them make new dwellings in the tomb
Wherefrom ye came, nor ever should have passed."
Therewith the ball among the host he cast,
Standing to watch what next that folk would do.
But he the ball had smitten turned unto
The one who stood by him and like a cup
Shattered his head; then the next lifted up
His axe and slew the slayer, and straightway
Among the rest began a deadly fray.
No man gave back a foot, no breathing-space
One took or gave within that dreadful place,
But where the vanquished stood there was he slain,
And straight the conquering arm was raised again
To meet its match and in its turn to fall.
No tide was there of fainting and recall,
No quivering pennon o'er their heads to flit,
Nor name or eager shout called over it,
No groan of pain and no despairing cry
From him who knows his time has come to die,

But passionless each bore him in that fight,
Scarce otherwise than as a smith might smite
On sounding iron or bright glittering brass.
So, little by little, did the clamor pass
As one by one each fell down in his place,
Until at last, midmost the bloody space,
One man was left, alive but wounded sore,
Who, staring round about and seeing no more
His brothers' spears against him, fixed his eyes
Upon the queller of those mysteries.
Then dreadfully they gleamed, and with no word
He tottered toward him with uplifted sword,
But scarce he made three paces down the field
Ere chill death reached his heart, and on his shield
Clattering he fell. So satiate of fight
Quickly the earth-born were, and their delight
With what it fed on perished, and one hour
Ripened the deadly fruit of that fell flower.

Then Jason, mocking, cried unto the king,
"Oh, wonderful indeed must be the thing
Thou guardest with such wondrous guards as these.
Make no delay, therefore, but bring the keys
That I may see this dear delight of all."

But on Æetes' face a change did fall
As though a mask had been set over it,
And smiles of little meaning 'gan to flit
O'er his thin lips as he spake out at last:
"No haste, dear guest, for surely now is passed
All enmity from 'twixt us, since I know
How like a god thou art; and thou shalt go
To-morrow to thy ship, to make for Greece,
And with no trial more bear back the fleece
Along our streets, and like no conquered thing,
But with much scattered flowers and taboring,
Bearing with it great gifts and all my love;
And in return, I pray thee, pray to Jove
That I may have a few more years of life,
And end at last in honor free from strife.
And now to-night be merry, and let time
Be clean forgotten, and bring Saturn's clime
And golden days upon our flower-crowned brows,
For of the unseen future what man knows?"

"O king," said Jason, "for these words I praise
Thy wisdom much, and wish thee happy days.
And I will give thee honor as I can,
Naming thee ever as a noble man
Through all the lands I come to, and will take
Thy gifts, indeed, and thou, for Jason's sake,
Shalt have gifts too, whatso thy soul may wish,
From out our keel that has escaped the fish."

So spake those wary foes, fair friends in look,
And so in words great gifts they gave and took,
And had small profit and small loss thereby.
Nor less Medea feigned, but angrily
Regarded Jason, and across her brow
Drew close her veil; nor doubted the king now
Her faith and loyalty.

So from the place
Back toward the town they turned at a soft pace
In guise of folk that hold high festival,
Since straightly had Æetes bid that all

Should do the strangers' pleasure on that day.
But warily went Jason on the way,
And through his folk spread words to take good heed
Of what might come and ready be at need,
Nor yet to take Æetes for their friend,
Since even then he plotted how to end
Their quest and lives. Therefore he bade them spare
The wine that night, nor look on damsels fair,
But that, the feast done, all should stealthily
Get to the quay and round about to sea
Turn Argo's head, and wait like hounds in slip,
Holding the oars, within the hollow ship.

"Nor doubt," said he, "that good and glorious
The end shall be, since all the gods for us
Are fighting certainly; but should death come
Upon me in this land, then turn back home,
Nor wait till they shall lay your bones with mine,
Since now I think to go unto the shrine
The while ye wait and take therefrom the fleece,
Not all unholpen, and depart in peace
While yet the barbarous king beholds us dead
In dreams alone, or through his waking head
The vile plots chase each other for our death."
These things he said, but scarce above his breath,
Unto wise Nestor, who beside him went,
Who unto Butes straight the message sent,
And he to Phlias; so the words at last
Throughout the wondering seafarers had passed,
And so were all made ready for the night.

But on that eve, with manifold delight,
Æetes feasted them in his fair hall,
But they, well knowing what might chance to fall,
Sat saying little, nor drank deep of wine,
Until at last the old king gave the sign
To break the feast up, and within a while
All seemed asleep throughout the mighty pile.

All seemed asleep, but now Medea went
With beating heart to work out her intent,
Scarce doubtful of the end, since only two
In all the world—she and Æetes—knew
Where the keys were, far from the light of day,
Beneath the palace. So, in garments gray,
Like the soft creeping twilight did she go
Until she reached a passage far below
The river, past whose oozing walls of stone
She and the king alone had ever gone.
Now she, who thus far had come through the dark,
Stopped, and, in haste striking a little spark
From something in her hand, lit up a lamp,
Whose light fell on an iron door with damp
All rusted red, which with a key of brass
She opened, and therethrough made haste to pass,
Shuddering a little as her feet 'gan tread
Upon a dark cold floor, though overhead
High-arched the place was, fairly built enow.
But she across the slippery floor did go
Unto the other wall, wherein was built
A little aumbrye with a door o'er-gilt
That with the story of King Athamas
And Phryxus and the ram all carven was.
There did she draw forth from her balmy breast
A yellow-flowering herb that straight she pressed

Upon the lock, low muttering the while,
But soon across her face there passed a smile
As backward in the lock the bolts did turn
And the door opened; then a golden urn
She saw within the aumbrye, whereon she
Drew out the thing she sought for eagerly—
The seven keys with cere-cloth done about.
Then through the dreary door did she pass out,
And made it fast, and went her way once more
Through the black darkness on from floor to floor.
And so, being come to Jason, him she found
All armed and ready; therefore with no sound
She beckoned him to follow, and the twain
Passed through the brazen doors, locked all in vain,
Such virtue had the herb Medea bore,
And, passing, did they leave ajar each door,
To give more ease unto the Minyæ.

So out into the fresh night silently
The lovers passed, the loveliest of the land;
But as they went neither did hand touch hand,
Or face seek face, for, gladsome as they were,
Trembling with joy to be at last so near
The wished-for day, some god yet seemed to be
'Twixt the hard past and their felicity.

THE FLEECE TAKEN FROM THE TEMPLE.

But when they reached the precinct of the god
And on the hallowed turf their feet now trod,
Medea turned to Jason, and she said,
"O love, turn round and note the goodlihead
My father's palace shows beneath the stars.
Bethink thee of the men grown old in wars
Who do my bidding, what delights I have,
How many ladies lie in wait to save
My life from toil and carefulness, and think
How sweet a cup I have been used to drink,
And how I cast it to the ground for thee.
Upon the day thou weariest of me
I wish that thou mayst somewhat think of this,
And 'twixt thy new-found kisses and the bliss
Of something sweeter than thine old delight
Remember thee a little of this night
Of marvels, and this starlit, silent place,
And these two lovers standing face to face."

"O love," he said, "by what thing shall I swear
That while I live thou shalt not be less dear
Than thou art now?"

"Nay, sweet," she said, "let be;
Wert thou more fickle than the restless sea,
Still should I love thee, knowing thee for such—
Whom I know not, indeed, but fear the touch
Of Fortune's hand when she beholds our bliss,
And knows that naught is good to me but this.
But now be ready, for I long full sore
To hear the merry dashing of the oar
And feel the freshness of the following breeze
That sets me free, and sniff the rough salt seas.
Look! yonder thou mayst see armed shadows steal
Down to the quays, the guiders of thy keel;
Now follow me, though little shalt thou do
To gain this thing if Hecate be true
Unto her servant. Nay, draw not thy sword,
And for thy life speak not a single word
Until I bid thee, else may all be lost,
And of this game our lives yet pay the cost."

Then toward the brazen temple-door she went,
Wherefrom, half open, a faint gleam was sent,
For little need of lock it had, forsooth,
Because its sleepless guardian knew no ruth
And had no lust for precious things or gold,
Whom, drawing near, Jason could now behold
As back Medea thrust the heavy door,
For prone he lay upon the gleaming floor,
Not moving, though his restless, glittering eyes
Left them no hope of wile or of surprise.
Hideous he was where all things else were fair,
Dull-skinned, foul-spotted, with lank rusty hair
About his neck, and hooked yellow claws
Just showed from 'neath his belly and huge jaws,
Closed in the hideous semblance of a smile.
Then Jason shuddered, wondering with what guile
That fair king's daughter such a beast could tame,
And of his sheathed sword had but little shame.

But, being within the doors, both mantle gray
And heavy gown Medea cast away,
And in thin clinging silk alone was clad,
And round her neck a golden chain she had,
Whereto was hung a harp of silver white.
Then the great dragon, at that glittering sight,
Raised himself up upon his loathly feet
As if to meet her, while her fingers sweet
Already moved amongst the golden strings,
Preluding nameless and delicious things.
But now she beckoned Jason to her side,
For slowly toward them 'gan the beast to glide;
And when close to his love the hero came,
She whispered breathlessly, "On me the blame
If here we perish. If I give the word,
Then know that all is lost, and draw thy sword
And manlike die in battle with the beast;
So, dying, shalt thou fail to see at least
This body thou desiredst so to see
In thy despite here mangled wretchedly.
Peace, for he cometh.—O thou goddess bright,
What help wilt thou be unto me this night?"
So murmured she, while ceaselessly she drew
Her fingers through the strings, and fuller grew
The tinkling music, but the beast, drawn nigh,
Went slower still, and, turning presently,
Began to move around them in a ring.
And as she went there fell a strange rattling
Of his dry scales, but as he turned she turned,
Nor failed to meet the eyes that on her burned
With steadfast eyes, and, lastly, clear and strong
Her voice broke forth in sweet melodious song.
And as she sung the beast seemed not to hear
Her words at first, but ever drew anear,
Circling about them, and Medea's face
Grew pale unto the lips, though still the place
Rung with the piercing sweetness of her song;
But slower soon he dragged his length along,
And on his limbs he tottered, till at last
All feebly by the wondering prince he passed,
And, whining, to Medea's feet he crept
With eyes half closed, as though wellnigh he slept,
And there before her laid his head adown;
Who, shuddering, on his wrinkled neck and brown
Set her white foot and whispered, "Haste, O love!
Behold the keys. Haste, while the gods above

Are friendly to us. There behold the shrine
Where thou canst see the lamp of silver shine.
Nay, draw not death upon both thee and me
With fearless kisses; fear until the sea
Shall fold green arms about us lovingly
And kindly Venus to thy keel be nigh."

Then lightly from her soft side Jason stept,
While still upon the beast her foot she kept,
Still murmuring gently many an unknown word,
As when through half-shut casements the brown bird
We hearken when the night is come in June,
And thick-leaved woods are 'twixt us and his tune.

But Jason, going swiftly with good heart,
Came to the wished-for shrine, built all apart
Midmost the temple, that on pillars stood
Of jasper green and marble red as blood,
All white itself and carven cunningly
With Neptune bringing from the wavy sea
The golden shining ram to Athamas;
And the first door thereof of silver was,
Wrought over with a golden glittering sun
That seemed wellnigh alike the heavenly one,
Such art therein the cunningest of men
Had used; which little Jason heeded then,
But, thrusting in the lock the smallest key
Of those he bore, it opened easily.
And then five others, neither wrought of gold
Or carved with tales or lovely to behold,
He opened, but before the last one stayed
His hand, wherein the heavy key he weighed,
And, pondering, in low-muttered words he said,
"The prize is reached, which yet I somewhat dread
To draw unto me, since I know indeed
That henceforth war and toil shall be my meed.
Too late to fear: it was too late the hour
I left the gray cliffs and the beechen bower;
So here I take hard life and deathless praise,
Who once desired naught but quiet days
And painless life not empty of delight,
I, who shall now be quickener of the fight,
Named by a great name—a far-babbled name,
The ceaseless seeker after praise and fame.
May all be well, and on the noisy ways
Still may I find some wealth of happy days."

Therewith he threw the last door open wide,
Whose hammered iron did the marvel hide,
And shut his dazzled eyes and stretched his hands
Out toward the sea-born wonder of all lands,
And plunged them deep within the locks of gold,
Grasping the fleece within his mighty hold.

Which when Medea saw, her gown of gray
She caught up from the ground, and drew away
Her wearied foot from off the rugged beast;
And while from her soft strain she never ceased
In the dull folds she hid her silk from sight,
And then, as, bending 'neath the burden bright,
Jason drew nigh, joyful, yet still afraid,
She met him, and her wide gray mantle laid
Over the fleece, whispering, "Make no delay;
He sleeps who never slept by night or day
Till now, nor will his charmèd sleep be long.
Light foot am I, and sure thine arms are strong;

Haste, then! No word, nor turn about to gaze
At me as he who in the shadowy ways
Turned round to see once more the twice-lost face."

Then swiftly did they leave the dreadful place,
Turning no look behind, and reached the street,
That with familiar look and kind did greet
Those wanderers 'mazed with marvels and with fear.
And so unchallenged did they draw anear
The long white quays, and at the street's end now
Beheld the ships' masts standing row by row
Stark black against the stars; then cautiously
Peered Jason forth, ere they took heart to try
The open starlit place, but naught he saw
Except the night-wind twitching the loose straw
From half-unloaded keels, and naught he heard
But the strange twittering of a caged green bird
Within an Indian ship, and from the hill
A distant baying. Yea, all was still
Somewhat they doubted. Natheless forth they passed,
And Argo's painted sides they reached at last.

CONCLUSION.

And now is Jason mighty lord and king
And wedded to the fairest queen on earth,
And with no trouble now to break his mirth,
And loved by all lives happy, free from blame,
Nor less has won the promised meed of fame.
So, having everything he once desired
Within the wild, ere yet his heart was fired
By Juno's word, he lives an envied man,
Holding these things that scarce another can,
Ease, love and fame, and youth that knows no dread
Of any horrors lurking far ahead
Across the sunny, flowered fields of life,
Youth seeing no end unto the joyous strife.

And she who all this world of joy had made,
And dared so many things all unafraid,
Now sat a queen beside her crowned king,
And as his love increased with everything
She did or said forgot her happy state
In Æa of old times, ere mighty fate
Brought Argo's side from out the clashers twain
Betwixt the rainbow and the briny rain.

And thus in happy days and rest and peace
Here ends the winning of the golden fleece.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

MY HOME.

THOUGH now in distant lands I roam,
My heart still wanders to that home
Where in youth's days of rural life
I never knew the world's fierce strife,
Nor felt, as now, amidst the throng,
Dull time move heavily along.

Where once my comrades joined our play,
There oft in fancy I will stray,
And dream again of days of joy
When free I roamed, a rustic boy,
Nor longed to ramble from my home,
Nor thought of conflicts yet to come.

Beneath that dwelling's shelt'ring roof
There dwells in purity and truth
A mother and a father dear,
A sister to my heart so near:
Illusive day-dreams would I give
Again within that home to live.

J. SIMPSON.

BROTHER, COME HOME.

COME home!
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep!
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in gladness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished Memory rears her altar's shrine.
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Come to the hearthstone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark like the o'erwearied dove;
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love.
Brother, come home!

Come home!
It is not home without thee. The lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be;
In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee.
Brother, come home!

Come home!
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watched every germ the full-blown flowers rear,
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep!
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home!

CATHERINE H. ESLING.

INSTABILITY OF GREATNESS.

FOND man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from heaven by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due:
Though now but writ and sealed and given anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At every loss against heaven's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining,
Where now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds,
Where screeching satyrs fill the people's empty steads.

Who, then, shall look for happiness beneath,
Where each new day proclaims chance, change and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe? PHINEAS FLETCHER.

AMBITION.

AMBITION mocks itselfe, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great: blood is too deare
A price for glory; honour doth appeare
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And jugler-like workes o' th' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied onely wise, for no respect
Indangers them to errour; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equall eye, nor bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As vertue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things, and, since we find
Time bends us toward death, let's in our mind
Create new youth and arm against the rude
Assaults of age, that no dull solitude
O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busie care
O' th' towne make us not thinke where now we are
And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbered not. WILLIAM HABINGTON.

THE CANDID FRIEND.

GIVE me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe:
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn—his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the *candid friend!* GEORGE CANNING.

FLOWERS.

LET long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.
THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.

I KNOW of a higher mountain. "Well? Do the flowers grow on it?" No, not one.
"What is its name?" But I cannot tell.
"Where?" Nowhere under the sun.

'Is it under the moon, then?" No; the light
Has never touched it, and never can;
It is fashioned and formed of night—of night
Too dark for the eyes of man.

Yet I sometimes think, if my faith had proved
As a grain of mustard-seed to me,
I could say to this mountain, "Be thou removed,
And be thou cast in the sea."

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

BOOKS.

BOOKS are a part of man's prerogative:
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old;
Our life fame pieceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

REQUIREMENTS OF A TUTOR.

A GENTLE squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher chaplain—
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions:
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
While his young master lieth o'er his head;
Second, that he do on no default
Ever presume to sit above the salt;
Third, that he never change his trencher twice;
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies,
Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait;
Last, that he never his young master beat,
But he must ask his mother to define
How many jerks he would his breech should line.
All these observed, he could contented be
To give five marks and winter livery.

JOSEPH HALL
(Bishop of Exeter).

THE CAPTURE OF TROY.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

[After a siege of ten years' duration, the city of Troy fell into the hands of the Greeks by means of a stratagem. The Greeks, professing admiration of the valor of the Trojans in the brave defence of their city, constructed a large wooden horse, and presented it to the defenders as a testimonial of appreciation. Then, apparently abandoning the siege, the besiegers embarked in their vessels and sailed away. The Trojans, who had enthusiastically accepted the wooden horse—the inside of which, being hollow, was filled with armed men—removed a portion of the wall of the city to permit its entrance, as it was very large in its proportions. In the night, while the inhabitants were giving themselves up to rejoicing in consequence of their supposed deliverance, the imprisoned Greeks released themselves from their self-imposed captivity, and with the aid of those who had apparently sailed for home, and who gained admission through the breach in the wall, compassed the downfall of the city.]

THE Greeks' chieftains, all irked with the war
Wherein they wasted had so many years,
And oft repulsed by fatal destiny,
A huge horse made, high raisèd like a hill,
By the divine science of Minerva:
Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs;
For their return a feignèd sacrifice
The fame whereof so wandered it at point.
In the dark bulk they closed bodies of men
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth

The hollow womb with armed soldiers.
Astonnied some the scatheful gift beheld,
Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve,
All wondering at the hugeness of the horse.

And first of all Timœtes 'gan advise
Within the walls to lead and draw the same,
And place it eke amid the palace court,
Whether of guile or Troyè's fate it would;
Capys, with some of judgment more discreet,
Willed it to drown, or underset with flame
The suspect present of the Greeks' deceit,
Or bore and gage the hollow caves uncouth:
So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.

Lo! foremost of a rout that followed him,
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the tower,
Crying far off: "Oh, wretched citizens,
What so great kind of frenzy fretteth you?
Deem ye the Greeks our enemies to be gone?
Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose
Devoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?
Either the Greeks are in this timber hid,
Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,
To view our towers and overwhelm our town.
Here lurks some craft. Good Troyans, give no trust
Unto this horse, for, what so ever it be,
I dread the Greeks—yea, when they offer gifts."
And with that word, with all his force a dart
He lanced then into that crooked womb,
Which trembling stuck, and shook within the side;
Wherewith the caves 'gan hollowly resound,
And, but for Fates and for our blind forecast,
The Greeks' device and guile had he descried,
Troy yet had stood, and Priam's towers so high.

New gripes of dread then pierce our trembling breasts;
They said Lacon's deserts had dearly bought
His heinous deed, that piercèd had with steel
The sacred bulk and thrown the wicked lance.
The people cried with sundry greeing shouts
To bring the horse to Pallas' temple blive,
In hope thereby the goddess' wrath t'appease.
We cleft the walls and closures of the town,
Whereto all help, and underset the feet
With sliding rolls, and bound his neck with ropes.
This fatal gin thus overclamb our walls,
Stuft with armed men, about the which there ran
Children and maids, that holy carols sang,
And well were they whose hands might touch the cords.
With threatening cheer thus slided through our town
The subtle tree, to Pallas' temple-ward.
Oh, native land, Ilion, and of the gods
The mansion-place! Oh, warlike walls of Troy!
Four times it stopt in th' entry of our gate,
Four times the harness clattered in the womb,
But we go on, unsound of memory,
And blinded eke by rage persever still:
This fatal monster in the fane we place.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY.

Who can express the slaughter of that night
Or tell the number of the corpses slain,
Or can in tears bewail them worthily?
The ancient famous city falleth down
That many years did hold such seignory;
With senseless bodies every street is spread,
Each palace and sacred porch of the gods.
Nor yet alone the Troyan blood was shed:

Manhood ofttimes into the vanquished breast
Returns, whereby some victors Greeks are slain.
Cruel complaints and terror everywhere,
And plenty of grisly pictures of death.

Translation of HENRY HOWARD (Earl of Surrey).

FRIENDS.

THICK waters show no images of things;
Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain-springs,
And free from clouds, design or flattery.
For vulgar souls no part of friendship share;
Poets and friends are born to what they are.

KATHERINE PHILIPS.

A HEAVENLY NYMPH.

IN chariot framèd of celestial mould
And simple pureness of the purest sky
A more than heavenly nymph I did behold,
Who, glancing on me with her gracious eye,
So gave me leave her beauty to espy;
For sure no sense such sight can comprehend
Except her beams their fair reflection lend.

Her beauty with eternity began,
And only unto God was ever seen;
When Eden was possessed with sinful man,
She came to him and gladly would have been
The long-succeeding world's eternal queen;
But they refusèd her—oh, heinous deed!—
And from that garden banished was their seed.

THOMAS STORER.

LOVE AND THE SOUL.

DEVOURING time with stealing pace
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow,
And marble towers and gates of brass
In his rude march he levels low;
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Love, and his sister fair the Soul,
Twin-born from heaven together came:
Love will the universe control
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his power
When time and death shall be no more.

BARTON BOOTH.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told—
That spot, the hues elysian
Of sky and plain,
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;

Thy heart was as a river
  Without a main;
Would I had loved thee never,
  Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder,
  Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
  Alas the day!—
And it boots not to remember
  Thy disdain
To quicken love's pale ember,
  Florence Vane.

The lilies-of-the-valley
  By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
  Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
  Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
  Florence Vane.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

DISARMED.

OH, Love, so sweet at first,
  So bitter in the end,
I name thee fiercest foe
  As well as falsest friend.
What shall I do with these
  Poor withered flowers of May,
Thy tenderest promises,
  All-worthless in a day?

How art thou swift to slay,
  Despite thy clinging clasp,
Thy long caressing look,
  Thy subtle, thrilling grasp!
Ay, swifter far to slay
  Than thou art strong to save,
Thou renderest but a blow
  For all I ever gave.

O grasping as the grave,
  Go, go, and come no more!
But canst thou set my heart
  Just where it was before?
Too selfish in thy need,
  Go! Leave me to my tears—
The only gifts of thine
  That shall outlast the years.

Yet shall outlast the years
  One other cherished thing,
Slight as the vagrant plume
  Shed from some passing wing—
The memory of thy first
  Divine, half-timid kiss.
Go! I forgive thee all
  In weeping over this.

LAURA C. REDDEN.

A SIGH.

IT was nothing but a rose I gave her—
  Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
  Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
  With a hand as chill,
Ah! the flying touch upon them lingers,
  Stays and thrills them still.

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
  Crumpled fold on fold,
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
  Cannot make it old.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE STRUGGLES OF BROWN, JONES & ROBINSON.

NARRATED BY MR. GEORGE ROBINSON.

THE FIRM.

OF Mr. Brown, the senior member of our firm, it is expedient that some short memoir should be given. At the time at which we signed our articles, in 185–, Mr. Brown had just retired from the butter trade. It does not appear that in his early youth he ever had the advantage of an apprenticeship, and he seems to have been employed in various branches of trade in the position, if one may say so, of an outdoor messenger. In this capacity he entered the service of Mr. M'Cockerell, a retail butter-dealer in Smithfield. When Mr. M'Cockerell died, our Mr. Brown married his widow, and thus found himself elevated at once to the full-blown dignity of a tradesman. He and his wife lived together for thirty years, and it is believed that in the temper of his lady he found some alloy to the prosperity which he had achieved. The widow M'Cockerell, in bestowing her person upon Mr. Brown, had not intended to endow him also with entire dominion over her shop and chattels. She loved to be supreme over her butter-tubs, and she loved also to be supreme over her till. Brown's views on the rights of women were more in accordance with the law of the land as laid down in the statutes, and hence quarrels arose.

After thirty years of contests such as these Mr. Brown found himself victorious—made so not by the power of arguments nor by that of his own right arm, but by the demise of Mrs. Brown. That amiable lady died, leaving two daughters to lament their loss, and a series of family quarrels by which she did whatever lay in her power to embarrass her husband, but by which she could not prevent him from becoming absolute owner of the butter business and of the stock in trade.

The two young ladies had not been brought up to the ways of the counter, and, as Mr. Brown was not himself especially expert at that particular business in which his money was embarked, he prudently thought it expedient to dispose of the shop and good-will. This he did to advantage, and thus at the age of fifty-five he found himself again on the world with four thousand pounds in his pocket.

At this period one of his daughters was no longer under his own charge. Sarah Jane, the eldest of the two, was already Mrs. Jones. She had been captivated by the black hair and silk waistcoat of Mr. Jones, and had gone off with him in opposition to the wishes of both parents. This, she was aware, was not matter of much moment, for the opposition of one was sure to bring about a reconciliation with the other. And such was soon the case. Mrs. Brown would not see her daughter or allow Jones to put his foot inside the butter-shop; Mr. Brown consequently took lodgings

for them in the neighborhood, and hence a close alliance sprung up between the future partners.

At this crisis Maryanne devoted herself to her mother. It was admitted by all who knew her that Maryanne Brown had charms. At that time she was about twenty-four years of age, and was certainly a fine young woman. She was particularly like her mother, a little too much inclined to corpulence, and there may be those who would not allow that her hair was auburn. Mr. Robinson, however, who was then devotedly attached to her, was of that opinion, and was ready to maintain his views against any man who would dare to say that it was red.

Jones came over one evening and begged an interview with Mr. Brown. That interview was the commencement of the partnership. From such small matters do great events arise. At that interview Mr. Robinson was present.

"Go on with the business together," said Robinson, "Mr. Brown keeping of course, a preponderating share in his own hands."

"I don't like butter," said Jones; "nothing great can be done in butter."

"It is a very safe line," said Mr. Brown, "if the connection is good."

"The connection must have been a good deal damaged," said Robinson, "seeing that the shop has been closed for a fortnight. Besides, it's a woman's business, and you have no woman to manage it," added he, fearing that Mrs. Jones might be brought in, to the detriment of all concerned.

Jones suggested haberdashery; Robinson, guided by a strong idea that there is a more absolute opening for the advertising line in haberdashery than in any other business, assented.

"Then let it be haberdashery," said Mr. Brown, with a sigh.

And so that was settled.

But here it may be as well to say a few words as to Mr. Robinson, and to explain how he became a member of the firm. He had been in his boyhood a bill-sticker, and he defies the commercial world to show that he ever denied it. In his earlier days he carried the paste and pole and earned a livelihood by putting up notices of theatrical announcements on the hoardings of the metropolis. There was, however, that within him which Nature did not intend to throw away on the sticking of bills, as was found out quickly enough by those who employed him. The lad, while he was running the streets with his pole in his hand and his pot round his neck, learned first to read, and then to write what others might read. From studying the bills which he carried he soon took to original composition, and it may be said of him that in fluency of language and richness of imagery few surpassed him. In person Mr. Robinson was a genteel young man, though it cannot be said of him that he possessed manly beauty. He was slight and active, intelligent in his physiognomy and polite in his demeanor. Perhaps it may be unnecessary to say anything further on this head.

And haberdashery it was. But there was much yet to be done before any terms for a partnership could be settled. Mr. Jones at first insisted that he and his father-in-law should begin business on equal terms. He considered that any questions as to the actual right in the property would be mean after their mutual agreement to start in the world

as friends. But to this Mr. Brown, not unnaturally, objected.

"Then I shall go back to my lawyer," said Jones; whereupon he did leave the room, taking his hat with him, but he remained below in the old shop.

"If I am to go into partnership with that man alone," said Mr. Brown, turning to his young friend, almost in despair, "I may prepare for the *Gazette* at once—and for my grave," he added, solemnly.

"I'll join you," said Robinson. "I haven't got any money; you know that. But then neither has he."

"I wish you had a little," said Mr. Brown. "Capital is capital, you know."

"But I've got that which is better than capital," said Robinson, touching his forehead with his forefinger. "And if you'll trust me, Mr. Brown, I won't see you put upon."

The promise which Mr. Robinson then gave he kept ever afterward with a marked fidelity.

"I will trust you," said Mr. Brown. "It shall be Brown, Jones & Robinson."

"And Brown, Jones & Robinson shall carry their heads high among the greatest commercial firms of this wealthy metropolis," said Robinson, with an enthusiasm which was surely pardonable at such a moment.

Mr. Jones soon returned with another compromise, but it was of a low, peddling nature. It had reference to sevenths and eighths and went into the payment of the household bills.

"I, as one of the partners, must object to any such arrangements," said Robinson.

"You! You one of the partners!" said Jones.

"If you have no objection, certainly," said Robinson; "and if you should have any objection, equally so."

"You! A bill-sticker!" said Jones.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Robinson: "I've never denied my former calling. Among friends I often talk about it, but mind you, Mr. Jones, I won't bear it from you. I'm not very big myself, but I think I could stand up before you."

But in this quarrel they were stopped by Mr. Brown.

"Let dogs delight," he said, or sung, "to bark and bite;" and then he raised his two fat hands feebly, as though deprecating any further wrath.

As usual on such occasions, Mr. Robinson yielded, and then explained in very concise language the terms on which it was proposed that the partnership should be opened. Mr. Brown should put his "capital" into the business and be entitled to half the profits; Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson should give the firm the advantage of their youth, energies and genius, and should each be held as the possessor of a quarter. That Mr. Jones made long and fierce objections to this need hardly be stated. It is believed that he did more than once go back to his lawyer. But Mr. Brown, who for the time put himself into the hands of his youngest partner, remained firm, and at last the preliminaries were settled.

The name of the house, the nature of the business and the shares of the partners were now settled, and the site of the future labors of the firm became the next question. Mr. Brown was in favor of a small tenement in Little Britain, near to the entrance into the Charter House.

"There would not be scope there," said Robinson.

"And no fashion," said Jones.

"It's safe and respectable," pleaded Mr. Brown; "there have been shops in Little Britain these sixty years in the same families."

But Robinson was of opinion that the fortunes of the firm might not improbably be made in six if only they would commence with sufficient distinction. He had ascertained that large and commanding premises might be had in St. Paul's Churchyard in the frontage of which the square feet of plate glass could be counted by the hundred. It was true that the shop was nearly all window, but then, as Mr. Robinson said, an extended front of glass was the one thing necessary; and it was true also that the future tenants must pay down a thousand pounds before they entered, but then, as he explained, how could they better expend the trifle of money which they possessed?

"'Trifle of money'!" said Mr. Brown, thinking of the mountains of butter and years of economy which had been required to put together those four thousand pounds —thinking also, perhaps, of the absolute impecuniosity of his young partner who thus spoke.

Jones was for the West End and Regent street. There was a shop only two doors off Regent street which could be made to look as if it was almost in Regent street. The extension of a side-piece of plate glass would show quite into Regent street. He even prepared a card describing the house as "2 doors from Regent street," printing the figure and the words "Regent street" very large, and the intermediate description very small. It was ever by such stale, inefficient artifices as these that he sought success.

"Who'll care for your card?" said Robinson. "When a man's card comes to be of use to him, the thing's done. He's living in his villa by that time, and has his five thousand a year out of the profits."

"I hope you'll both have your willas before long," said Brown, trying to keep his partners in good humor, "but a cottage *horney* will be enough for me. I'd like to be able to give my children their bit of dinner on Sunday hot and comfortable. I want no more than that."

That was a hard battle, and it resulted in no victory. The dingy shop in Little Britain was, of course, out of the question, and Mr. Brown assisted Robinson in preventing that insane attempt at aping the unprofitable glories of Regent street. The matter ended in another compromise, and a house was taken in Bishopsgate street, of which the frontage was extensive and commanding, but as to which it must certainly be confessed that the back part of the premises was inconveniently confined.

"It isn't exactly all I could wish," said Robinson, standing on the pavement as he surveyed it, "but it will do. With a little originality and some dash, we'll make it do. We must give it a name."

"'A name'?" said Mr. Brown. 'It's 81 Bishopsgate street, ain't it? They don't call houses names in London."

"That's just why we'll have a name for ours, Mr. Brown."

"The 'Albert Emporium,'" suggested Jones, "or 'Victoria Mart.'"

Mr. Jones, as will be seen, was given to tuft-hunting to the backbone. His great

ambition was to have a lion and unicorn and to call himself haberdasher to a royal prince. He had never realized the fact that profit, like power, comes from the people, and not from the court.

"I wouldn't put up the queen's arms if the queen came and asked me," Robinson once said in answer to him. "That game has been played out, and it isn't worth the cost of the two wooden figures."

"'The Temple of Fashion' would do very well," said Jones.

"The Temple of Fiddlestick!" said Robinson.

"Of course you say so," said Jones.

"Let dogs delight—" began Mr. Brown, standing, as we were, in the middle of the street.

"I'll tell you what," said Robinson, "there's nothing like color. We'll call it Magenta House, and we'll paint it magenta from the roof to the window-tops."

This beautiful tint had only then been invented, and it was necessary to explain the word to Mr. Brown. He merely remarked that the oil and paint would come to a deal of money, and then gave way. Jones was struck dumb by the brilliancy of the idea, and for once forgot to object.

"And I'll tell you what," said Robinson: "nine times nine is eighty-one."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Brown, who delighted to agree with his younger partner when circumstances admitted it. "You are right there, certainly."

Jones was observed to go through the multiplication table mentally, but he could detect no error.

"Nine times nine is eighty-one," repeated Robinson, with confidence, "and we'll put that fact up over the first-floor windows."

And so they did. The house was painted magenta color from top to bottom, and on the front, in very large figures and letters, was stated the undoubted fact that nine times nine is eighty-one."

"If they will only call us 'the nine times nine,' the thing is done," said Robinson. Nevertheless, the house was christened Magenta House.

THE USE OF THE CAPITAL.

Mr. Brown groaned sorely over the expenditure that was necessary in preparation of the premises. His wish was that this should be paid for in ready money, and, indeed, it was necessary that this should be done to a certain extent. But the great object should have been to retain every available shilling for advertisements. In the way of absolute capital—money to be paid for stock—four thousand pounds was nothing, but four thousand pounds scattered broadcast through the metropolis on walls, omnibuses, railway stations, little books, pavement chalkings, illuminated notices, porters' backs, gilded cars and men in armor would have driven nine times nine into the memory of half the inhabitants of London. The men in armor were tried. Four suits were obtained in Poland street, and four strong men were hired, who rode about town all day on four brewers' horses. They carried poles with large banners, and on the banners were inscribed the words which formed the shibboleth of the firm:

MAGENTA HOUSE.

9 TIMES 9 IS 81,

BISHOPSGATE STREET.

And four times a day these four men in armor met each other in front of the windows of the house and stood there on horseback for fifteen minutes with their backs to the curbstone.

The premises stood advantageously at the corner of a little alley, so that the window was made to jut out sideways in that direction, and a full foot and a half was gained. On the other side the house did not stand flush with its neighbor—as is not unfrequently the case in Bishopsgate street—and here also a few inches was made available. The next neighbor, a quiet old man who sold sticks, threatened a lawsuit, but that, had it been instituted, would have got into the newspapers and been an advertisement. There was considerable trouble about the entrance. A wide, commanding centre doorway was essential, but this, if made in the desirable proportions, would have terribly crippled the side-windows. To obviate this difficulty, the exterior space allotted for the entrance between the frontage of the two windows was broad and noble, but the glass splayed inward toward the shop; so that the absolute door was decidedly narrow.

"When we come to have a crowd, they won't get in and out," said Jones.

"If we could only crush a few to death in the doorway, our fortune would be made," said Robinson.

"God forbid!" said Mr. Brown; "God forbid! Let us have no bloodshed, whatever we do."

In about a month the house was completed, and, much to the regret of both the junior partners, a considerable sum of ready money was paid to the tradesmen who performed the work. Mr. Jones was of opinion that by sufficient cunning such payments might be altogether evaded. No such thought rested for a moment in the bosom of Mr. Robinson: all tradesmen should be paid, and paid well. But the great firm of Brown, Jones & Robinson would be much less likely to scrutinize the price at which plate glass was charged to them per square foot when they were taking their hundreds a day over the counter than they would be now, when every shilling was of importance to them.

"For their own sake you shouldn't do it," said he to Mr. Brown. "You may be quite sure they don't like it."

"I always liked it myself," said Mr. Brown. And thus he would make little dribbling payments, by which an unfortunate idea was generated in the neighborhood that money was not plentiful with the firm.

CREDIT.

One thing was quite clear even to Mr. Jones: if the firm commenced business to the extent which they contemplated, it was quite out of the question that they should do everything on the ready-money principle. That such a principle is antiquated, absurd and uncommercial—that it is opposed to the whole system of trade as now adopted in this metropolis—has been clearly shown in the preface to these memoirs. But in this instance, in the case of Brown, Jones & Robinson, the doing so was as impracticable as it would have been foolish if practicable. Credit, and credit only, was required. But of all modes of extinguishing credit—of crushing, as it were, the young baby in its cradle—there is none equal to that of spend-

ing a little ready money and then halting. In trade as in love, to doubt—or, rather, to seem to doubt—is to be lost. When you order goods, do so as though the bank were at your back; look your victim full in the face and write down your long numbers without a falter in your pen; and should there seem a hesitation on his part, do not affect to understand it. When the articles are secured, you give your bill at six months' date; then your credit at your banker's—your discount system—commences. That is another affair. When once your bank begins that with you—and the banks must do so, or they may put up their shutters—when once your bank has commenced, it must carry on the game. You are floated then, placed well in the centre of the full stream of commerce, and it must be your own fault if you do not either retire with half a million or become bankrupt with an *éclat* which is worth more than any capital in refitting you for a further attempt. In the mean time, it need hardly be said that you yourself are living on the very fat of the land.

But birds of a feather should flock together, and Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson were not exactly of the same plumage.

It was finally arranged that Mr. Robinson should have *carte blanche* at his own particular line of business to the extent of fifteen hundred pounds, and that Mr. Brown should go into the warehouses and lay out a similar sum in goods. Both Jones and Mrs. Jones accompanied the old man, and a sore time he had of it. It may here be remarked that Mrs. Jones struggled very hard to get a footing in the shop, but on this point it should be acknowledged that her husband did his duty for a while.

"It must be you or I, Sarah Jane," said he, "but not both."

"I have no objection in life," said she; "you can stay at home if you please."

"By no means," he replied. "If you come here and your father permits it, I shall go to America. Of course the firm will allow me for my share."

She tried it on very often after that and gave the firm much trouble, but I don't think she got her hand into the cash-drawer above once or twice during the first twelve months.

ADVERTISING.

On the shoulders of Mr. Robinson fell the great burden of the business. There was a question as to the accounts; these, however, he undertook to keep in his leisure moments, thinking but little of the task. But the work of his life was to be the advertising department. He was to draw up the posters; he was to write those little books which, printed on magenta-colored paper, were to be thrown with reckless prodigality into every vehicle in the town; he was to arrange new methods of alluring the public into that emporium of fashion. It was for him to make a credulous multitude believe that at that shop Number Nine Times Nine in Bishopsgate street goods of all sorts were to be purchased at prices considerably less than the original cost of their manufacture. This he undertook to do; this for a time he did do; this for years to come he would have done had he not experienced an interference in his own department by which the whole firm was ultimately ruined and sent adrift.

"The great thing is to get our bills into the hands of the public," said Robinson.

"You can get men for one and nine a day to stand still and hand 'em out to the passers-by," said Mr. Brown.

"That's stale, sir—quite stale. Novelty in advertising is what we require—something new and startling."

"Put a chimney-pot on the man's head," said Brown, "and make it two and three."

"That's been tried," said Robinson.

"Then put two chimney-pots," said Mr. Brown. Beyond that his imagination did not carry him.

Chimney-pots and lanterns on men's heads avail nothing. To startle men and women to any purpose and drive them into Bishopsgate street you must startle them a great deal. It does not suffice to create a momentary wonder. Mr. Robinson, therefore, began with eight footmen in full livery with powdered hair and gold tags to their shoulders. They had magenta-colored plush knee-breeches and magenta-colored silk stockings. It was in May and the weather was fine, and these eight excellently got-up London footmen were stationed at different points in the city, each with a silken bag suspended round his shoulder by a silken cord. From these bags they drew forth the advertising cards of the house, and presented them to such of the passers-by as appeared from their dress and physiognomy to be available for the purpose. The fact has now been ascertained that men and women who have money to spend will not put out their hands to accept bills from street advertisers. In an ordinary way the money so spent is thrown away. But from these men arrayed in gorgeous livery a duchess would have stayed her steps to accept a card. And duchesses did stay their steps, and cards from the young firm of Brown, Jones & Robinson were, as the firm was credibly informed, placed beneath the eyes of a very illustrious personage indeed.

The nature of the card was this. It was folded into three, and when so folded was of the size of an ordinary playing-card. On the outside, which bore a satin glaze with a magenta tint, there was a blank space as though for an address, and the compliments of the firm in the corner; when opened, there was a separate note inside, in which the public were informed in very few words that "Messrs. Brown, Jones & Robinson were prepared to open their house on the 15th of May, intending to carry on their trade on principles of commerce perfectly new and hitherto untried. The present rate of money in the city was five per cent., and it would be the practice of the firm to charge five and a half per cent. on every article sold by them. The very quick return which this would give them would enable B., J. & R. to realize princely fortunes, and at the same time to place within the reach of the public goods of the very best description at prices much below any that had ever yet been quoted." This also was printed on magenta-colored paper, and "nine times nine is eighty-one" was inserted both at the top and at the bottom.

On the inside of the card, on the three folds, were printed lists of the goods offered to the public. The three headings were "Cloaks and Shawls," "Furs and Velvets," "Silks and Satins," and in a small note at the bottom it was stated that the stock of hosiery, handkerchiefs, ribbons and gloves was sufficient to meet any demand the metropolis could make upon the firm.

When that list was first read out in conclave to the partners, Mr. Brown begged, almost with tears in his eyes, that it might be modified.

"George," said he, "we shall be exposed."

"I hope we shall," said Robinson. "Exposition is all that we desire."

"'Eight thousand African monkey muffs'! Oh, George, you must leave out the monkey muffs."

"By no means, Mr. Brown."

"Oh, bring them down to a few hundreds. Two hundred African monkey muffs would really be a great many."

"Mr. Brown," said Robinson on that occasion—and it may be doubted whether he ever again spoke to the senior partner of his firm in terms so imperious and decisive—"Mr. Brown, to you has been allotted your share in our work; and when you insisted on throwing away our ready money on those cheap Manchester prints, I never said a word. It lay in your department to do so. The composition of this card lies in mine, and I mean to exercise my own judgment." And then he went on: "Eight thousand real African monkey muffs; six thousand ditto ditto ditto, very superior, with long fine hair." Mr. Brown merely groaned, but he said nothing further.

"Couldn't you say that they are such as are worn by the princess Alice?" suggested Jones.

"No, I could not," answered Robinson. "You may tell them that in the shop if you please; that will lie in your department."

In this way was the first card of the firm drawn out, and in the space of a fortnight nineteen thousand of them were disseminated through the metropolis. When it is declared that each of those cards cost B., J. & R. fivepence three farthings, some idea may be formed of the style in which they commenced their operations.

IT IS OUR OPENING DAY.

And now the day had arrived on which the firm was to try the result of their efforts. It is believed that the 15th of May in that year will not easily be forgotten in the neighborhood of Bishopsgate street. It was on this day that the experiment of the men in armor was first tried, and the four cavaliers, all mounted and polished as bright as brass, were stationed in the front of the house by nine o'clock. There they remained till the doors and shop windows were opened, which ceremony actually took place at twelve. It had been stated to the town on the preceding day by a man dressed as Fame, with a long horn, who had been driven about in a gilt car, that this would be done at ten. But, peeping through the iron shutters at that hour, the gentlemen of the firm saw that the crowd was as yet by no means great. So a huge poster was put up outside each window:

POSTPONED TILL ELEVEN. IMMENSE PRESSURE OF GOODS IN THE BACK PREMISES.

At eleven this was done again, but at twelve the house was really opened. At that time the car with Fame and the long horn was stationed in front of the men in armor, and there really was a considerable concourse of people.

"This won't do, Mr. Brown," a policeman had said. "The people are half across the street."

"Success! success!" shouted Mr. Robinson, from the first landing on the stairs. He was busy correcting the proofs of their second set of notices to the public.

"Shall we open, George?" whispered Mr. Brown, who was rather flurried.

"Yes; you may as well begin," said he. "It must be done sooner or later;" and then he retired quietly to his work. He had allowed himself to be elated for one moment at the interference of the police, but after that he remained above, absorbed in his work, or, if not so absorbed, disdaining to mix with the crowd below.

As regards grouping, there was certainly some propriety in the arrangements made for receiving the public. When the iron shutters were wound up, the young men of the establishment stood in a row behind one of the counters, and the young women behind the other. They were very nicely got up for the occasion. The girls were all decorated with magenta-colored ribbons, and the young men with magenta neckties. Mr. Jones had been very anxious to charge them for these articles in their wages, but Mr. Brown's good feeling had prevented this:

"No, Jones, no; the master always finds the livery."

There had been something in the words "master" and "livery" which had tickled the ears of his son-in-law, and so the matter had been allowed to pass by.

In the centre of the shop stood Mr. Brown very nicely dressed in a new suit of black. That bald head of his and the way he had of rubbing his hands together were not ill calculated to create respect. But on such occasions it was always necessary to induce him to hold his tongue. Mr. Brown never spoke effectively unless he had been first moved almost to tears. It was now his special business to smile, and he did smile. On his right hand stood his partner and son-in-law Jones, mounted quite irrespectively of expense. His waistcoat and cravat may be said to have been gorgeous, and from his silky locks there came distilled a mixed odor of musk and patchouli; about his neck also the colors of the house were displayed, and in his hand he waved a magenta handkerchief. His wife was leaning on his arm, and on such an occasion as this even Robinson had consented to her presence. She was dressed from head to foot in magenta.

Stockings was the article in which, above all others, Mr. Brown was desirous of placing his confidence.

"George," said he, "all the world wears stockings, but those who require African monkey muffs are in comparison few in number. I know Legg & Loosefit, of the Poultry, and I'll purchase a stock."

He went to Legg & Loosefit, and did purchase a stock, absolutely laying out a hundred pounds of ready money for hosiery and getting as much more on credit. Stockings is an article on which considerable genius might be displayed by any house intending to do stockings and nothing else, but, taken up in this small way by such a firm as that of 81 Bishopsgate street, it was simply embarrassing.

"Now you can say something true in your advertisements," said Mr. Brown, with an air of triumph, when the invoice of the goods arrived.

"'True'?" said Robinson. He would not, however, sneer at his partner, so he retreat-

ed to his own room and went to work. "Stockings!" said he to himself. "There is no room for ambition in it. But the word 'hose' does not sound amiss." And then he prepared that small book with silk magenta covers and silvery leaves which he called *The New Miracle.*

"The whole world wants stockings," he began, not disdaining to take his very words from Mr. Brown, "and Brown, Jones & Robinson are prepared to supply the whole world with the stockings which they want. The following is a list of some of the goods which are at present being removed from the river to the premises at Magenta House, in Bishopsgate street. B., J. & R. affix the usual trade price of the article and the price at which they are able to offer them to the public:

"One hundred and twenty baskets of ladies' Spanish hose—usual price, 1*s.* 3*d.*; sold by B., J. & R. at 9¾*d.*"

"'Baskets'!" said Mr. Brown, when he read the little book.

"It's all right," said Robinson. "I have been at the trouble to learn the trade language:

"Four hundred dozen white cotton hose—usual price, 1*s.* 0½*d.*; sold by B., J. & R. at 7¼*d.*

"Eight stacks of China and pearl silk hose—usual price, 3*s.*; sold by B., J. & R. for 1*s.* 9¾*d.*

"Fifteen hundred dozen of Balbriggan—usual price, 1*s.* 6*d.*; sold by B., J. & R. for 10½*d.*"

It may not, perhaps, be necessary to continue the whole list here, but as it was read aloud to Mr. Brown he sat aghast with astonishment.

"George," said he, at last, "I don't like it. It makes me quite afeard—it does indeed."

"And why do you not like it?" said Robinson, quietly laying down the manuscript and putting his hand upon it. "Does it want vigor?"

"No; it does not want vigor."

"Does it fail to be attractive? Is it commonplace?"

"It is not that I mean," said Mr. Brown. "But—"

"Is it not simple? The articles are merely named, with their prices."

"But, George, we haven't got 'em. We couldn't hold such a quantity. And if we had them, we should be ruined to sell them at such prices as that. I did want to do a genuine trade in stockings."

"And so you shall, sir. But how will you begin unless you attract your customers?"

"You have put your prices altogether too low," said Jones. "It stands to reason you can't sell them for the money. You should not have put the prices at all; it hampers one dreadfully. You don't know what it is to stand down there among them all and tell them that the cheap things haven't come."

"Say that they've all been sold," said Robinson.

"It's just the same," argued Jones. "I declare, last Saturday night I didn't think my life was safe in the crowd."

"And who brought that crowd to the house?" demanded Robinson. "Who has filled the shop below with such a throng of anxious purchasers?"

"But, George," said Mr. Brown, "I should like to have one of these bills true, if only that one might show it as a sample when the people talk to one."

"'True'!" said Robinson, again. "You wish that it should be true? In the first place, did you ever see an advertisement that contained the truth? If it were as true as heaven, would any one believe it? Was it ever supposed that any man believed

an advertisement? Sit down and write the truth, and see what it will be. The statement will show itself of such a nature that you will not dare to publish it. There is the paper, and there the pen. Take them, and see what you can make of it."

"I do think that somebody should be made to believe it," said Jones.

"You do!" and Robinson, as he spoke, turned angrily at the other. "Did you ever believe an advertisement?"

Jones, in self-defence, protested that he never had.

"And why should others be more simple than you? No man, no woman, believes them. They are not lies, for it is not intended that they should obtain credit. I should despise the man who attempted to base his advertisements on a system of facts as I would the builder who lays his foundation upon the sand. The groundwork of advertising is romance. It is poetry in its very essence. Is *Hamlet* true?"

"I really do not know," said Mr. Brown.

"There is no man, to my thinking, so false," continued Robinson, "as he who in trade professes to be true. He deceives, or endeavors to do so; I do not. No one will believe that we have fifteen hundred dozen of Balbriggan."

"Nobody will," said Mr. Brown.

"But yet that statement will have its effect. It will produce custom and bring grist to our mill without any dishonesty on our part. Advertisements are profitable not because they are believed, but because they are attractive. Once understand that, and you will cease to ask for truth." Then he turned himself again to his work, and finished his task without further interruption.

"You shall sell your stockings, Mr. Brown," he said to the senior member of the firm about three days after that.

"Indeed, I hope so."

"Look here, sir;" and then he took Mr. Brown to the window.

There stood eight stalwart porters, divided into two parties of four each, and on their shoulders they bore erect, supported on painted frames, an enormous pair of gilded, embroidered, brocaded, begartered wooden stockings. On the massive calves of these was set forth a statement of the usual kind, declaring that "Brown, Jones & Robinson, of 81 Bishopsgate street, had just received 40,000 pairs of ladies' best French silk hose direct from Lyons."

"And now look at the men's legs," said Robinson.

Mr. Brown did look, and perceived that they were dressed in magenta-colored knee-breeches with magenta-colored stockings. They were gorgeous in their attire, and at this moment they were starting from the door in different directions.

"Perhaps you will tell me that that is not true?"

"I will say nothing about it for the future," said Mr. Brown.

"It is not true," continued Robinson, "but it is a work of fiction in which I take leave to think that elegance and originality are combined."

In spite of all difficulties, a considerable trade was established within six months, and the shop was usually crowded. As a drawback to this, the bills at the printer's and at the stationer's had become very heavy, and Robinson was afraid to disclose their amount to his senior partner. But, nevertheless, he

persevered. "Faint heart, never won fair lady," he repeated to himself over and over again, the fair lady for whom his heart sighed being at this time Commercial Success.

MR. BROWN IS TAKEN ILL.

The house still went on. Set a business going, and it is astonishing how long it will continue to move by the force of mere daily routine. People flocked in for shirts and stockings and young women came there to seek their gloves and ribbons, although but little was done to attract them either in the way of advertisement or of excellence of supply. Robinson knew that failure was inevitable, and, with this knowledge, it was almost impossible that he should actively engage himself in his own peculiar branch of business. There was no confidence between the partners. Jones was conscious of what was coming, and was more eager than ever to feather his own nest. But in these days Mr. Brown displayed a terrible activity. He was constantly in the shop, and, though it was evident to all eyes that care and sorrow were heaping upon his shoulders a burden which he could hardly bear, he watched his son-in-law with the eyes of an Argus. It was terrible to see him, and terrible, alas! to hear him; for at this time he had no reserve before the men and women engaged behind the counters. At first there had been a pretence of great love and confidence, but this was now all over. It was known to all the staff that Mr. Brown watched his son-in-law, and known also that the youngest partner had been treated with injustice by them both. They in the shop, and even Jones himself, knew little of what in these days was going on up stairs. But Robinson knew, for his room was close to that in which Mr. Brown and his daughter lived.

"Father," she would say, "you will be in the workhouse before this new year is ended."

"I hope not, my child."

"'Hope'! What's the good of hoping? You will. And where am I to go then? Mother left a handsome fortune behind her, and this is what you have brought us to."

All this was very hard to be borne.

"She nags at me that dreadful, George," he once said as he sat in his old arm-chair with his head hanging wearily on his chest, "that I don't know where I am or what I'm doing. As for the workhouse, I almost wish I was there."

It was about the middle of February when a catastrophe happened which was the immediate forerunner of the fall of the house. Robinson had been at his desk early in the morning—for, though his efforts were now useless, he was always there—and had been struck with dismay by the loudness of Maryanne's tone as she rebuked her father. Then Mrs. Jones had joined them, and the battle had raged still more furiously. The voice of the old man, too, was heard from time to time; when roused by suffering to anger, he would forget to speak in his usual falsetto treble and break out in a few natural words of rough impassioned wrath.

At about ten Mr. Brown came down into Robinson's room, and, seating himself on a low chair, remained there for a while without moving, and almost without speaking.

"Is she gone, George?" he asked at last.

"Which of them?" said Robinson.

"Sarah Jane. I'm not so used to her, and it's very bad."

Then Robinson looked out, and said that Mrs. Jones was gone; whereupon Mr. Brown returned to his own room.

Again and again throughout the day Robinson heard the voices, but he did not go up to the room. He never did go there now unless specially called upon to do so by business. At about noon, however, there came a sudden silence—a silence so sudden that he noticed it—and then he heard a quick step across the room. It was nothing to him, and he did not move from his seat, but still he kept his ears open and sat thoughtless of other matters, as though he expected that something was about to happen. The room above was perfectly still, and for a minute or two nothing was done. But then there came the fall of a quicker step across the room, and the door was opened, and Maryanne, descending the four stairs which led to his own closet, was with him in an instant.

"George," she said, forgetting all propriety of demeanor, "father is in a fit."

It is not necessary that the scene which followed should be described with minuteness in these pages. Robinson, of course, went up to Mr. Brown's room, and a doctor was soon there in attendance upon the sick man. He had been struck by paralysis, and thus for a time had been put beyond the reach of his daughter's anger. Sarah Jane was very soon there, but the wretched state in which the old man was lying quieted even her tongue. She did not dare to carry on the combat as she looked on the contorted features and motionless limbs of the poor wretch as he lay on his bed. On her mind came the conviction that this was partly her work, and that if she now spoke above her breath those around her would accuse her of her cruelty; so she slunk about into corners, whispering now and again with her husband, and quickly took herself off, leaving the task of nursing the old man to the higher courage of her sister.

And Maryanne's courage sufficed for the work; now that her woman's services were really needed, she gave them to her father readily. It cannot be said that she was a cheerful nurse. Had he been in a state in which cheerfulness would have relieved him, her words would have again been sharp and pointed. She was silent and sullen, thinking always of the bad days that were coming to her. But, nevertheless, she was attentive to him, and during the time of his terrible necessity even good to him. It is so natural to women to be so that I think even Regan would have nursed Lear had Lear's body become impotent instead of his mind. There she sat, close to his bed, and there from time to time Robinson would visit her. In those days they always called each other George and Maryanne, and were courteous to each other, speaking solely of the poor old sick man who was so near to them both. Of their former joint hopes no word was spoken then, nor—at any rate, as regards the lady—was there even a thought of love. As to Jones, he very rarely came there. He remained in the shop below, where the presence of some member of the firm was very necessary, for in these days the number of hands employed had become low.

"I suppose it's all up down there," she said one day, and as she spoke she pointed toward the shop.

At this time her father had regained his

consciousness and recovered partially the use of his limbs, but even yet he could not speak so as to be understood, and was absolutely helpless. The door of his bedroom was open, and Robinson was sitting in the front room, to which it opened.

"I'm afraid so," said he. "There are creditors who are pressing us, and, now that they have been frightened about Mr. Brown, we shall be sold up."

"You mean the advertising people?"

"Yes; the stationer and printer and one or two of the agents. The fact is that the money which should have satisfied them has been frittered away uselessly."

"It's gone, at any rate," said she. "He hasn't got it;" and she pointed to her father.

"Nor have I," said Robinson. "I came into it empty-handed, and I shall go out as empty. No one shall say that I cared more for myself than for the firm. I've done my best, and we have failed. That's all."

"I am not going to blame you, George. My lookout is bad enough, but I will not say that you did it. It is worse for a woman than for a man. And what am I to do with him?" and again she pointed toward the inner room. In answer to this Robinson said something as to the wind being tempered for the shorn lamb. "As far as I can see," she continued, "the sheep is best off that knows how to keep its own wool. It's always such cold comfort as that one gets when the world means to thrust one to the wall. It's only the sheep that lets themselves be shorn; the lions and the tigers know how to keep their own coats on their own backs. I believe the wind blows colder on poor naked wretches than it does on those as have their carriages to ride in. Providence is very good to them that know how to provide for themselves."

"You are young," said he, "and beautiful—"

"Psha!"

"You will always finds a home if you require one."

"I'll tell you what it is, George Robinson, I wish to enter no man's home unless I can earn my meat there by my work; no man shall tell me that I am eating his bread for nothing. As for love, I don't believe in it. It's all very well for them as have nothing to do and nothing to think of—for young ladies who get up at ten in the morning, and ride about with young gentlemen, and spend half their time before their looking-glasses. It's like those poetry-books you're so fond of, but it's not meant for them as must earn their bread by their own sweat. You talk about love, but it's only madness for the like of you."

"I shall talk about it no more."

"You can't afford it, George, nor yet can I. What a man wants in a wife is some one to see to his cooking and his clothes, and what a woman wants is a man who can put a house over her head. Of course, if she have something of her own, she'll have so much the better house. As for me, I've got nothing now."

"That would have made no difference with me."

"No, it wouldn't," she replied, "and therefore, with all your cleverness, you are little better than a fool. You have been working hard and living poor these two years back, and what better are you? When that old man was weak enough to

give you the last of his money, you didn't keep a penny."

"Not a penny," said Robinson, not without some feeling of pride at his heart.

"And what the better are you for that? Look at them Joneses; they have got money. When the crash comes, they won't have to walk out into the street. They'll start somewhere in a little way, and will do very well."

"And would you have had me become a thief?"

"'A thief'! You needn't have been a thief; you needn't have taken it out of the drawers, as some of them did. I couldn't do that myself; I've been sore tempted, but I could never bring myself to that." Then she got up, and went to her father. "What am I to do with him?" she again said when she returned. "When he is able to move and the house is taken away from us, what am I to do with him? He's been bad to me, but I won't leave him."

"Neither will I leave him, Maryanne."

"That's nonsense. You've got nothing no more than he has, and he's not your flesh and blood. Where would you have been now if we'd been married on that day?"

"I should have been nearer to him in blood, but not truer to him as a partner."

"It's lucky for you that your sort of partnership needn't last for ever. You've got your hands and your brain, and, at any rate, you can work. But who can say what must become of us?"

The first day on which Mr. Brown was able to come out into the sitting-room was the very day on which Brown, Jones & Robinson were declared bankrupts. Craddock & Giles, the stationers of St. Mary Axe, held bills of theirs as to which they would not—or probably could not—wait, and the City and West End Commercial and Agricultural Joint-Stock Bank refused to make any further advances. It was a sad day, but one, at least, of the partners felt relieved when the blow had absolutely fallen and the management of the affairs of the shop was taken out of the hands of the firm.

GEORGE ROBINSON'S DREAM.

George Robinson, though his present wants were provided for by his pen, was by no means disposed to sink into a literary hack. He walked forth one evening until he found himself among the fields—those first fields which greet the eyes of a Londoner in which wheat is not grown, but cabbages and carrots for the London market—and here, seating himself upon a gate, he gave his mind up to a close study of the subject. First he took from his pocket a long list which he always carried, and once more read over the names and figures which it bore:

Barleywig	£40,000 per annum.

How did Barleywig begin such an outlay as that? He knew that Barleywig had as a boy walked up to town with twopence in his pocket and in his early days had swept out the shop of a shoemaker. The giants of trade all have done that. Then he went on with the list:

Holloway	£30,000 per annum.
Moses	10,000 "
Macassar Oil	10,000 "
Dr. De Jongh	10,000 "

What a glorious fraternity! There were many others that followed with figures almost equally stupendous. Revalenta Arabica! Bedsteads!

Paletots! Food for cattle! But then how did these great men begin? He himself had begun with some money in his hand, and had failed; as to them, he believed that they had all begun with twopence. As for genius and special talent, it was admitted on all sides that he possessed it; of that he could feel no doubt, as other men were willing to employ him.

"Shall I never enjoy the fruits of my own labor?" said he to himself. "Must I still be as the bee, whose honey is robbed from him as soon as made?

> "'The lofty rhyme I still must build,
> Though other hands shall touch the money.'

Will this be my fate for ever?

> "'The patient oxen till the furrows,
> But never eat the generous corn."

Shall the corn itself never be my own?"

And as he sat there the words of Poppins came upon his memory: "You advertising chaps never do anything. All that printing never makes the world any richer." At the moment he had laughed down Poppins with absolute scorn, but now, at this solitary moment, he began to reflect whether there might be any wisdom in his young friend's words.

"The question has been argued," he continued, in his soliloquy, "by the greatest philosopher of the age. A man goes into hats, and in order to force a sale he builds a large cart in the shape of a hat, paints it blue and has it drawn through the streets. He still finds that his sale is not rapid, and, with a view of increasing it, what shall he do? Shall he make his felt hats better, or shall he make his wooden hat bigger? Poppins and the philosopher say that the former plan will make the world richer, but they do not say that it will sell the greater number of hats. Am I to look after the world. Am I not to look to myself? Is not the world a collection of individuals, all of whom are doing so? Has anything been done for the world by the Quixotic aspirations of general philanthropy at all equal to that which individual enterprise has achieved? Poppins and the philosopher would spend their energies on a good hat. But why? Not that they love the head that is to wear it; the sale would still be their object. They would sell hats, not that the heads of men may be well covered, but that they themselves might live and become rich. To force a sale must be the first duty of a man in trade, and a man's first duty should be all in all to him. If the hats sold from the different marts be not good enough, with whom does the fault rest? Is it not with the customers who purchase them? Am I to protect the man who demands from me a cheap hat? Am I to say, 'Sir, here is a cheap hat; it is made of brown paper, and the gum will run from it in the first shower. It will come to pieces when worn, and disgrace you among your female acquaintances by becoming dinged and bulged?' Should I do him good? He would buy his cheap hat elsewhere and tell pleasant stories of the madman he had met. The world of purchasers will have cheap articles, and the world of commerce must supply them; the world of purchasers will have their ears tickled, and the world of commerce must tickle them. Of what use is all this about adulteration? If Mrs. Jones will buy her sausages at a lower price per pound than pork fetches in the market, has she a right to complain when some curious doctor makes

her understand that her viands have not been supplied exclusively from the pig? She insists on milk at three halfpence a quart, but the cow will not produce it; the cow cannot produce it at that price unless she be aided by the pump, and therefore the pump aids her. If there be dishonesty in this, it is with the purchaser, not with the vender—with the public, not with the tradesman."

But still, as he sat upon the gate, thus arguing with himself, a dream came over him—a mist of thought, as it were, whispering to him strangely that even yet he might be wrong. He endeavored to throw it off, shaking himself, as it were, and striving to fix his mind firmly upon his old principles. But it was of no avail. He knew he was awake, but yet he dreamed, and his dream was to him as a terrible nightmare. What if he were wrong. What if those two philosophers had on their side some truth. He would fain be honest if he knew the way. What if those names upon his list were the names of false gods whose worship would lead him to a hell of swindlers instead of the bright heaven of commercial nobility?

"Barleywig is in Parliament," he said to himself, over and over again, in loud tones, striving to answer the spirit of his dream—"in Parliament. He sits upon committees, men jostle to speak to him, and he talks loud among the big ones of the earth. He spends forty thousand a year in his advertisements, and grows incredibly rich by the expenditure. Men and women flock in crowds to his shops. He lives at Albert Gate in a house big enough for a royal duke, and is the lord of ten thousand acres in Yorkshire. Barleywig cannot have been wrong, let that philosopher philosophize as he will."

But still the dream was there, crushing him like a nightmare. "Why don't you produce something, so as to make the world richer?" Poppins had said. He knew well what Poppins had meant by making the world richer. If a man invent a Katakairion shirt, he does make the world richer; if it be a good one, he makes it much richer. But the man who simply says that he has done so adds nothing to the world's wealth. His answer had been that it was his work to sell the shirts and that of the purchaser to buy them. Let each look to his own work. If he could be successful in his selling, then he would have a right to be proud of his success. The world would be best served by close attention on the part of each to his own business. Such had been the arguments with which he had silenced his friend and contented himself while the excitement of the shop in Bishopsgate street was continued, but now, as he sat there upon the gate, this dream came upon him, and he began to doubt. Could it be that a man had a double duty, each separate from the other—a duty domestic and private, requiring his devotion and loyalty to his wife, his children, his partners and himself, and another duty, widely extended in all its bearings and due to the world in which he lived? Could Poppins have seen this, while he was blind? Was a man bound to produce true shirts for the world's benefit even though he should make no money by so doing—either true shirts or none at all?

The evening light fell upon him as he still sat there on the gate, and he became very melancholy.

"If I have been wrong," he said to him-

self, "I must give up the fight; I cannot begin again now and learn new precepts. After all that I have done with that old man's money, I cannot now own that I have been wrong and commence again on a theory taught me by Poppins. If this be so, then farewell to Commerce." And as he said so he dropped from his seat, and, leaning over the rail, hid his face within his hands.

As he stood there, suddenly a sound struck his ears, and he knew that the bells of Edmonton were ringing. The church was distant, but nevertheless the tones came sharp upon him with their clear music. They rang on quickly, loudly and with articulate voice. Surely there were words within those sounds. What was it they were saying to him? He listened for a few seconds, for a minute or two, for five minutes, and then his ear and senses had recognized the language: "Turn again, Robinson, member of Parliament." He heard it so distinctly that his ear would not for a moment abandon the promise. The words could not be mistaken: "Turn again, Robinson, member of Parliament."

Then he did turn, and walked back to London with a trusting heart.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CONVERSATION.

TO converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessarily to talk with very great brilliancy. A man may talk with such surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company into silence or excite their envy, and so produce a chill where his aim should be to produce warmth and sunshine. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that, no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation or how small may be theirs, they find it insensibly just as natural and pleasant talking to him as hearing him talk. The talent for conversation, indeed, more almost than anything else in life, requires infinite tact and discretion. It requires one to have most varied knowledge, and to have it at instant and absolute disposal, so that he can use just as much or just as little as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass instantly and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men, from the mere phrases of courtesy to the expressions of sentiment and passion.

The mere possession of knowledge does not make a good talker. The most learned men are often the very dullest in society. Their learning is of no more use in ordinary conversation than is the antiquated lumber stowed away in your grandmother's garret. Yet these men of learning are the very ones who, of all men in the community, have it most in their power to redeem conversation from its too common insipidity. Those antique pieces of furniture, if only cleared a little of the dust and cobwebs and brought down from their hiding-places into the light of day, might add a sober dignity to the ordinary uses of life. It needs, however, a nice sense of propriety to be able in general conversation to use one's special professional knowledge so as not to be offensive or pedantic, so as to avoid the appearance of lecturing. Yet the thing may be done. Every one has some special point on which he is better informed than any one else

in the company. The skilful converser is one who can both use his own special knowledge and can subsidize equally the several specialties of his companions to the common pleasure of all—who can do this without constraint, without apparent effort, and in such a manner that every one else in the company thinks himself acting quite spontaneously. JOHN S. HART, LL.D.

COURTING BY PROXY.

FROM "THE LIFE OF JOHN KEPLER."

KEPLER'S own time was so completely occupied by his professional duties as well as by his private studies that he found it necessary to seek another parent for his children. For this purpose he gave a commission to his friends to look out for him a suitable wife, and in a long and jocular letter to Baron Strahlendorf he has given an amusing account of the different negotiations which preceded his marriage.

The first of the eleven ladies among whom his inclinations wavered was a widow, an intimate friend of his first wife, and who on many accounts appeared a most eligible match. "At first," says Kepler, "she seemed favorably inclined to the proposal; it is certain that she took time to consider it, but at last she very quietly excused herself." It must have been from a recollection of this lady's good qualities that Kepler was induced to make his offer, for we learn rather unexpectedly, after being informed of her decision, that when he soon afterward paid his respects to her, it was the first time that he had seen her during the last six years, and he found, to his great relief, that "there was no single pleasing part about her." The truth seems to be that he was nettled by her answer, and he is at greater pains than appears necessary, considering this last discovery, to determine why she would not accept his offered hand. Among other reasons he suggested her children, among whom were two marriageable daughters, and it is diverting afterward to find them also in the catalogue which Kepler appeared to be making of all his female acquaintances. Of the other ladies, one was too old; another, in bad health; another, too proud of her birth and quarterings; a fourth had learned nothing but showy accomplishments, "not at all suitable to the sort of life she would have to lead with me;" another grew impatient, and married a more decided admirer while he was hesitating. "The mischief," says he, "in all these attachments was that while I was delaying, comparing and balancing conflicting reasons, every day saw me inflamed with a new passion." By the time he reached the eighth he found his match in this respect: "Fortune at length has avenged herself on my doubtful inclinations. At first she was quite complying, and her friends also; presently, whether she did or did not consent, not only I, but she herself, did not know. After the lapse of a few days came a renewed promise, which, however, had to be confirmed a third time, and four days after that she again repented her confirmation and begged to be excused from it. Upon this I gave her up, and this time all my counsellors were of one opinion."

This was the longest courtship in the list, having lasted three months, and, quite disheartened by its bad success, Kepler's next attempt was of a more timid complexion. His advances to No. 9 were made by confiding to her the whole story of his recent disappointment, prudently determining to be

guided in his behavior by observing whether the treatment he had experienced met with a proper degree of sympathy. Apparently, the experiment did not succeed; and, almost reduced to despair, Kepler betook himself to the advice of a friend who had for some time past complained that she was not consulted in this difficult negotiation. When she produced No. 10 and the first visit was paid, the report upon her was as follows: "She has undoubtedly a good fortune, is of good family and of economical habits, but her physiognomy is most horribly ugly; she would be stared at in the streets, not to mention the striking disproportion of our figures: I am lank, lean and spare; she, short and thick. In a family notorious for fulness she is considered superfluously fat." The only objection to No. 11 seems to have been her excessive youth; and when this treaty was broken off on that account, Kepler turned his back upon all his advisers and chose for himself one who had figured as No. 5 in the list, to whom he professes to have felt attached throughout, but from whom the representations of his friends had hitherto detained him—probably on account of her humble station. The following is Kepler's summary of her character: "Her name is Susannah, the daughter of John Reuthinger and Barbara, citizens of the town of Eferdingen. The father was by trade a cabinet-maker, but both her parents are dead. She has received an education well worth the largest dowry by favor of the lady of Stahrenberg, the strictness of whose household is famous throughout the province. Her person and manners are suitable to mine —no pride, no extravagance. She can bear to work; she has a tolerable knowledge how to manage a family, middle-aged, and of a disposition and capability to acquire what she still wants. Her I shall marry, by favor of the noble baron of Stahrenberg, at twelve o'clock on the 30th of next October, with all Eferdingen assembled to meet us, and we shall eat the marriage-dinner at Maurice's, at the Golden Lion."

Kepler's marriage seems to have taken place at the time here mentioned, for in his book on gauging, published at Linz in 1615, he informs us that he took home his new wife in November.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

AN ARAB TRADITION OF THE HORSE.

FROM "BEN HUR: A TALE OF THE CHRIST."*

GOD gave the first Arab a measureless waste of sand with some treeless mountains and here and there a well of bitter waters, and said to him, "Behold thy country!" And when the poor man complained, the Mighty One pitied him, and said again, "Be of cheer, for I will twice bless thee above other men."

The Arab heard and gave thanks, and with faith set out to find the blessings. He travelled all the boundaries first, and failed; then he made a path into the desert and went on and on, and in the heart of the waste there was an island of green very beautiful to see, and in the heart of the island, lo! a herd of camels and another of horses. He took them joyfully and kept them with care for what they were—best gifts of God. And from that green isle went forth all the horses of the

* Published by Harper & Brothers.

earth; even to the pastures of Nessæa they went, and northward to the dreadful vales perpetually threshed by blasts from the Sea of Chill Winds.

Doubt not the story; or if thou dost, may never amulet have charm for an Arab again! LEW WALLACE.

THE DEPRAVITY OF MANKIND.

FROM THE GREEK OF POLYBIUS.

IT seems that men—who in the practice of craft and subtlety exceed all other animals—may with good reason be acknowledged to be more depraved than they; for other animals are subservient only to the appetites of the body, and by them are led to do wrong, but men, who have also sentiments to guide them, are guilty of ill conduct not less through the abuse of their acquired reason than from the force of their natural desires. Translation of MR. HAMPTON.

THE ANCIENTS' CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD.

FROM THE LATIN OF PLINY THE ELDER.

THE world, and whatever that be which we otherwise call the heavens, by the vault of which all things are enclosed, we must conceive to be a deity, to be eternal, without bounds, neither created nor subject at any time to destruction. To inquire what is beyond it is no concern of man, nor can the human mind form any conjecture respecting it. It is sacred, eternal and without bounds, all in all—indeed, including everything in itself; finite, yet like what is infinite; the most certain of all things, yet like what is uncertain; externally and internally embracing all things in itself, it is the work of nature, and itself constitutes nature.

It is madness to harass the mind, as some have done, with attempts to measure the world and to publish these attempts, or, like others, to argue from what they have made out that there are innumerable other worlds, and that we must believe these to be so many other natures, or that if only one nature produced the whole there will be so many suns and so many moons, and that each of them will have immense trains of other heavenly bodies, as if the same question would not recur at every step of our inquiry, anxious as we must be to arrive at some termination, or as if this infinity, which we ascribe to nature, the former of all things, cannot be more easily comprehended by one single formation, especially when that is so extensive. It is madness—perfect madness—to go out of this world and to search for what is beyond it, as if one who is ignorant of his own dimensions could ascertain the measure of anything else, or as if the human mind could see what the world itself cannot contain.

The stars, which are described as fixed in the heavens, are not, as the vulgar suppose, attached, each of them, to different individuals—the brighter to the rich, those that are less so to the poor, and the dim to the aged, shining according to the lot of the individual and separately assigned to mortals—for they have neither come into existence nor do they perish in connection with particular persons, nor does a falling star indicate that any one is dead. We are not so closely connected with the heavens as that the shining of the stars is affected by our death. When

they are supposed to shoot or fall, they throw out, by the force of their fire, as if from an excess of nutriment, the superabundance of the humor which they have absorbed, as we observe to take place from the oil in our lamps when they are burning. The nature of the celestial bodies is eternal, being interwoven, as it were, with the world, and by this union rendering it solid.

Translation of JOHN BOSTOCK.

THE PLAGUE.

FROM THE FLEMISH OF HENDRICK CONSCIENCE.

ABOUT this period there was promulgated throughout Christendom a brief from the Pope, calling on both knights and citizens to arm themselves for battle against the Turks. In this conjuncture, and while the crusade was still preached, there suddenly appeared throughout Europe a fearful malady. It was called the "LEPROSY." Whoever was seized with it felt his heart beat impetuously, and a cold sweat break out on every part of his body; his face and hands assumed a dull yellow color; and two hours after they were sown all over as it were with large blue spots. These on the following day changed into hard tumors, which soon became so many running and incurable sores. Most of those who were seized by this awful pestilence died in a few days; others held out longer and lived whole months, to the great terror of their fellow-townsmen. The most fearful thing in this malady was its infectious character: whoever pressed the hand of a friend who had been attacked, with that single touch received death; whoever went into an infected house or handled the clothing of the leprous, on the following day was covered with the fatal spots; even money became a vehicle of contagion. An indescribable terror seized the hearts of all at the breaking out of this fearful malady; doors and windows were closed, and not a living soul was to be seen in the streets. Children might be seen pitilessly driving their sick fathers down the stairs with long staves and thrusting them into the street; mothers would cautiously throw from a distance a rope round the neck of their infected children, and drag them out of the house; brothers would keep their sisters away from them, and would fiercely threaten them with uplifted axe if they approached. Scarcely could one believe it. The dearest ties of blood and family were rent asunder; every one hated and mistrusted his neighbor; people fled into holes and cellars, and prepared to slay any one who ventured near them, were it father, spouse, or child. And if an infected creature was seen in the streets in search of food, or who had been driven forth by his own family, scarcely could he take a step without an arrow shot from some neighboring window piercing his miserable frame.

ALEXIS.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

Corydon, the shepherd, was burning for the lovely Alexis, his master's darling, with no prospect for his hope. All he could do was to come daily among the thick beeches, with their shady summits, and there all alone to pour out wildly to the mountains and woods such unstudied strains as these in unavailing passion:

"CRUEL Alexis! have you no care for my songs? No pity for me? You will drive me to death at last. It is the hour when even cattle are seeking the shade and its coolness—the hour when even green lizards are sheltering themselves in the brakes, and Thestylis is making for the reapers, as they

come back spent with the vehement heat, her savory mess of bruised garlic and wild thyme; but I, as I am scanning the prints of your feet, am left with a choir of hoarse cicalas that make the plantation ring again under the blazing sun. Was there not satisfaction in bearing Amaryllis's storms of passion and her scornful humors? or Menalcas, again—dark as he was—fair as are you? Do not, loveliest boy, do not presume too much on that bright bloom: white privet is left to fall; dark hyacinths are gathered for posies.

"You think scorn of me, Alexis, without even asking what I am—how rich I am in cattle, how overflowing in milk white as snow. Why, I have a thousand ewe lambs straying at large over the mountains of Sicily; new milk never fails me either summer or winter. I can sing as Amphion of Dircę sang when calling the flocks home on the Attic Aracynthus. I am not so unsightly either: the other day on the seashore I looked at myself, as the sea was standing all glassy in a calm. I should not fear competing with Daphnis in your judgment, if the reflection never play false.

"Oh, if you would but take a fancy to live with me a homely country life in a humble cottage, shooting the deer, and driving the herds of kids afield to the green mallows! Living with me, you shall soon rival Pan in singing in the woodland. Pan it was that first taught the fashion of fastening several reeds together with wax. Pan it is that cares for sheep and shepherds. Do not think you would be sorry to chafe your lip with a reed: to learn this same lesson, what used not Amyntas to go through? I have a pipe made out of seven uneven hemlock stalks, which Damœtus once gave me as a present. His dying words were, 'It is yours now, as my next heir.' So said Damœtus. Amyntas, in his folly, felt jealous. Besides, I have two young roes, which I found in a dangerous valley, their skins still sprinkled with white, sucking the same ewe twice a day. I am keeping them for you. Thestylis, to be sure, has been long begging to get them away from me, and so she shall, as you think my presents so mean. Come to me, loveliest boy. See, the nymphs are bringing basketsful of lilies, all for you; for you the fair naiad plucks yellow violets and poppy-heads and puts them with the narcissus and fragrant fennel flower, twines them with cassia and other pleasant plants, and picks out the delicate hyacinth with the yellow marigold. I will gather you myself quinces with their soft white down, and chestnuts, which my Amaryllis used to love so, and put in waxen plums. This fruit, too, shall come in for honor. You, too, I will pluck, ye bays, and you, myrtle, that always go with them; so placid you make a union of sweet smells.

"Corydon, you are nothing but a clown. Alexis cares nothing for such presents. Nay, if presents are to be your weapons, Iollas will not yield the day to you. Alas! alas! what wretched wish have I been forming? I have been madman enough to let the south wind into my flower-beds, and the boars into my clear springs. Do you know who you are flying from, infatuate as you are? Why, even the gods have lived in the country—ay, and in Dardan Paris. Leave Pallas to live by herself in the great city towns she has built; let us love the country beyond any other place. The grim lioness goes after the wolf;

the wolf, for his part, after the goat; the playful goat after the flowering lucerne; Corydon after you, Alexis. Each is drawn by his peculiar pleasure. Look! the bullocks are drawing home the plough, with its share slung up, and the sun, as he withdraws, is doubling the lengthening shadows, yet still love is burning me up; for how should there be any stint for love? Ah, Corydon, Corydon! what madness has possessed you? Here are your vines half pruned, and the elms they hang on overgrown with leaves. Come, you had better set about plaiting out some work for needful occasions with twigs or pliant rushes. You will find another Alexis, though the present one may scorn you."

Translation of JOHN CONINGTON.

MATTER HAS A SPIRITUAL SIDE.

FROM LECTURE ON BIOLOGY,* "DOES DEATH END ALL?" DELIVERED AT TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON.

WILL you, my friends, but picture to yourselves the change of plan which must be made when a creeping creature is transformed into a flying one? Your beautiful tropical butterfly was once a repulsive chrysalid. It had only the power of crawling. But the bioplast wove it. Little points of transparent structureless matter were moving in it, were throwing off cell-walls in it and bringing these walls into the shape now of a tendon, now of a muscle, now of a nerve, and so completing the whole marvellous plan of a crawling creature, disgusting in our first sight, a miracle at the second. But now these same bioplasts—which, according to materialism, have nothing at all behind them but chemical forces—suddenly catch a new and very brilliant idea; namely, that they will weave a flying creature. Whence comes that? Out of matter, for matter has a physical and a spiritual side. They thereupon, without any new environment, with the same sun above them, and the same earth underneath them, and the same food, begin to execute a wholly new plan—or, rather, to carry out one held in reserve from the first. They weave anew; there appears within and rising out of the creeping odious worm your gorgeous tropical butterfly; and he is the same. There is identity between that flying creature and that creeping creature. Are they two, or one? You breathed by gills once; you breathe by lungs now. Is your identity affected by the change? Your bioplasts wove you so that once you had a heart of one cavity, and now have one of four. Are you the same? Is your identity affected through all these changes? Every few months the flux of the particles of the living tissues carries away all the particles in the entire physical system. How do we retain identity? Matter has a physical and a spiritual side, indeed. While all the matter that composed my body has gone in the flux of growth, I am I, however. I have an ineradicable conviction that I am the same person that I was years ago, and yet, years ago, there was not in my body a particle that is now there. I have an ineradicable conviction that the butterfly is identical with the crawling worm, but the characteristics of your worm are left behind when there appears in the worm a resurrection to a new life. JOSEPH COOK.

* Published by James R. Osgood & Co.

NAUSICAA'S REQUEST OF HER SIRE.

FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER'S "ODYSSEYS."

TRAIGHT rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
Fair veiled Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
To admiration took, who no time spent
To give the rapture of her vision vent
To her loved parents, whom she found within,
Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
A rock whose tincture with sea-purple shined,
Her maids about her. But she chanced to find
Her father going abroad, to council called
By his grave senate; and to him exhaled
Her smothered bosom was. "Loved sire," said she,
"Will you not now command a coach for me,
Stately and complete, fit for me to bear
To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
Before repurified? Yourself it fits
To wear fair weeds, as every man that sits
In place of council. And five sons you have—
Two wed, three bachelors—that must be brave
In every day's shift, that they may go dance;
For these three last with these things must advance
Their states in marriage, and who else but I,
Their sister, should their dancing rites supply?"

This general cause she showed, and would not name
Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
He understood her yet, and thus replied:
"Daughter, nor these, nor any grace beside,
I either will deny thee, or defer
Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go! my servants shall
Serve thy desires, and thy command in all."

The servants then commanded soon obeyed—
Fetched coach, and mules joined in it. Then the maid
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds and laid
All up in coach, in which her mother placed
A maund of victuals varied well in taste,
And other junkets. Wine she likewise filled
Within a goat-skin bottle, and distilled
Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,
Both for her daughter's and her handmaid's use,
To soften their bright bodies when they rose
Cleansed from their cold baths. Up to coach then goes
Th' observèd maid, takes both the scourge and reins,
And to her side her handmaid straight attains.

Nor these alone, but other virgins, graced
The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy placed,
Nausicaa scourged to make the coach-mules run,
That neighed and paced their usual speed, and soon
Both maids and weeds brought to the river-side,
Where baths for all the year their use supplied,
Whose waters were so pure they would not stain,
But still ran fair forth, and did more remain
Apt to purge stains for that purged stain within
Which by the water's pure store was not seen.

These, here arrived, the mules uncoached, and drave
Up to the gulfy river's shore, that gave
Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then took
Their clothes and steeped them in the sable brook;
Then put them into springs and trod them clean
With cleanly feet, adventuring wagers then
Who should have soonest and most cleanly done;
When having throughly cleansed, they spread them on
The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where
The waves the pebbles washed, and ground was clear,
They bathed themselves, and all with glittering oil
Smoothed their white skins, refreshing then their toil
With pleasant dinner by the river's side;
Yet still watched when the sun their clothes had dried.

Translation of GEORGE CHAPMAN.

LAW.

HER seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

RICHARD HOOKER.

LIFE'S FRUIT.

WE mortals may die, but our deed lives after us, and is immortal, and bears fruit to all time, sometimes evil and sometimes good. If the deed has been evil in the beginning, the fruit is often such as we who did it would give our lives, if we had the power, to destroy.

ADELINE SERGEANT.

FAREWELL HAWAIIAN.

FROM THE DIALECT OF QUEEN KAMEHAMEHA.

In the autumn of the year 1823, King Liholiho and his wife, Queen Kamehameha, left Hawaii of the Sandwich Islands on a visit to the United States and Great Britain. Both died in England of the measles, and their bodies, accompanied by Lord Byron, were returned in a British frigate to their native Isle. Kamehameha is described as being tall, portly, queen-like.

"O skies, O plains, O mountains and oceans!
O guardians and people! kind affection for you all!
Farewell to thee, the soil, O country,
For which my father suffered—alas! for thee!"

Translation of BINGHAM.

AARON BURR'S RETURN TO HIS COUNTRY.

The following selection from "The Republic" is made by the kind permission of the author of that work, Dr. John R. Irelan. "The Republic" is a history of the United States from the colonial days to our own times. The Doctor makes a new and interesting departure in the writing of American history. Each of the eighteen octavo volumes is devoted to the biography of one of the Presidents, around whose administration are grouped the leading events of the country and the deeds of the great men who flourished during that period. The only exception to this rule is Abraham Lincoln, to whose life and times two volumes are devoted. The work, which embraces over eleven thousand pages, is written in a clear, beautiful style. Valuable documents, many of which are rare, are introduced in the text.

On the 6th of June Burr arrived at New York, and was landed at midnight. His first night spent alone in the ship in Boston harbor reveals the strange, broken-spirited man in an attitude to disarm the hardest foe; but it beggars imagination to follow the once proud, brilliant Vice-President of the United States through that first sad night in New York, the seat of his grandest triumphs, the city which had delighted to do him honor. Failing to find the residence of his friend Swartwout, and having for a long time wandered on the streets hoping to fall upon some charitable person who would keep him out of the hands of the police, and finding none, worn down at last, he followed a light into the cellar of a small house, and there, for twelve cents, in a garret on a cot where there were five other sleepers, in a profound sleep, he passed the remainder of his first night on returning to New York.

For several weeks Burr remained concealed to all except a few of his friends; and when he was satisfied as to the course the Administration and his creditors would pursue towards him, he caused his card to be inserted in a morning paper to the effect that Aaron Burr had returned to the city and resumed the practice of the law. So startling was this announcement that several hundred persons called that day at his office to show him some little respect and indicate that they at least felt that he should now have a chance for life. Scarcely had he become settled when he received from Theodosia the following intense and dreadful words: "A few miserable days past, my dear father, and your late letters would have gladdened my soul; and even now I rejoice at their contents as much as it is possible for me to rejoice at anything; but there is no more joy for me; the world is a blank. I have lost my boy. My child is gone for ever. He expired on the 30th of June. My head is not now sufficiently collected to say anything further. May Heaven, by other blessings, make you some amends for the noble grandson you have lost." Again the ungodly, proud-spirited woman wrote to him: "I think Omnipotence could give me no equivalent for my boy—no, none, none." But this blow, direful indeed to him, was not all. The heart of the hitherto brave Theodosia was broken.

A physician was sent to her home in South Carolina to accompany her to the North, where it was hoped she might draw a new life from her father, an inexhaustible source which had never failed her. Every precaution was taken to insure safety in the voyage. In the schooner *Patriot*, a fast-sailing, well-manned vessel, her husband, then Governor of his State, saw her set out from Charleston Harbor on the 30th of December, 1812. Neither the vessel nor any of her passengers or crew were ever

heard from again. The ill-fated ship went down in a great storm, it was supposed; and all the unconquered and indomitable father could ever know was that, "she is indeed dead. When I realized the truth of her death, the world became a blank to me, and life had then lost all its value."

DR. JOHN ROBERT IRELAN.

ACCOUNT OF AGBARUS'S LETTER TO JESUS.*

FROM THE GREEK OF EUSEBIUS PAMPHILUS, THE FATHER OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY AND BISHOP OF CÆSAREA, PALESTINE, WHO WAS BORN ABOUT 264 A.D. AND DIED ABOUT 340.

AGBARUS, who reigned over the nations beyond the Euphrates with great glory, and who had been wasted away with a disease, both dreadful and incurable by human means, when he heard the name of Jesus frequently mentioned, and his miracles unanimously attested by all, sent a suppliant message to him, by a letter-carrier, entreating a deliverance from his disease. But, though he did not yield to his call at that time, he nevertheless condescended to write him a private letter, and to send one of his disciples to heal his disorder. Of this, also, we have the evidence, in a written answer taken from the public records of the city of Edessa, then under the government of the king. For in the public registers there, which embrace the ancient history and the transactions of Agbarus, these circumstances respecting him are found still preserved down to the present day. There is nothing, however, like hearing the epistles themselves, taken by us from the archives, and the style of it as it has been literally translated by us, from the Syriac language:

THE LETTER WRITTEN BY KING AGBARUS, TO JESUS, AND SENT TO HIM, AT JERUSALEM, BY ANANIAS, THE COURIER.

Agbarus, prince of Edessa, sends greeting to Jesus the excellent Saviour, who has appeared in the borders of Jerusalem. I have heard the reports respecting thee and thy cures, as performed by thee without medicines and without the use of herbs. For as it is said, thou causest the blind to see again, the lame to walk, and thou cleansest the lepers, and thou castest out impure spirits and demons, and thou healest those that are tormented by long disease, and thou raisest the dead. And hearing all these things of thee, I concluded in my mind one of two things: either that thou art God, and having descended from heaven, doest these things, or else doing them, thou art the son of God. Therefore, now I have written and besought thee to visit me, and to heal the disease with which I am afflicted. I have, also, heard that the Jews murmur against thee, and are plotting to injure thee; I have, however, a very small but noble state, which is sufficient for us both.

Translation into English of C. F. CRUSE, A. M.

*A slightly different version of this letter is given by Moses of Chorene, who wrote a century later than Eusebius. The letter is considered by modern scholars as of doubtful authenticity.

IMPORTANCE OF LAW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF NORBERTO RAMIREZ OF NICARAGUA.

NO good object can be attained by disturbing the public peace. Hatred begets hatred, and vengeance, vengeance; and they who strike against the wholesome restraints of law will themselves be stricken down in its fall.

Translation of E. G. SQUIER.

THE EXILE'S HYMN.

FROM THE SPANISH OF JOSE MARIA HEREDIA. THIS DISTINGUISHED CUBAN POET WAS BORN AT SANTIAGO, 1803, AND AFTER AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER, A PART OF WHICH WAS PASSED IN THE UNITED STATES, HE DIED IN MEXICO IN 1839.

FAIR land of Cuba! on thy shores are seen
Life's far extremes of noble and of mean;
The world of sense in matchless beauty dressed,
And nameless horrors hid within thy breast.
Ordained of Heaven the fairest flower of earth,
False to thy gifts and reckless of thy birth!
The tyrant's clamor and the slave's sad cry,
With the sharp lash in insolent reply—
Such are the sounds that echo on thy plains,
While virtue faints, and vice unblushing reigns.
Rise, and to power a daring heart oppose!
Confront with death these worse than death-like woes.
Unfailing valor chains the flying fate;
Who dares to die shall win the conqueror's state!
We, too, can leave a glory and a name
Our children's children shall not blush to claim;
To the far future let us turn our eyes,
And up to God's still, unpolluted skies!
Better to bare the breast and undismayed
Meet the sharp vengeance of the hostile blade,
Than on the couch of helpless grief to lie,
And in one death a thousand deaths to die.
Fear'st thou to bleed? O better in the strife
From patriot wounds to pour the gushing life,
Than let it creep inglorious through the veins
Benumbed by sin and agony and chains!
What hast thou, Cuban? Life itself resign—
Thy very grave is insecurely thine!
Thy blood, thy treasure, poured like tropic rain
From tyrant hands to feed the soil of Spain.
If it be truth that nations still must bear
The crushing yoke, the wasting fetters wear—
If to the people this be Heaven's decree,
To clasp their shame, nor struggle to be free,
From truth so base my heart indignant turns,
With freedom's frenzy all my spirit burns,
That rage which ruled the Roman's soul of fire,
And filled thy heart, Columbia's patriot sire!
Cuba! thou still shalt rise, as pure, as bright
As thy free air—as full of living light;
Free as the waves that foam around thy strands,
Kissing thy shores, and curling o'er thy sands!

Translation of the Author.

IN MEMORIAM.

MORAL virtue is perfection
Far above all earthly wealth;
On the soul has more reflection
Than on body, light and health.
Even Eden, bright and flory,
Can't compare with virtuous soul
Destined for eternal glory
'Mid enraptured angel goal.
Human life, though fleet, how precious
Every moment, every day!
And if virtuous, then how gracious
In its tissue every ray!

Feasting soul on heaven's pasture
Dimpled o'er with rubies bright;
Human spirit under vesture
Of an angel in his flight.
Through this veil of tears and duty
To a better world than this,
Land of glory, perfect beauty,
In the reign of endless bliss.
This is but the faintest picture
Of a beauty so serene;
Is deserving of but stricture,
Since it leaves so much unseen.
All repenting age admire
As most noble victor's gain—
Stainless youth, though, how much higher,
Entering bliss by sins refrain!
Passing through this world's temptation
Like an angel in his flight,
Unto glory's invitation
In the realms of endless light.
This applies to one well known
Who has lately passed away;
Like an angel she has flown
Stainless to eternal day.

THOS. J. THORPE,
Newfoundland.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

This poem is by a native of New Zealand; most of her productions are sprightly, and she has achieved considerable distinction as a poetess. Flourished about 1880.

SATURDAY night in the crowded town;
Pleasure and pain going up and down,
Murmuring low on the ear their beat,
Echoes unceasing of voice and feet.
Withered age with its load of care
Came in this tumult of life to share,
Childhood glad in its radiance brief,
Happiest-hearted or bowed with grief,
Meet alike, as the stars look down,
Week by week on the crowded town.
And, in a kingdom of mystery,
Rapt from this weariful world to see,
Magic sights in the yellow glare,
Breathing delight in the gas-lit air,
Careless of sorrow, of grief, or pain,
Two by two, again and again,
Strephon and Chloe together move,
Walking in Arcady, land of love.
What are the meanings that burden all
These murmuring voices that rise and fall?
Tragedies whispered or secrets told,
Over the baskets of bought and sold,
Joyous speech of the lately wed:
Broken lamentings that name the dead:
Endless runes of the gossips rede,
And gathered home with the weekly need,
Kindly greetings as neighbors meet
There in the stir of the busy street.
And still in the midst of the busy hum,
Rapt in their dream of delight they come,
Heedless of sorrow, of grief, or care,
Wandering on in enchanted air,
Far from the haunting shadow of pain.
Two by two, again and again,
Strephon and Chloe together move,
Walking in Arcady, land of love.

MARY COLBORNE VEEL.

A FRAGMENT OF A SERMON PRESERVED BY THEOBALD.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN OF PROFESSOR JOHN HUSS.

"MY dear Bohemians, is it not very strange that you should be prohibited from proclaiming truth, and particularly that truth which manifests itself now in England and other countries? There are, besides, many other things which are main-

tained under pretence of order, but which in reality are only fit to disturb Christendom. These people seek to enthral you by their disorderly order; but if you will prove yourselves to be men, you will easily break these chains, and acquire such a liberty that you would feel as if you had left a prison. Moreover, is it not a shame and a sin that books containing truth, and solely written for your welfare, should be burnt?"

THE DUTY OF CLERGYMEN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GENERAL JUGINAC, SECRETARY OF STATE OF HAYTI, A. D. 1842.

THE clergy are, without doubt, the individuals who, from their station in society, are peculiarly called upon to labor incessantly, whether at the altar or in private life, not only to preach morality and religion, but to offer in their own conduct those exemplifications of doctrine which may the better enable others to comprehend its importance.

Translation of JOHN CANDLER.

HIS EPITAPH.

"Alexander Petion, the first President of the Republic of Hayti, is revered as the father and friend of his country." Although he defended it in war, "he was greatly averse to the shedding of blood and had often to check the vengeance of his generals who commanded under him. His body, which is encased in a coffin, lies in a monumental tomb fronting the government house, and by the side of it that of his only daughter. There is an engraved bust of him with an inscription which voices the sentiment of the people of Hayti." How few are found worthy of such a beautiful

EPITAPH.

HE never caused the tears of any one to flow but when he died.

Narrative and Translation of JOHN CANDLER.

EARTH.

FROM THE GREEK OF THE MYSTICAL HYMNS OF ORPHEUS.

Thomas Taylor, the translator of the Mystical Hymns, says of this poet that nothing with certainty is "known of his origin, his age, his country and condition. This alone may be depended on, from general assent: that there formerly lived a person named Orpheus, who was the founder of theology among the Greeks, the instructor of their life and morals, the first of prophets and the prince of poets." He is said to have been a Thracian, and about 1200 B. C. to have accompanied Jason on his expedition to capture the Golden Fleece.* On this occasion he played on his wonderful lyre, the music of which drew unto him the birds of the air and the fishes from the depths of the sea, and made even the rocks obey him. The poems attributed to Orpheus are of doubtful authenticity.

O MOTHER Earth, of gods and men the source,
Endu'd with fertile, all-destroying force;
All-parent, bounding, whose prolific pow'rs
Produce a store of beauteous fruits and flow'rs!
All-various maid, th' immortal world's strong base,
Eternal, blessed, crown'd with ev'ry grace;
From whose wide womb, as from an endless root,
Fruits many-form'd, mature, and grateful shoot.
Deep-bosom'd, blessed, pleas'd with grassy plains,
Sweet to the smell, and with prolific rains.
All flow'ry dæmon, centre of the world,
Around thy orb the beauteous stars are hurl'd
With rapid whirl, eternal and divine,
Whose frames with matchless skill and wisdom shine.
Come, blessed goddess, listen to my pray'r,
And make increase of fruits thy constant care;
With fertile Seasons in thy train draw near,
And with propitious mind thy suppliants hear.

Translation of THOMAS TAYLOR.

* The Golden Fleece, page 389 of this volume.

WHAT THE GREENLANDER SAYS.

From the dialect of Greenland, translated into High Dutch A. D. 1765. "The Greenlanders count themselves to be the only civilized and well-bred people, because many unseemly things which they see among the Europeans seldom or never occur among them. They say, when they see a modest stranger,

'HE is almost as well-bred as we: he begins to be a man—a Greenlander.'"

The Amna Ajab is the Greenland chorus to their song at the Sun Feast, which occurs December 22 of each year.

AMNA AJAB.

The welcome sun returns again,
Amna ajab, ajab, ab-bu;
And brings us weather fine and fair,
Amna ajab, ajab, ab-bu.

Translated into English 1767.

FAREWELL.

This beautiful poem, which Goethe calls "wonderful," is a literal translation by Sir John Bowring from the songs of the Servian people collected by Vuk Stefanovitch Karajitch, who was born in 1787 at Trshich, Turkish Servia, and died in 1813. "These Servian popular songs constitute by far the finest part of Servian literature. They are invariably unrhymed, but preserve at the same time a rhythmic measure."

FULL of wine, white branches of the trees,
To white-buda's fortress white had clung them.
No! it was no vine tree, white and pregnant!
No! it was a pair of faithful lovers,
From their lovely youth betrothed
Together, now they are compell'd to part untimely.
One address'd the other at their parting:
Go! my soul! burst out on my bosom
Thou wilt find a hedge-surrounded garden,
And a red-rose branch within the garden.
Pluck a rose from off the branch and place it—
Place it on thy heart within thy bosom.

Then behold! Ev'n as that rose is fading,
Fades my heart within thy heart, thou loved one!
And thus answer'd then the other lover:
Thou, my soul! turn back a few short paces;
Then thou wilt discern a verdant forest.
In it is a fount of crystal water;
In the fount there is a block of marble;
On the marble block a golden goblet;
In the goblet thou wilt find a snow-ball.
Love! take out that snow-ball from the goblet,
Lay it on thy heart within thy bosom;
See it melt, and as it melts, my lov'd one,
So my heart within thy heart is melting.

Translated by Sir John Bowring.

DRIFTING.

The author of this beautiful poem was born on the island of Tasmania in the year 1843. He afterward lived at Sydney and New Melbourne.

DRIFTING, drifting, onward drifting!
Love, upon thy stream we glide,
'Midst the roseate glorious shifting
Of the eventide.

Balmy zephyrs close pursuing
Whisper words our hearts translate;
When the very winds are wooing,
Shall we hesitate?

Ripples round our galley pressing
Coyly kiss, then kiss again;
If the waves are so caressing,
Why should we refrain?

Here are none to check or chide us,
  None to caution or divide;
Love alone to guard and guide us,
  Drifting w' ⌟ the tide.

Drifting, drifting—whither drifting,
  Oh, carissima, with thee!
To the radiant skies uplifting,
  Or a storm-swept sea.

GARNET WALCH.

THE FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

"I FEEL it a duty to express my profound and solemn conviction, derived from my intimate opportunities of observing and appreciating the views of the Convention, collectively and individually, that there never was an assembly of men, charged with a great and arduous trust, who were more pure in their motives or more anxiously devoted to the object committed to them, than were the members of the Federal Convention of 1787 to the object of devising and proposing a constitutional system which should best supply the defects of that it was to replace, and best secure the permanent liberty and happiness of their country."

JAMES MADISON,
Fourth President of the United States.

PRECEPTS.

I FIND, by repeated experiment and observation in my school, that human nature is more easily wrought upon and governed by promises and encouragement and praise than by punishment and threatening and blame.

He is not a wise man, and is unfit to fill any important station in society, that has left one passion in his soul unsubdued.

A head full of schemes and a heart full of anxiety are incompatible with any degree of happiness.

Oh, the misery, the misfortune, the ruin of being an only son! I thank my God that I was not, and I devoutly pray that none of mine may ever be!

I should prefer the delights of a garden to the dominion of a world.

Tell not of your prosperity, because it will make two men mad to one glad; nor of your adversity, for it will make two men glad to one sad.

JOHN ADAMS,
Second President of the United States.

PROCLAIM LIBERTY.

FROM THE HEBREW OF MOSES, LEVITICUS XXV. 10.

PROCLAIM liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.*

* The motto on the bell at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, whose chimes proclaimed the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, 1776.

PROCLUS.

PROCLUS, one of the greatest Greek philosophers, was born A. D. 412, at the capital of the Byzantine empire, which was named Constantinople by Constantine in A. D. 330, when he made it the seat of his government. Proclus was of Lycian origin and first studied at Xanthus, in Lycia, but afterward completed his education at Alexandria and Athens under the instruction of Arion, Heliodorus, and others. He was a firm believer in the Egyptian deities, and was for a time banished from Athens on account of his religious views.

Of this great poet and philosopher Sir Edwin Arnold writes: Greek "poesy, which began with the grand singing of Homer and has faded away into minor musicians, may end at least with a most noble name; and it is not too much to say that something eloquent from the greatest poet and something lofty from the greatest philosopher of Hellas —an inheritance at once of the melody of Homer and of the mind of Plato—fell upon this last of the Greek minstrels. His commentary on the 'Timæus' of Plato was a masterpiece of erudition for the age. His mystic and religious writings are deeply interesting, and sublime in theory and aim even where most extravagant. In his treatises on 'Providence,' 'Fate,' and 'Evil,' he states with eloquent force the doctrine that all pain and sorrow spring from the limitations of human knowledge. A profound spirit characterizes the six religious poems which Proclus has left; and it is interesting to notice how, retaining the form, the names, the mythological traditions of the hieratic and Orphic poets, this Neoplatonic philosopher and singer bends all their old machinery to the needs of his time, teaching the high hopes and daring innovations of the Alexandrian school in the language of a religion which had really died four hundred years back. These six hymns of Proclus close the long catalogue of Hellenic poesy with a solemn and tender strain. Take, for example, his 'Prayer to the Muses,' which breathes the spirit of an utterly new age, speaking though it does in the phrases used twenty centuries back. It is, in fact, an epitaph upon a buried religion, written in its own disused hieroglyphics; an elegy for Greek song, now at last ending forever, along with its beautiful false fables and lovely intermingling of the lives of gods and men." He died A. D. 485.

PRAYER TO THE MUSES.

FROM THE GREEK OF PROCLUS.

Glory and praise to those sweet lamps of earth,
The nine fair daughters of almighty Jove,
Who all the passage dark to death from birth
Lead wandering souls with their bright beams of love.

Through cares of mortal life, through pain and woe,
The tender solace of their counsel saves;
The healing secrets of their songs forego
Despair; and when we tremble at the waves

Of life's wild sea of murk incertitude,
Their gentle touch upon the helm is pressed,
Their hand points out the beacon-star of good,
Where we shall make our harbor, and have rest—

The planet of our home, wherefrom we fell,
Allured by this poor show of lower things,
Tempted among the earth's dull deceits to dwell.
But, O great Sisters! hear his prayer who sings,

And calm the restless flutter of his breast,
And fill him with the thirst for wisdom's stream;
Nor ever suffer thoughts or men unblest
To turn his vision from the eternal beam.

Ever and ever higher, from the throng
Lawless and witless, lead his feet aright
Life's perils and perplexities among,
To the white centre of the sacred light.

Feed him with food of that rich fruit which grows
On stems of splendid learning dower him still
With gifts of eloquence to vanquish those
Who err—let soft persuasion change their will.

Hear, heavenly Sisters! hear, O ye who know
The winds of wisdom's sea, the course to steer;
Who light the flame that lightens all below,
And bring the spirits of the perfect there—

Where the immortals are, when this life's fever
Is left behind as a dread gulf o'erpassed,
And souls, like mariners, escaped for ever,
Throng on the happy foreland, saved at last.

So bring, high Muses! open me the scroll
Where truth is writ in characters of fire;
Roll from my eyes the mists of life—oh, roll!—
That I may have my spirit's deep desire.

Discerning the divine in undivine,
The god in man—the life of me in death;
Nor let dire powers pluck this soul of mine
From its most precious hope, to merge beneath

Deep floods of black oblivion, far from bliss,
From light, from wisdom,—never let their doom
Shut my lost soul in such despair as this,
My soul that is so weary of the gloom!

But hear and help, ye wise and shining Nine!
I yearn and strive toward your heavenly side;
Teach me the secret of the mystic sign,
Give me the lore that guards, the words that guide.

Translation of Sir Edwin Arnold

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

THIS distinguished author was born on April 3, 1822, at Boston, Mass. He graduated at Harvard in 1839, and in the welfare of this institution he has always since then taken an active interest. In 1842 he became a Congregational clergyman, and as such has enjoyed a high reputation; but his chief fame rests upon his writing and the aid he has given to many philanthropic movements. His works are voluminous and treat on various subjects. As a writer of short stories he has received a merited fame. One of these, "The Man without a Country," is deeply interesting; it was first published anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and has since taken its place among the classic short stories of America. He has also always been actively associated in newspaper and periodical publication. "As a boy he learned to set type in his father's printing-office, and he has served in every capacity on the *Daily Advertiser*, from reporter up to editor-in-chief."

EUGENE FIELD.

EUGENE FIELD was born in St. Louis, Mo., on September 4, 1850. He was the son of Roswell Martin and Frances (Reed) Field, who were both natives of Vermont. His father "was Dred Scott's first attorney in the case which resulted in the famous Dred Scott decision by the United States Supreme Court, upholding the constitutionality of slavery," Chief Justice Taney declaring that the negro had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. These views of the Chief Justice were the more remarkable because in his younger days he had expressed himself very strongly against slavery.

Eugene Field's mother died when he was seven years of age; he was afterward educated until his twentieth year under the superintendence of his cousin, Miss Mary Field French of Amherst, Mass. Most of Mr. Field's life was spent in newspaper-writing. He began with the *St. Louis Journal* in 1872; in 1883 he accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Chicago Morning News*, which afterward changed its name to *The Record*, and this position he occupied until his death, which occurred on November 4, 1895.

In addition to his editorial labors he became celebrated as a writer of prose and poetry; his chief fame, however, rests on his humorous children's poems. The following lines from the *Chicago Record* is from one of his poems for the young:

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and what do you think?
Neither of them had slept a wink!
And the old Dutch clock and Chinese plate
Seemed to know, as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.
(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

* * * * *

Next morning where the two had sat,
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about that cat and pup
Is that they ate each other up—
Now, what do you really think of that?
(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

WISDOM OF PERICLES.

From the Greek of Plutarch.

"A GENERAL," said Pericles, "ought not only to have clean hands, but clear eyes. Trees when they are lopped and cut grow up again in a short time, but men being once lost cannot easily be recovered."

When the orators who sided with Thucydides and his party were at one time crying out, as their custom was, against Pericles as one who squandered the public money and made havoc of the state revenues, he rose in the open assembly and put the question to the people, whether they thought he had laid out much; and they saying, "Too much, a great deal," "Then," said he, "since it is so, let the cost not go to your account, but to mine; and let the inscription upon the buildings stand in my name." When they heard him say thus, whether it were out of surprise to see the greatness of his spirit, or out of emulation of the glory of the works, they cried aloud, bidding him to spend on, and lay out what he thought fit from the public purse, and to spare no cost, till all were finished.

With the design to remedy evils, and do the enemy some inconvenience, Pericles got a hundred and fifty galleys ready, and having embarked many tried soldiers, both foot and horse, was about to sail out, giving great hope to his citizens, and no less alarm to his enemies, upon the sight of so great a force. And now, the vessels having their complement of men and Pericles having gone aboard his own galley, it happened that the sun was eclipsed, and it grew dark on a sudden, to the affright of all,—for this was looked upon as extremely ominous. Pericles, therefore, perceiving the steersman seized with fear and at a loss what to do, took his cloak and held it up before the man's face, and, screening him with it so that he could not see, asked him whether he imagined there was any great hurt, or the sign of any great hurt, in this; and he answering "No," "Why," said he, "what has caused that darkness there, is something greater than a cloak!"

Pericles having acted with prudence in the defence of Athens, his enemy Cleon and the poet Hermippus accused him of cowardice.

SATYR-KING.

From the Greek of Hermippus.

SATYR-KING, instead of swords,
Will you always handle words?
Very brave indeed we find them,
But a Teles* lurks behind them.

Yet to gnash your teeth you're seen,
When the little dagger keen,
Whetted every day anew,
Of sharp Cleon touches you.

Translation of Adam Littleton, D. D.

VENICE.

IF, living constantly in Venice, you sometimes for a little while forget how marvellous she is, at any moment you may be startled into vivid remembrance. The cunning city beguiles you, street by street and step by step, into some old court, where a flight of marble stairs leads high up to the pillared gallery of an empty palace, with a climbing vine green and purple on its old decay, and one or two gaunt trees stretching their heads to look into the lofty windows,—blind long ago to their leafy tender-

* Probably a noted coward.

ness, while at their feet is some sumptuously carven well, with the beauty of the sculptor's soul wrought forever into the stone. Or Venice lures you in a gondola into one of her remote canals, where you glide through an avenue as secret and as still as if sea-deep under our work-day world; where the grim heads carven over the water-gates of the palaces stare at you in austere surprise; where the innumerable balconies are full of the Absences of gay cavaliers and gentle dames gossipping and making love to one another, from their airy perches. Or, if the city's mood is one of bolder charm, she fascinates you in the very places where you think her power is the weakest, and, as if impatient of your forgetfulness, dares a wilder beauty and enthrals with a yet more unearthly and incredible enchantment. It is in the Piazza, and the Austrian band is playing, and the promenaders pace solemnly up and down to the music, and the gentle Italian loafers at Florian's brood vacantly over their little cups of coffee, and nothing can be more stupid: when suddenly everything is changed, and a memorable tournament flashes up in many-glittering action upon the scene, and there, upon the gallery of the church, before the horses of bronze, sit the Senators, bright-robed, and in the midst the bonneted Doge with his guest Petrarch at his side. Or the old carnival, which had six months of every year to riot in, comes back and throngs the place with motley company,—dominoes, harlequins, pantaloni, illustrissimi and illustrissime, and perhaps even the Doge himself, who has the right of incognito when he wears a little mask of wax at his button-hole. But, whatever surprise of memorable or beautiful Venice may prepare for your forgetfulness, be sure it will be complete and resistless.

W. D. HOWELLS.

GENERAL JOSÉ A. PAEZ.

THIS distinguished soldier and patriot was born about A. D. 1790, in Venezuela, and has been styled the Washington of his native country. When the war for independence with Spain commenced, in the early part of the nineteenth century, Paez was working as a field hand; he immediately entered the ranks in defence of his native land, as a private soldier. From this position he rose to the rank of general. After the battle of Carabobo in 1821, he was made Commander-in-chief of the armies of Venezuela. When his native land achieved its independence he helped to form its Constitution and make its laws, and was twice elected and served as President of the young republic, each time leaving to his successor the government in a prosperous condition. But in 1850, through the jealousies of political factions, he was compelled to leave his native country, and for some eight years became a resident of Staten Island, N. Y. On July 25th, 1850, he landed in Philadelphia, where he was received with official honors and great enthusiasm,—as he was also by the city of New York. On November 28, 1858, he was recalled by his countrymen to Venezuela, where he remained but a short time, when he once more took up his residence in the United States. Europe as well as America honored this patriot soldier. France conferred upon him the title of "Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor," and the King of Sweden and Norway sent

him the Grand Cross and insignia of the Military Order. William IV. of England, in 1837, presented him a magnificent sword upon which was engraved that it was given "as a mark of esteem for his character and for the disinterested patriotism which distinguished his gallant and victorious career."

PERORATION OF GENERAL PAEZ'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.

"Fellow-citizens! listen once more to the prayer of my heart: Continue no longer the course of your destruction: ravage not the beautiful country which Providence has granted you: let your rulers be slaves to the constitution and laws of the republic: let the people make a wise exercise of their precious rights: let those bloody revolutions, the ignominy of Spanish America, forever cease on our soil. This is all you require to reappear before the world as a wise and prosperous people: such would be the greatest recompense you could accord me—the only one I would exact from you in return for the new expatriation I impose upon myself.

"JOSE A. PAEZ."

GRANDEUR OF THE MIND.

FROM THE JAPANESE OF ZITSUZA ASHITZU.

THE mind is absolutely so grand and marvellous that even the heaven can never be compared to its highness, while the earth is too short for measuring its fulness. It has shape neither long or short, neither round nor square. Its existence is neither inside nor outside, nor even in the middle part of the bodily structure. It is purely colorless and formless and appears freely and actively in every place throughout the universe. But for the convenience of studying its nature we call it, True Mind of Absolute Unity. It is told in Sutra that "all figures in the universe are stamped but by the one form." What does that one form mean? It is nothing but another designation of absolute Unity and that it stamps out figures means the innumerable phenomena before our eyes which are the shadow or appearance of the absolute Unity.

Thus the mind and the figure (or color) reflect each other; so the mind cannot be seen without the figure and the figure cannot be seen without the mind. In other words, the figure and mind are standing relatively, so the figure cannot exist without the mind and the mind cannot exist without the figure. It is told in Sutra that "when we see color we see mind." There is nothing but the absolute Mind-unity throughout the universe. Every form of figure, such as heaven, earth, mountains, rivers, trees, grasses, even a man, or what else it might be, is nothing but the grand personality of Absolute Unity.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

On the second day of December, 1823, President James Monroe sent to the first session of the Eighteenth Congress his famous seventh annual message which enunciated the celebrated Monroe Doctrine. John Quincy Adams was then Secretary of State, and it is said that according to custom he wrote this portion of the message. However this may have been, President Monroe is entitled to the credit of it, as it appears as a portion of his message. He begins the enunciation of this celebrated doctrine by a statement that an amicable proposal had been made, to settle boundary lines, by the government of the United States to the governments of Russia and Great Britain.

IN the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests

of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. . . . .

Of events in that quarter of the globe with which we have so much intercourse, and from which we derive our origin, we have always been anxious and interested spectators. The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellowmen on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments, and to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. In the war between these new governments and Spain we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition, and to this we have adhered, and shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur, which, in the judgment of the competent authorities of this Government, shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security.

JAMES MONROE, *Fifth President of the United States.*

"I HAVE SERVED MY COUNTRY!"

On April 20th, 1861, a committee from the Secession Convention of his native State, Virginia, called upon General Scott and offered him the command of the forces of that State which were to be used against the United States Government. The following is the old hero's reply:

"I HAVE served my country under the flag of the Union for more than fifty years, and as long as God permits me to live, I will defend that flag with my sword even if my own native State assails it!"

When the chairman of the committee hinted at wealth and honor as a reward, the general replied emphatically:

"Friend Robertson, go no farther! It is best that we part here, before you compel me to resent a mortal insult."

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

MINOR GREEK POETS.

CALLINUS.

SOME seven hundred years before the dawn of our era, flourished the Ionian poet Callinus. When his native city, Ephesus, was threatened by northern invaders, he took up his lyre, and through his songs sought to inspire his countrymen to deeds of heroism.

Battle-Song of Callinus.

Fair and becoming it is for a man
  To fight for home and children and wife;
And death, that comes when the Fates please, can
  Come never but once. To the glorious strife
Let each, then, go with a heart of brass,
  As hard as the blade that his fingers draw!
Die well!—for die we must, alas!
  Though the gods were our fathers; 'tis Heaven's law!

MIMNERMUS.

This poet flourished about 600 B. C., when his native Ionia enjoyed a period of pleasure and luxury. He was styled by his fellow-citizens "the Melodious," his songs being devoted to love, beauty, and pleasure. He designated sixty years as the period which he desired to live, but when near that age he sought and won the love of beautiful Nanno, a flute-player. The following lines are on his favorite theme:

Love.

Life without golden love—what bliss in this?
  Oh, let me die when I can love no more!
The stolen words, the honeyed gifts, the kiss,
  These are the blossoms that youth's branches pour
On lovers and their loved ones; but vile Time
  Spoils the glad heart, and makes the bright eyes dim.

PHOCYLIDES.

Phocylides was born at Miletus, Ionia. His writings were moral and social, full of proverbs, "wise saws" and ancient "instances." The subjoined is a specimen of his style:

A Friendly Friend I am.

A friendly friend I am, who love my lover;
  The bad I hate, and wholly keep at bay;
No man I court for show, but those I honor
  I honor from the first to the last day.

THEOGONIS.

This poet, who flourished about 550 B. C., was a Dorian, but wrote in the Ionic dialect, which was then the classical vernacular for all the Hellenic people. He belonged to the aristocratic class of Megara and was opposed to the reform-bill of that city. He railed at all things generally, except the class to which he belonged. The following lines exhibit the style of his verse:

Woman.

No maid declines to be a bad man's wife;
  Is he but rich, riches will make him good.
Of wealth alone they think: foul marries fair,
  Fair, foul;—God Plutus pairs the greedy brood.

Hope.

Hope is the only god or goddess left,
  The others are gone up Olympus' side.
Faith, holiest of all, is fled; bereft
  Is Modesty; the Graces terrified
Have quitted earth; oaths are observed no more,
  And no man any longer fears great Heaven:
The age of piety is past and o'er,
  And righteousness to all the winds is given.

BACCHYLIDES.

Bacchylides was a nephew of Simonides, and flourished about 470 B. C. Although his extraction was Ionian, a Dorian manner pervades his writings. He loved to sing of wine and roses, yet notwithstanding this a sadness pervades his verse, although his own life was pleasantly passed at the court of Hiero. In the following beautiful lines he sings:

O Sweet Peace!

Peace, potent Peace! gives all good gifts to men,
The wealth of soft words, and the flower of song;

The smoking on the ancient altar-tops
Of sheep in yellow flame of sacrifice;
And in the towns and villages the shout
Of happy youth at play and exercises:
While helms and bucklers hang, and spiders
weave
Their nets across the iron hollows of 'em:
And the rust eats the sword-edge and the
spear,
And horrid trumpets hush.

MESOMEDES.

Of this poet nothing more is known than that he was a freedman of Hadrian, and therefore of a very late age in Greek literature. Two of his epigrams only are extant, with an invocation to Nemesis, the Goddess of Divine Equity and Final Restitution. This latter piece paints that dread deity—she who, in Greek belief, "wronged the wronger, till he rendered right"—as no other passage in Greek literature does.—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

NEMESIS.

Daughter of Justice, wingèd Nemesis,
Thou of the awful eyes
Whose silent sentence judgeth mortal life!
Thou with thy curb of steel,
Which proudest jaws must feel,
Stayest the snort and champ of human strife,
And, hating miserable pride of men,
Dost tame fierce hearts, and turn them meek
again.

Under thy wheel, unresting, trackless, all
Our joys and griefs befall;
In thy full sight our secret things go on;
Step after step thy wrath
Follows the caitiff's path,
And in his triumph breaks his vile neck-bone.
To all alike thou metest out their due,
Cubit for cubit, inch for inch—stern—true.

THE "SKOLIA."

It was an elegant custom of the Greeks, at their festal repasts, especially in the time of Pericles, to pass round the table from hand to hand, after the serious business of the banquet was over, a lyre or a branch of myrtle. Each person to whom it came was expected to recite or sing, or to express at least some agreeable sentiment, clothed in the language of the Muses. Terpander is thought to have introduced the fashion, which is first mentioned, however, by Pindar and Aristophanes.—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

We take from the songs thus sung those of Callistratus and Hybrias as worthy of preservation. That of the first-named author became the "Marseillaise" of Athens; that of Hybrias, "Is a Soldier's Catch."

MY SWORD I WREATHE!

From the Greek of Callistratus.

My sword I wreathe in a myrtle-spray,
Aristogeiton's and Harmodius' way:
When they the king had valorously slain,
And made our Athens free and great again.

Ah, dear Harmodius! but thou art not dead;
Unto the blessed Islands thou art sped;
Where, as they say, swift-limbed Achilles is,
And Tydeus' son, the happy Diomed.

My sword I wreathe in the myrtle-spray,
Aristogeiton's and Harmodius' way:
When at the feast of Pallas those brave
youths
The King Hipparchus gloriously did slay.

Ever and everywhere their fame shall be,
Aristogeiton and Harmodius!
Because they killed the wicked king for us,
All to make this our Athens great and free.

THE GOOD STEEL SWORD IS MY WEALTH!

From the Greek of Hybrias.

The wealth I have is my sword and spear,
And the fence I fight with, my buckler fair;
With these, the lord of all I go,
With these I plow, with these I sow;
With these I tread the sweet red wine
From grapes and vats that never were mine;
With these, albeit no varlets I fee;—
Wherever I come, men lackey me,

For the knaves are afeard of sword and spear,
And the fence I fight with, my buckler fair;
And so at my knees they humbly fall,
Bringing me all and giving me all;
And they fawn upon me because of my sword,
And because of my spear they call me lord;
For wealth unbounded is sword and spear,
And the fence that I fight with, my buckler fair.

ARION.

This poet is said to have been a citizen of Methymna. According to Herodotus he was almost a second Jonah. Like that prophet he was thrown overboard by sailors, but a dolphin, charmed by his music, carried him upon its back to the shore in safety. His verses narrated the adventures of the gods and were sung by dancers around the altars of the temples of Corinth. We give the following fragment of a

Choral Song.

Mighty Master of the ocean!
Neptune of the golden trident!
Oh, Earth-shaker! oh, Storm-maker!
Gilled things, snorting, slimy, strident,
Glide about thee in a ring
Winnowing fins with rapid motion;
Fish with beaks and fish with backs
Bristly, and the dog-fish packs;
Silvery dolphins dear to song,
With the salt-sea maids that throng,
Scale-tailed Nereides, one with other,
Whereof Amphitrite was mother.

ALCMAN.

Alcman was born at Sardis, about 680 B. C., and was a Lacedæmonian only by residence at Sparta in the house of his master Agesidas. His talent procured his freedom at a time when the Dorian races were in a state of peace—very rare with them—and therefore at leisure to listen to the notes of this Asiatic bird which they had caught and tamed. It is observable that many of the artistic celebrities of antiquity were originally slaves, a fact which probably arose from the use which their owners made of them as amanuenses, singers, musicians, and the like. Alcman never forgot the Eastern home which he had left; but he was proud of his Spartan reputation notwithstanding.—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

His Fame.

Sardis, my father's city! had my fate
So willed, by this time I were priest in thee,
Gold-robed, beating the drum; now I am great
As Alcman, and a Spartan known and free,
And Heliconian Muses make my name
Higher than Gyges' of Dascylium.

Night.

The mountain-brows, the rocks, the peaks are sleeping,
Uplands and gorges hush!
The thousand moorland things are stillness keeping;
The beasts under each bush
Crouch, and the hived bees
Rest in their honeyed ease;
I' the purple sea fish lie as they were dead,
And each bird folds his wing over his head.

IBYCUS.

Ibycus of Rhegium is remembered more for his death than his life. He was a poet who loved Nature, and the natural objects which make life gay and populous: but cruel men waylaid the singer upon one of his lonely wanderings, and murdered him. As he bled to death, without any hope of the detection and punishment of his assassins, a flock of cranes passed overhead, and bent their flight near to him. "Be my witnesses, birds," the dying poet cried, "and make known these wicked murderers." Some time afterward the villains were at Corinth together, where Ibycus was daily expected. The poet did not come, but a certain man, one of his friends, heard one assassin whisper to another, when a flight of cranes settled near to them, "Ah! here are the witnesses of Ibycus!" They were arrested, put to the torture, and, upon confession, punished for their crime with death. This story, true or not, was as familiar to Dorian boys and girls as the tale of "Robin Redbreast" is with ours.—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Song.

On the topmost height of the tree a flight
Of painted finches did sit and sing,

With sea-birds and land-birds in plumage bright,
And halcyons azure and long of wing.

XENOPHANES.

This poet blames the Colophonians, his countrymen, for their luxury and effeminate manners with severity and fearless freedom, as well as a certain sarcastic humor. One of his elegiac relics is a curious expression of the belief of Pythagoras in transmigration.—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

TRANSMIGRATION.

Going abroad, he saw one day a hound was beaten sore;
Whereat his heart grew pitiful; "Now beat the hound no more!
Give o'er thy cruel blows," he cried; "a man's soul verily
Is lodged in that same crouching beast—
I know him by the cry."

CRITIAS.

Critias, who lived about 411 B. C., was one of the thirty tyrants of Athens.

THE SPARTAN FEASTS.

At Spartan feasts they drink no more
Than takes the cloud from off the mind,
Makes the tongue merry, wrinkles melt
In sober laughter, hearts feel kind:

And this is good for flesh and blood,
Pricks wit, helps thrift, makes lusty youth;
Brings restful sleep, wins heavenly health,
And pleases Prudence, sib of Truth.

Translation of SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE KALEVALA.

THE *Kalevala* is the great ancient poem of Finland. It has been handed down from remote times from mouth to mouth in separate songs. Wainamoinen, who was old from his birth and was lord of wisdom, of song, and of music, is the leading hero of the poem.

Dr. Elias Lonnrot was the principal collector of these songs. He spent years wandering from cabin to cabin asking old and young all they knew about them. His first edition of the Kalevala was published in 1835 and contained some twelve thousand lines which were divided into thirty-two cantos. In 1849 a new edition of the work was published under the supervision of the same collector which contained twenty-two thousand seven hundred and ninety-three lines. The metre is the standard metre of Finland, and the Poet Longfellow adopted this measure for his "Hiawatha."

CREATION.

COLLECTED BY DR. ELIAS LONNROT.

All the ocean isles and islets
Had been duly made and fashioned;
All the ocean reefs and ledges
Had been duly wrought and founded;
All the shining silver pillars
Of the firmament uplifted,
And the hills with crystal sprinkled,
And the highlands water-channelled;
All the prairies had been levelled,
And the meadows wide unfolded:
Full of glory grew the forest,
Leaf and branch in beauty flourished,
All the race of herbs and grasses,
All the tribe of reeds and sedges;
Birds sang sweetly in the tree-tops
Making music all the day long,
Berries grew upon the mountains,
Golden flowers adorned the meadows,
Leaf and fruit of every flavor,
Bush and herb of every fashion;
All things fair and lovely flourished.

BIRTH OF WAINAMOINEN.

Then at last in lapse of ages,
By the will of mighty Ukko,
Ukko mighty Lord above us,
To the world was born the minstrel,
Finland's mighty sage and singer,
Wise and prudent Wainamoinen,
Of a goddess fair descended,
Daughter of the air and ocean.

The poet Wainamoinen woos the young and lovely Anio; her mother approves of his suit, but the fair Anio declines to become—

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

"Why art weeping, lovely Anio?
Why art pining, dearest daughter?"
And the maiden then made answer:
"Therefore I must weep and sorrow,
Wretched maiden pine forever,
For that thou thy child hast promised,
Sold away thy little daughter
To a graybeard old and limpsey,
Joy to be unto his dotage,
Comfort to his years declining,
Out of doors a staff to stay him,
In the house a shield around him.

"Better had it been to send me
Low to live beneath the sea-foam,
There to be the whiting's sister,
And the friend of nimble fishes;
Better surely swim the sea-foam,
In the billows sport and linger,
Better be the whiting's sister,
Mate and friend of little fishes,
Than to be an old man's darling,
Prop to stay him when he trembles,
Arm to aid him when he staggers,
When he falls the hand to lift him;
Better far a whiting's sister,
Than an old man's slave and darling."

Translation of Professor JOHN A. PORTER.

THE GREAT ANCIENT POEM OF JAVA —THE BRATA HUDHA.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES.

THE *Brata Hudha* or War of Woe contains 719 metrical stanzas of four lines each, the measure varying with the subject, so that most of the twelve Kawi measures are to be found in it. Versions of this poem in the modern Javan language are common throughout the island and its subject is the theme of the most popular and interesting amusements of the country. This celebrated poem appears to have been composed by Puseda, a learned village priest. The general opinion is that it was composed in the year 706 of the Javan era. The war of the Brata Hudha lasted long, and during its continuance the sons and followers of both parties were nearly all killed.

One of the heroes who was slain in this war was Chief Salia of Mandaraga. We give from this poem his wife's lament over his remains.

LAMENT OF DEWI SATIA WATI.

FROM THE KAWI OR CLASSIC LANGUAGE OF JAVA: COMPOSED BY PUSEDA.

With eager grasp the livid corpse she press'd
In frantic wildness to her throbbing breast;
Tried every art of love that might beguile
Its sullen features to one cheerful smile;
Kiss'd those dear lips so late of coral red,
As if unconscious that the soul had fled;
Then in her folded arms his head she rais'd,
And long on those beloved features gazed.
With siri-juice his pallid lips she dyed,
And to his wounds its healing balm applied;
While with the skirt of her embroidered vest
She wip'd the blood-drops from his mangled breast.

Ah! then, my princely lord, whom I have found
Bleeding and mangled on this cursed ground,
Why are thy lips in sullen silence sealed
To her who sought thee on this battle-field?
Wilt thou not speak, my love, my lord, my all,
Or still in vain must Satia Wati call!
Say, shall my copious tears in torrents flow
And thus express my agony and woe?
How shall I move thee, by what art beguile
The ghastly air of that unmeaning smile?

And was it thus to bow thy honor'd head
Amid the thousands of the mingled dead,
That on that fatal morning thou didst glide
With gentle footsteps from thy consort's side?
And thus to reach the glorious realms above
Without the faithful partner of thy love?
But earth has lost its fleeting charms for me,
And, happy spirit, I will follow thee!

Oh! meet and bear me o'er that fatal stone,
Nor let me pass it trembling and alone,
Though Widadaris shall obey thy call,
Yet keep for me a place above them all,
To whom but me does that first place belong,
Who sought and found thee 'mid this ghastly throng;
And who, unable to survive thy doom,
Thus sheds her blood and shares thy honor'd tomb?

Satia Wati then stabs herself; and her maid, for grief at the death of her mistress, kills herself also. The poem continues:

Then did their happy spirits wing their way
To the fair regions of eternal day.
Th' astonish'd shade of Salia linger'd there,
Borne on the pinions of the ambient air,
To bid the object of his earthly love
An eager welcome to the realms above.

Then in his arms his lovely bride he bore
Up that resplendent path he trod before,
Till earth and time had vanished all away
Amid the splendors of eternal day:
Where fields of light and silken mansions stand,
The glorious work of a celestial hand.

Th' enraptured princess, dazzled with the sight,
Gazed o'er the boundless realms of living light:
With heavenly fruit the eternal groves were crowned,
And joy and rich profusion smiled around;
All bore the bloom of an immortal youth,
All breathed alike the air of love and truth;
And all adoring one eternal Mind,—
Th' Almighty, rich in bounty to mankind.

Translation of Panambahán of Sumenah, Java, and Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, rendered into verse by Rev. Thomas Raffles of Liverpool.

HAKIM OMAR KHAYYAM.

THIS Persian poet and most illustrious scientist of his age and nation, was born at Naishaphi in Khorasan, about 1060 A. D., and died at the place of his birth in the year of the Hegira 517 (A. D. 1123). He devoted his life to literature and astronomy. He was one of the eight learned men appointed by Malik Shah, the then monarch of Persia, to revise the calendar.

Nezami, one of his pupils, narrates that in a garden one day he said to him, "My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it." He was buried beside a garden wall and fruit trees stretched their boughs over that wall and dropped their blossoms upon his grave. The following selection from his poem "Rubaiyat" is from the first English edition, published in 1859.

COME WITH OLD KHAYYAM.

From the Persian of Hakim Omar Khayyam.

With me along some strip of herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
  Where name of slave and Sultan scarce is known,
And pity Sultan Mahmud on his throne.

Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse—and thou
  Beside me singing in the wilderness—
And wilderness is paradise enow.

"How sweet is mortal sovereignty!" think some;
Others—"How blest the paradise to come!"
  Ah, take the cash in hand and waive the rest;
Oh, the brave music of a distant drum!

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
  Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

I sometimes think that never blow so red
The roses as where some buried Cæsar bled;
  That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in its lap from some once lovely head.

And this delightful herb whose tender green
Fledges the river's lip on which we lean—
  Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears—
  To-morrow?—why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That time and fate of all their vintage prest,
  Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the room
They left, and summer dresses in new bloom,
  Ourselves, must we beneath the couch of earth
Descend, ourselves to make a couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend;
  Dust into dust, and under dust to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end!

Why, all the saints and sages who discuss'd
Of the two worlds so learnedly, are thrust
  Like foolish prophets forth; their words to scorn
Are scatter'd and their mouths are stopt with dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
  About it and about,—but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went.

There was a door to which I found no key:
There was a veil past which I could not see:
  Some little talk awhile of me and thee
There seemed—and then no more of thee and me.

Translation of Edward Fitzgerald.

EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

THIS distinguished royal philosopher was born at Rome in 121 A. D., and died in 180 A. D. He belonged to the school of the Stoics, and has been called "the flower of the Stoical philosophy." Of him a writer says, "It seems almost inexplicable that so harsh and crabbed a system should have produced so pure and gentle an example of humanity." He was generous to all, and freely forgave even his enemies. When Avidius Cassius, who had betrayed him, was assassinated, "he lamented that the Fates had not given him his fondest wish, to have freely pardoned the man who had basely conspired against his happiness," and "he burned the papers of Cassius without reading them, so that he might not be at liberty to sus ect any as traitors." He was fond of learned men, and his own studies embraced morals, mathematics, jurisprudence, music, poetry, and painting. Notwithstanding the noble character of Antoninus, there rests one dark stain on the memory of this truly great philosopher, this wise and humane man: in his zeal for maintaining the worship of the gods of the old religion he persecuted the early followers of the new faith. From his work, known as "Meditations," written probably for his own use, we give the following selections.

MEDITATIONS OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

BEGIN the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, and unsocial. All these things happen by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me, not only of the same blood but that it participates in the same intelligence and has the same portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him.

A limit of time is fixed for thee, which if thou dost not use for clearing away the clouds from thy mind, it will go and thou wilt go, and this time will never return. Thou wilt give thyself relief, if thou doest every act of thy life as if it were the last, laying aside all carelessness and passionate aversion from the commands of reason, all hypocrisy, self-love, and discontent with the portion which has been given to thee.

Do wrong to thyself, my soul; but thou wilt no longer have the opportunity of honoring thyself. Since it is possible that thou mayest depart from life this very moment, regulate every act and thought accordingly. The soul does violence to itself when it is overpowered by pleasure or by pain; when it plays a part, does or says anything insincerely and untruly.

A man should stand erect—not be kept erect by others. Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, lose thy self-respect, or hate any man. Short is the longest posthumous fame, and even this only continued by a succession of poor human beings, who will very soon die, and who know not even themselves, much less him who died long ago.

If everything else is common there remains yet that which is peculiar to the good man, to be pleased and content with what happens, with the thread which is spun for him; and not to defile the divinity which is planted in his breast, nor disturb it by a crowd of images, but to preserve it tranquil, following it obediently as a god, neither saying anything contrary to the truth, nor doing anything contrary to justice. And if all men refuse to believe that he lives a simple, modest, and contented life, he is neither angry with any of them, nor does he deviate

from the way which leads to the end of life, to which a man ought to come pure, tranquil, ready to depart, and without any compulsion perfectly reconciled to his lot. If the desire of the thing called fame torment thee, see how soon everything is forgotten, look at the chaos of infinite time on each side of the present, the emptiness of applause, the changeableness and want of judgment in those who pretend to give praise, the narrowness of the space within which it is circumscribed, and be quiet at last. For the whole earth is a point, and how small a nook in it is this thy dwelling! how few are there in it! and what kind of people are they who will praise thee? Pass through the rest of life like one who has entrusted to the gods his whole soul—all that he has—making thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man.

Everything that exists is in a manner the seed of that which will be. Time is like a river made up of the events which happen, a violent stream; for as soon as a thing has been seen, it is carried away, and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away too. Look to the immensity of time behind thee, and to the time which is before thee, another boundless space. In this infinity, then, what is the difference between him who lives three days and him who lives three generations? Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.

How strangely men act. They will not praise those who are living at the same time with themselves; but wish to be themselves praised by posterity, by those whom they have never seen or ever will see, and upon this future praise they set much value. This is very much the same as if thou shouldst be grieved because those who have lived before thee did not praise thee. Take care that thou art not made into a Cæsar, that thou art not dyed with this dye. Keep thyself simple, good, pure, serious, free from affectation, a friend of justice, a worshipper of the gods, kind, affectionate, strenuous in all proper acts. Strive to continue to be such as philosophy wished to make thee. Reverence the gods, and help men. He who acts unjustly acts impiously.

Translated from the Greek edition by
GEORGE LONG, A. M.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL GROWTH.

FROM "PROGRESS AND POVERTY."

WHEREVER the material condition of the laboring classes has been improved, improvement in their personal qualities has followed, and wherever their material condition has been depressed, deterioration in these qualities has been the result; but nowhere can improvement in material condition be shown as the result of the increase of industry, skill, prudence, or intelligence in a class condemned to toil for a bare living, though these qualities when once attained offer a strong, and, in many cases, a sufficient, resistance to the lowering of material condition.

The fact is, that the qualities that raise man above the animal are superimposed on those which he shares with the animal, and that it is only as he is relieved from the wants of his animal nature that his intellectual and moral nature can grow. Compel

a man to drudgery for the necessities of animal existence and he will lose the incentive to industry—the progenitor of skill—and will do only what he is forced to do. Make his condition such that it cannot be much worse, while there is little hope that anything he can do will make it much better, and he will cease to look beyond the day. Deny him leisure—and leisure does not mean the want of employment, but the absence of the need which forces to uncongenial employment—and you cannot, even by running the child through a common school and supplying the man with a newspaper, make him intelligent.

It is true that improvement in the material condition of a people or class may not show immediately in mental and moral improvement. Increased wages may at first be taken out in idleness and dissipation. But they will ultimately bring increased industry, skill, intelligence, and thrift. Comparisons between different countries, between different classes in the same country, between the same people at different periods, and between the same people when their conditions are changed by emigration, show, as an invariable result, that the personal qualities of which we are speaking appear as material conditions are improved, and disappear as material conditions are depressed. Poverty is the Slough of Despond which Bunyan saw in his dream, and into which good books may be tossed forever without result. To make people industrious, prudent, skilful, and intelligent, they must be relieved from want. If you would have the slave show the virtues of the freeman you must first make him free.

HENRY GEORGE.

TEACHINGS AND PRECEPTS.

FROM THE DHAMMAPADA OF SIDDHARTHA GAUTAMA BUDDHA.

SOME OF THE THIRTY GRACES.

HIS heart is full of affectionate, soft, and tender love. Evil is killed, destroyed. cast out from within him. Pride and self-righteousness are put an end to and cast down. Stable, and strong, and established, and undying is his faith. He exhales the most excellent and unequalled-scented savor of righteousness of life. Untarnished is he by the love either of this world or the next. He sees the danger in the smallest offence.

TEACHINGS.

By oneself the evil is done; by oneself one suffers. By oneself evil is left undone; by oneself one is purified. Purity and impurity belong to oneself; no one can purify another.

PREACHINGS OF BUDDHA FROM THE SUTTA BASKET.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought. It is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speak or act with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. Well-makers lead the water wherever they like; fletchers bend the arrow; carpenters shape the log of wood; the wise man fashions himself. If one man conquer in battle a thousand times ten thousand men, and another man conquer himself, the last is the greatest conqueror. This is the beginning for a wise Bhikshu: Watchfulness over the senses; restraint under the law; keep noble friends whose life is pure and who are not slothful; dwell constantly upon the highest thoughts. Rouse

thyself by thyself; examine thyself by thyself; thus self-protected and attentive, wilt thou live happily, O Bhikshu! Self is the lord of self. Self is the refuge of self. Therefore curb thyself, as the merchant curbs a good horse.

Translations of T. W. RHYS DAVIDS and MRS. FREDERIKA MACDONALD.

LAOU-KEUN-TSZE.

THIS Chinese sage, who is frequently named Lao-Tsze, was the founder of Taouism, which has been defined as the "philosophy of Nature." He was born in 604 B. C. He was the author of the Taou-tih-king, or book of "Reason and Virtue," and taught that by annihilating the material passions and pleasures of the body the soul regained its origin and became immortal; but his most notable precept was that we should "recompense injury with kindness." This last sublime principle Confucius condemned, inquiring, "With what, then, will you recompense kindness?" and added, "Recompense kindness with kindness, but injury with justice." Laou-Tsze died 523 B. C.

TEACHINGS.

FROM THE CHINESE OF LAOU-KEUN-TSZE.

Recompense injury with kindness. He who knows others is wise; he who knows himself is enlightened. He who overcomes others is strong; he who overcomes himself is mighty. He who knows when he has enough is rich. He whose memory perishes not when he dies lives for ever. There is no sin greater than giving rein to desire; there is no misery greater than discontent; there is no calamity more direful than the greed of gain. Therefore the sufficiency of contentment is an everlasting sufficiency. There are three things which I regard as precious, which I grasp and prize. The first is Compassion; the second is Moderation; the third is Modesty. The weakest things in this world subjugate the strongest. There is nothing under heaven weaker or softer than water, yet it overcomes the hardest and strongest things. The highest form of goodness resembles water, which is beneficial to everything, and that without struggling. When there are many prohibitive enactments in the empire, the people get poorer and poorer. When the people accumulate excess of wealth and goods, both State and families become demoralized. When men are over-skilful, the use of fantastical or curious things arises. When punishments are overdone, malefactors increase in number.

Translation of FREDERIC H. BALFOUR.

MIND POWER.

NOT by the dross of worlds we gauge the mind;
Nor by material laws is it confined.

Though mighty are the orbs which roll in space,
Mightier far the soul to run its race.

A vaster universe this God-like mind
Rising above material things I find.

Transcending time, eliminating space,
In unseen things its destiny to trace.

Not for a moment, then, the mind confine—
It claims eternity as well as time.

Life's mission by this measure I define;
This gauge of mental greatness, friend, is thine.

Absolved from matter there's no time or space,
Nor past nor future in its mighty race.

An endless NOW—one bright, eternal day—
When once the soul from earth shall pass away.

DANIEL FORBES LOCKERBY.

THE ART OF THE FUTURE.

When earth's last picture is painted: when the tubes are twisted and dried;
When the oldest colors have vanished, and the youngest critic has died;
We shall rest (and, faith, we shall need it!), lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that are good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair,
And splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall have real saints to draw from—Silas, and Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for a year at a sitting, and never get tired at all.

And only Rembrandt shall teach us and only Van Dyck shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But all for the sake of working, and each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as He Sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!"

A DIRGE FOR LINCOLN.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done:
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near—the bells I hear, the people all exulting;
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But, O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells:
Rise up!—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call—the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here, Captain! Dear father,
This arm beneath your head,—
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead!

My Captain does not answer; his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm; he has no no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck; my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE PERSIAN POET JAMI.

NURUDDIN ABDURRAHMAN was born A. D. 1349, at Jām, a town near Herat, the capital of Khorasan; he adopted the name of Jami after the name of his native town. His early years he devoted to the study of science; but afterward, to obtain the mysteries of the Suff philosophy, he became a student of Saaduddin, and under his tuition he became a master of that mystic creed. His poems are imbued with its teachings. He is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, poet of Persia, and prince and nobles vied with each other in doing him honor. We give a selection from one of his poems, which as a poetical conception is exceedingly beautiful. Jami died at Herat in the year 1430 A. D. He was the last of the mystic poets of Persia.

THE BEAUTY OF CREATION.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF JAMI, POET OF THE SUFF CREED.

IN solitude, where Being signless dwelt,
And all the universe still dormant lay
Concealed in selflessness, One Being was,
Exempt from "I" or "thou"-ness, and apart
From all duality; Beauty Supreme,
Unmanifest, except unto itself
By its own light, yet fraught with power to charm
The souls of all; concealed in the unseen,
An essence pure, unstained by aught of ill.
No mirror to reflect its loveliness,

To itself it sang of love
In wordless measure. By itself it cast
The die of love. But Beauty cannot brook
Concealment and the veil, nor patient rest
Unseen and unadmired: 'twill burst all bonds,
And from its prison-casement to the world
Reveal itself. See where the tulip grows
In upland meadows, how in balmy spring
It decks itself; and how amidst its thorns
The wild rose rends its garment and reveals
Its loveliness. Thou too, when some rare thought,
Or beauteous image, or deep mystery
Flashes across thy soul, canst not endure
To let it pass, but hold'st it, that perchance
In speech or writing thou may'st send it forth
To charm the world. Wherever beauty dwells
Such is its nature, and its heritage
From everlasting Beauty, which emerged
From realms of purity to shine upon
The worlds, and all the souls which dwell therein.
One gleam fell from it on the universe
And on the angels, and this single ray
Dazzled the angels, till their senses whirled
Like the revolving sky. In diverse forms
Each mirror showed it forth, and everywhere
Its praise was chanted in new harmonies.
The Cherubim, enraptured, sought for songs
Of praise. The spirits who explore the depths
Of boundless seas, wherein the heavens swim
Like some small boat, cried with one mighty voice,
"Praise to the Lord of all the universe!"

Each speck of matter did He constitute
A mirror, causing each one to reflect
The beauty of His visage. From the rose
Flashed forth His beauty, and the nightingale
Beholding it, loved madly. From that fire
The candle drew the lustre which beguiles
The moth to immolation. On the sun
His beauty shone, and straightway from the wave
The lotus reared its head. Each shining lock
Of Leyli's hair attracted Majnun's heart
Because some ray divine reflected shone
In her fair face. 'Twas He to Shirin's lips
Who lent that sweetness which had power to steal
The heart from Parviz, and from Farhad life.
His Beauty everywhere doth show itself,

And through the forms of earthly beauties shines
Obscured as through a veil. He did reveal
His face through Joseph's coat, and so destroyed
Zuleykha's peace. Where'er thou seest a veil,
Beneath that veil He hides. Whatever heart
Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love
The heart hath life. Longing for Him, the soul
Hath victory. That heart which seems to love
The fair ones of this world loves Him alone.
Beware!—say not, "He is All-Beautiful,
And we His lovers!" Thou art but the glass,
And He the face confronting it, which casts
Its image in the mirror. He alone
Is manifest, and thou in truth art hid.
Pure love, like beauty, coming but from Him
Reveals itself in thee. If steadfastly
Thou canst regard, thou wilt at length perceive
He is the mirror also; He alike
The treasure and the casket. "I" and "thou"
Have here no place, and are but phantasies
Vain and unreal. Silence!—for this tale
Is endless, and no eloquence hath power
To speak of Him. 'Tis best for us to love
And suffer silently, being as nought."

OH THAT MINE ADVERSARY HAD WRITTEN A BOOK!

FROM THE HEBREW OF JOB XXXI. 35, 36.

OH that one would hear me! . . . and that mine adversary had written a book. Surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me.

—*King James' Translation.*

FIRDUSI OR ABU'L-KASIM MANSUR.

THIS author, the greatest ancient epic poet of Persia, was born about 940 A. D. His adopted name Firdusi has been rendered into English differently by various translators—Firdowsi, Ferdousee and Ferduzi. He was appointed by the Sultan to write an epic poem giving the history of all the kings of Persia from the Creation to the year 636 A. D., and this poem, called the *Shah-Namah* or Book of Kings, consisting of 60,000 couplets, he completed in thirty years. This work ranks with the greatest epics of all nations, and, like all historical lore, it is made up of fact and fiction. At the completion of his labor the Vizier of Shah Mahmud, with the monarch's consent, paid him 60,000 dirhems of silver in place of 60,000 dirhems in gold, the promised reward. This so enraged the poet that he divided the silver to those around, wrote a satirical poem on the Shah, and fled from his dominions. This angered the Sultan, but he afterward forgave him and sent him the amount agreed upon in gold, but as the monarch's messengers entered one part of the city Firdusi's bier was carried out of another gate. The gold was afterward offered to his only surviving child, a daughter, but that spirited lady refused to receive it. He died in the year of the Hegira 411 (1020 A. D.).

LINES ON THE COMPLETION OF THE BOOK OF KINGS.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF FIRDUSI.

"RICHER by far, Firdusi, than a mine
Of precious gems, is this bright lay of thine."
Centuries may pass away, but still my page
Will be the boast of each succeeding age.

The toil of thirty years is now complete,—
Record sublime of many a warlike feat,
Written 'midst toil and trouble, but the strain
Awakens every heart, and will remain
A lasting stimulus to glorious deeds;
For even the bashful maid who kindling reads,
Becomes a warrior. Thirty years of care,
Urged on by royal promise, did I bear,
And now, deceived and scorned, the aged bard
Is basely cheated of his pledged reward!

THE *NIBELUNGEN-LIED*, OR NORTHERN EPIC POEM.

THIS great poem, the author of which is unknown, was first put into its present form by a wandering minstrel in Austria about the year 1210 A. D. There exist twenty manuscript copies of it, the oldest of which belongs to the beginning of the thirteenth century. It was first printed by Professor Bodmer of Switzerland in the year 1757 A. D. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century it was very popular among all classes of the Germans, and it is yet held as a literary treasure by that people. The scenes of the poem are laid in Germany, Hungary and Iceland. Its principal heroes are Siegfried, King Gunther, his wife Queen Brunhilt of Iceland, and his fair sister Chriemhilde or Kriemhilt, wife of Siegfried. Haco of Norway kills Siegfried, and robs his widow of a great treasure, which he buries beneath the Rhine, where it is supposed still to be concealed. For this Chriemhilde seeks revenge and ultimately slays Haco. We give a selection from this great epic and also a selection from the *Book of Heroes*, a German poem connected with it and which was once very popular.

SIEGFRIED AND HIS BRIDE CHRIEMHILDE.

FROM THE NIBELUNGEN-LIED OR GREAT NORTHERN EPIC.
(First printed by Professor Bodmer of Switzerland.)

Now issued forth the lovely one as the red morning doth from troubled clouds. Much care fled away from him who bore her in his heart, and long had done; he saw the lovely one stand in her beauty. There glanced from her garments full many precious stones; her rose-red color shone full lovely: try what he might, each man must confess that in this world he had not seen aught so fair. Like as the light moon stands before the stars, and its sheen so clear goes over the clouds, even so stood she now before many fair women; whereat cheered was the mind of the hero. The rich chamberlains you saw go before her; the high-spirited Reckon would not forbear, but pressed on where they saw the lovely maiden. Siegfried the lord was both glad and sad. He thought in his mind, How could this be that I should woo thee? That was a foolish dream, yet, must I forever be a stranger, I were rather dead. He became, from these thoughts, in quick changes, pale and red. Thus stood so lovely the child of Siegelinde, as if he were limned on parchment by a master's art; for all granted that hero so beautiful they had never seen.

Literal prose translation from the "fifth adventure," by THOMAS CARLYLE.

KAISER OTTNIT'S BRIDE.

FROM THE BOOK OF HEROES.

THE Kaiser captured his Mohammedan bride and her fierce father's fortress; she stood on the battlement while the fight was being waged.

Her heart burned as beautiful
Just as a red ruby,
Like the full moon
Her eyes gave sheen;
Herself had the maiden pure
Well adorned with roses,
And also with pearls small:
No one there comforted the maid.

The maid she stood alone,
Right sad was her mind;
Her color it was pure,
Lovely as milk and blood;
Out through her pure locks
Shone her neck like the snow:
Elberich the very small
Was touched with the maiden's sorrow.

Translation of THOMAS CARLYLE.

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THE CLASSIC AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

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ABBOTT, JOHN S. C. PAGE
Born 1805, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1877.
Napoleon at Waterloo. Vol. I. 437

ABDULLAH IBN MOHAMMED (Sultan).
Born about 887, Andalus.—Died 912.
O Modjah. Vol. II. 498

ABDU-L-MALEK, IBN OMAR.
Flourished about 1050, Syria.
A Solitary Palm Tree. Vol. II. 498

ABD-UL-MEDJID-KHAN (Sultan).
Born 1822, Turkey.—Died 1861.
Magna Charta of Turkey. Vol. VI. 124

ABDU-R-RAHMAN II. (Sultan).
Born 792, Toledo (Andalus).—Died 852.
A Proverb. Vol. II. 497
The Enemy Called Me. Vol. II. 497

ABDY, MRS. MYRA.
Born 1818, England.—Died 1867.
The Child of the Flaxen Locks. Vol. I. 267

ABOUT, EDMUND FRANÇOIS VALENTIN.
Born 1828, France.—Died 1885.
Executions in Greece. Vol. VI. 174

ADAMS, JEAN.
Born 1710, Scotland.—Died 1765.
There's nae Luck about the House. Vol. V. 79

ADAMS, JOHN.
Born 1735, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1826.
A Journey. Vol. V. 153
Precepts. Vol. VI. 450

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY.
Born 1767, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1848.
The Wants of Man. Vol. III. 217

AD-DAKHEL, ABDU-R-RAHMAN (Sultan).
Born Dayr-hima (Damascus).—Died 788.
Narrative of His Escape and His Brother's Death. Vol. II. 491
Palm Tree. Vol. II. 492

ADDISON, JOSEPH.
Born 1672, England.—Died 1719.
Immortality. Vol. IV. 158
Sempronius's Speech for War. Vol. II. 272
The Vanity of Human Wishes. Vol. II. 443
Vision of Marraton. Vol. V. 135

ADELER, MAX.
See CLARK, CHARLES HEBER.

ÆSCHYLUS.
Born B. C. 525, Attica.—Died B. C. 456.
Death of Agamemnon. Vol. III. 291

ÆSOP.
Born B. C. 600, Greece.—Died B. C. 560.
The Wolf and the Lamb. Vol. V. 348

AFER, PUBLIUS TERENTIUS.
Born B. C. 195, Carthage, Africa.—Died B. C. 159.
The Brothers. Vol. I. 459

AGASSIZ, LOUIS. PAGE
Born 1807, Switzerland; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1873.
The Silurian Beach. Vol. IV. 267

AGBARUS, KING.
Flourished in the first century, Armenia.
Letter to Jesus. Vol. VI. 445

AIDE, HAMILTON.
Born 1830, England.
Lost and Found. Vol. II. 62

AIRD, THOMAS.
Born 1802, Scotland.—Died 1876.
My Mother's Grave. Vol. I. 199

AKAH'TO-YAMBE NO.
Flourished A. D. 715, Japan.
Tago's Shore. Vol. I. 502

AKENSIDE, MARK.
Born 1721, England.—Died 1770.
The Man-Forget Not, though in Rags He Lies. Vol. III. . . 219
The Mind of Man. Vol. III. 381

AKERS, ELIZABETH (Mrs. E. A. Allen, Miss Chase).
Born 1832, Maine, U. S. A.
Loved Too Late. Vol. IV. 433
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother. Vol. III. 105
Skeletons. Vol. I. 129
The Shadow. Vol. I. 276

AKISUKE, SAKYO NO TAIU.
Flourished about 1155, Japan.
Autumn's Chilly Blast. Vol. I. 504

ALBINOVANUS, CAIUS PEDO.
Flourished about B. C. 35, Rome.
The Last Words of Mæcænas. Vol. IV. 465

ALCÆUS.
Born between 611 and 620 B. C., Greece.
The Constitution of a State. Vol. I. 427
Poverty. Vol. I. 427
Spoils of War. Vol. I. 427
The Storm. Vol. I. 427

ALCMAN.
Born B. C. 680, Sardis.
His Fame. Vol. VI. 460
Night. Vol. VI. 460

ALDRICH, JAMES.
Born 1810, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1856.
Away from Home. Vol. IV. 121

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY.
Born 1836, New Hampshire, U. S. A.
Baby Bell. Vol. VI. 179

ALEXANDER, C. W.
Born 1837, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
Auctioning Eyes. Vol. II. 398

ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES (Miss Humphreys).
Born 1823, Ireland.—Died 1895.
Burial of Moses. Vol. IV. 461

ALFIERI, COUNT VITTORIO. PAGE
Born 1749, Italy.—Died 1803.
Agamemnon returns Home after Ten Years' Absence. Vol. VI. . . . 257

ALFORD, HENRY, D. D. (Dean of Canterbury).
Born 1810, England.—Died 1871.
The Father and Child. Vol. I. . . . 70

ALFRED THE GREAT.
Born 849, England.—Died 900.
Nothing on Earth Permanent. Vol. IV. . . . 432

ALGER, W. R.
Born 1822, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
Death (from the Oriental). Vol. III. . . . 91
Dress.* Vol. V. . . . 326
Wishes (from the Oriental). Vol. III. . . . 311

ALIGHIERI, DANTE.
Born 1265, Italy.—Died 1321.
The Poet's Guide to the Inferno. Vol. IV. . . . 115
The Second Circle of the Inferno. Vol. IV. . . . 331

ALISON, SIR ARCHIBALD.
Born 1792, Scotland.—Died 1867.
The Reign of Terror. Vol. II. . . . 203
Vicissitudes of Life. Vol. IV. . . . 200

ALISON, RICHARD.
Born about 1590, Scotland.
There is a Garden. Vol. VI. . . . 128

ALLEN, MRS. E. A.
See AKERS, ELIZABETH.

ALLEN, REV. J. A.
Flourished 1854, Canada.
Day Dreams. Vol. VI. . . . 374

ALLEN, PAUL.
Born 1775, Rhode Island, U. S. A.—Died 1826.
Noah. Vol. I. . . . 218

ALLIBONE, S. AUSTIN.
Born 1816, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1889.
Erasmus Darwin. Vol. II. . . . 256
Robert Southey, LL.D. Vol. II. . . . 280

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.
Born 1828, Ireland.—Died 1889.
A Dream. Vol. I. . . . 277
Lovely Mary Donnelly. Vol. V. . . . 196

AL-MAKKARI, AHMED IBN.
Flourished about 1600, Telemsan.
History and Literature of the Arabs in Spain. Vol. II. . . . 490

AL-MANSUR, MOHAMMED.
Born A. D. 939.—Died in Africa.
Statue of the Apostle St. James. Vol. II. . . . 499

AL-MANSUR-BILLAH, ABU YSUF YAKUB (Sultan).
Morocco.—Died 1199.
His Conquest. Vol. II. . . . 503

ALSTON, JOSEPH BLYTH.
Lived 1865, U. S. A.
Stack Arms! Vol. VI. . . . 143

AMELIA, PRINCESS (daughter of George III. of England).
Born 1783, England.—Died 1810.
Were this World only made for Me! Vol. III. . . . 196

AMES, REV. CHARLES GORDON.
U. S. A. Wrote 1885.
John Jones and I. Vol. III. . . . 399

AMRU-L-KAYS, KING.
Flourished about 1025, Kindah.
Proverbs. Vol. II. . . . 494

ANACREON. PAGE
Born B. C. 563, Greece.—Died B. C. 478.
Age. Vol. II. . . . 425
Drinking. Vol. II. . . . 424

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN.
Born 1805, Denmark.—Died 1875.
New Year's Eve. Vol. IV. . . . 207

ANDERSON, T. G. T.
Born 1805, Scotland.—Died 1856.
The Araby Maid. Vol. V. . . . 37

ANDERSON, WILLIAM.
Born 1805, Scotland.—Died 1866.
In a Garret at Twenty.* Vol. III. . . . 206
The Old Corporal.* Vol. II. . . . 387
The Old Vagrant.* Vol. IV. . . . 90
The Poor Woman.* Vol. II. . . . 105
The Stolen Interview.* Vol. II. . . . 323

ANDERSON, MRS. W. J. (Miss Baker).
Born 1843, South Australia.—Died 1868.
No Room for the Dead. Vol. V. . . . 455

ANGELO, MICHAEL.
Born 1474, Italy.—Died 1563.
So Fair an Image. Vol. V. . . . 118

ANONYMOUS:
AMERICA AND ENGLAND.
A Hard, Close Man. Vol. II. . . . 165
A Seasonable Philanthropist. Vol. V. . . . 389
If I Should Die To-night. Vol. IV. . . . 444
It was Nothing but a Rose. Vol. III. . . . 282
Katie Lee and Willie Grey. Vol. II. . . . 181
Kitty of Coleraine. Vol. II. . . . 182
Let me See Him Once More. Vol. II. . . . 164
Liberty. Vol. V. . . . 99
My Castle in Spain. Vol. II. . . . 79
Old Love. Vol. V. . . . 279
Reading the List. Vol. VI. . . . 143
Somebody's Mother. Vol. V. . . . 83
Song of the Unfranchised. Vol. V. . . . 36
The Children. Vol. III. . . . 45
The Drunkard's Daughter. Vol. I. . . . 35
The Faithful Lovers. Vol. V. . . . 80
There Came from the Wars. Vol. IV. . . . 402
The White Rose. Vol. III. . . . 209
To a Skeleton. Vol. I. . . . 122
Tom Moody. Vol. IV. . . . 89
ARABIA.
Maquals. Vol. III. . . . 190
The Parrot of Bagdad. Vol. III. . . . 388
CHINA.
The Poet Li. Vol. V. . . . 333
DANISH, ANCIENT.
Samson. Vol. III. . . . 436
Sir Morten of Fogelsong. Vol. III. . . . 321
FRANCE.
Song of the Bivouac. Vol. V. . . . 206
GERMANY.
Genora. Vol. V. . . . 96
GREENLAND.
The Ainna Ajab, or Greenland Chorus at the Sun Feast. Vol. VI. . . . 449
What the Greenlander says. Vol. VI. . . . 449
ICELAND.
The Dream. Vol. V. . . . 499
INDIA.
The Brahmin's Lament. Vol. V. . . . 280
Veedya. Vol. III. . . . 295
ITALY.
The Reward. Vol. III. . . . 190
The Iron Shroud. Vol. I. . . . 426

ANONYMOUS—CONTINUED. PAGE

ORIENTAL.

Contentment. Vol. V. 241
Wishes. Vol. III. 311

PERSIA.

The Caliph and Satan. Vol. III. 486

SPAIN.

Alcanzor and Zaida. Vol. IV. 107
The Bull Fight of Gazul. Vol. V. 242
The Cid. Vol. III. 501
The Lord of Butrago. Vol. IV. 158

TARTARY.

Malady. Vol. V. 273
The Proposal. Vol. I. 160

ANTIPOLEMUS.
Published 1794, London.
The Fury of War.* Vol. VI. 251

ANTONIE, PECHE DE M.
Monsieur Cardonnet's Enterprise.* Vol. VI. 159

ANTONINUS, EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS.
Born A. D. 121, Rome.—Died 180.
Meditations. VOL. VI. 465

ARCHIDAMUS (King of Lacedæmon).
Began to reign about B. C. 470, Sparta.—Died B. C. 427.
Speech Against War with Athens. Vol. I. 303

ARCHILOCHUS.
Born about B. C. 714, Lydia, Asia Minor.—Died about B. C. 676.
Turns of Fortune. Vol. IV. 39
Equanimity. Vol. IV. 39

ARION.
Flourished about B. C. 700, Methymna in Lesbos.
Choral Song. Vol. VI. 460

ARIOSTO, LUDOVICO.
Born 1474, Italy.—Died 1533.
The Death of Zerbino. Vol. VI. 64

ARISTOPHANES.
Born B. C. 444, Greece.—Died B. C. 380.
The Birds. Vol. V. 485

ARISTOTLE.
Born B. C. 384, Greece.—Died B. C. 322.
The Difference between Good-will and Friendship. Vol. I. 369

ARKWRIGHT, PELEG.
See PROUDFIT, DAVID L.

ARMSTRONG, JOHN.
Born 1709, England.—Died 1779.
Build on High Ground. Vol. VI. 87

ARNDT, ERNEST MORITZ.
Born 1769, Germany.—Died 1860.
The Battle of Leipzig. Vol. I. 421
Who Underground the Iron Stored. Vol. I. 483

ARNOLD, EDWIN.
Born 1832, England.
Buddha's Courtship and Marriage. Vol. V. 119
The Feast of Belshazzar. Vol. IV. 466
Prayer to the Muses.* Vol. VI. 451
Mesomedes.* Vol. VI. 459
The "Skolia."* Vol. VI. 459
Minor Greek Poets.* Vol. VI. 458
Alcman.* Vol. VI. 460
Ibycus.* Vol. VI. 460
What the Skull Spake.* Vol. II. 80
Xenophanes.* Vol. VI. 461

ARNOLD, GEORGE.
Born 1834, U. S. A.—Died 1865.
Introspection. Vol. III. 417

ARNOLD, MATTHEW. PAGE
Born 1822, England.—Died 1888.
The Epoch Ends. Vol. II. 33
The New Age. Vol. II. 241
Urania. Vol. I. 318

ARNOLD, THOMAS.
Born 1795, England.—Died 1842.
Virginia. Vol. III. 401

ASCHAM, ROGER.
Born 1515, England.—Died 1568.
The Art of Writing. Vol. I. 263

ASHITZU, ZITSUZA.
Flourished 1892, Japan.
Grandeur of the Mind. Vol. VI. 456

ATHERSTONE, EDWIN.
Born 1778, England.—Died 1872.
The Last Days of Herculaneum. Vol. IV. 225

ATKINSON, THOMAS.
Born 1801, Scotland.—Died 1833.
The Death of Murat. Vol. II. 245

AUDUBON, JOHN JAMES.
Born 1780, Louisiana, U. S. A.—Died 1851.
The Past of America. Vol. II. 393

AUERBACH, BERTHOLD.
Born 1812, Germany.—Died 1882.
All Houses will be Open to You. Vol. I. 444

AUSONIUS, DECIMUS MAGNUS.
Born about 310, Burdigala, modern Bordeaux.—Died about 394.
Roses. Vol. IV. 240

AUSTEN, JANE.
Born 1775, England.—Died 1817.
The Passage.* Vol. III. 359
The Talkative Miss Bates. Vol. III. 261

AUSTIN, ALFRED (Poet Laureate).
Born 1835, England.
The Last Redoubt. Vol. V. 497

AVIENUS, RUFUS FESTUS.
Flourished about 400, Italy.
On a Quiet Life. Vol. IV. 59

AYRES, PHILIP.
Born 1638, England.—Died 1712.
On his Lady-Love's House. Vol. I. 414

AYTON (or AYTOUN), SIR ROBERT.
Born 1570, Scotland.—Died 1638.
Inconstancy Reproved. Vol. III. 469
On a Woman's Inconstancy. Vol. V. 181

AYTOUN, PROFESSOR WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE.
Born 1813, Scotland.—Died 1865.
Edinburgh after Flodden. Vol. V. 37
The Widow of Glencoe. Vol. V. 244

BACCHYLIDES.
Flourished about B. C. 470, Greece.
"O Sweet Peace!" Vol. VI. 458

BACON, SIR FRANCIS.
Born 1561, England.—Died 1626.
Studies. Vol. V. 31
Uses of Knowledge. Vol. I. 313

BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES.
Born 1816, England.
Death of Festus Vol. III. 481
Poetry and Fiction. Vol. III. 400

BAILLIE, JOANNA.
Born 1762, Scotland.—Died 1851.
The Grave of Columbus. Vol. II. 19
Up! Quit thy Bower. Vol. III. 423

BAKER, GEN. E. D. PAGE
Born 1811, England; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1861.
To a Wave. Vol. III. 382

BAKER, GEORGE A., JR.
Wrote about 1870, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1880.
Mollie Meade. Vol. I. 38

BAKER, RICHARD.
Born 1568, England.—Died 1645.
A Story of Roman Discipline.* Vol. IV. 146

BALDWIN, C. and R.
Born England.
True Nobility not in Birth, but Virtue.* Vol. I. 445

BALFOUR, FREDERIC H.
England.
Teachings.* Vol. VI. 468

BALLANTINE, JAMES.
Born 1774, Scotland.—Died 1833.
Naebody's Bairn. Vol. III. 169

BALZAC, HONORÉ DE.
Born 1799, France.—Died 1850.
he Poetry of Death. Vol. II. 504

BANCROFT, GEORGE.
Born 1800, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1891.
Lexington and Concord. Vol. V. 21

BANKS, J., M. A.
Born 1709, England.—Died 1751.
Lament for Adonis.* Vol. IV. 250

BANNISTER, J. T.
Born 1760, England.—Died 1836.
The Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Vol. I. 260

BARBAULD, ANNA LÆTITIA.
Born 1743, England.—Died 1825.
Life. Vol. I. 314

BARBER, A.
Born about 1850, U. S. A.
Life. Vol. IV. 461

BARBOUR, JOHN.
Born 1316, Scotland.—Died 1395.
Freedom is a Noble Thing. Vol. II. 31

BARCA, DON PEDRO CALDERON DE LA.
Born about 1601, Spain.—Died 1687.
His Love. Vol. VI. 66

BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS.
Born 1788, England.—Died 1845.
Look at the Clock. Vol. III. 211
The Execution (A Sporting Anecdote). Vol. III. 100

BARLOW, JOEL.
Born 1755, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1812.
The Past and Present.* Vol. I. 480

BARNARD, DR.
Born 1681, England.—Died 1770.
Fault-Mending. Vol. III. 152

BARNES, ALBERT.
Born 1798, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1870.
Life at Threescore and Ten. Vol. V. 110

BARNFIELD, RICHARD.
Born 1574, England.—Died 1605.
Friendship. Vol. VI. 82

BARSTOW, MISS.
See LOUD, MARGUERITE ST. LEON.

BARTON, BERNARD (Quaker Poet).
Born 1784, England.—Died 1849.
Long have I Loved. Vol. I. 317
Not Ours the Vows. Vol. IV. 405

BASKERVILLE, ALFRED. PAGE
England.
Death.* Vol. II. 283
Prayer during Battle.* Vol. III. 75
The Beggar and his Dog.* Vol. III. 90
The Diver. Vol. III. 179
The Horseman and the Lake of Constance.* Vol. III. 165
The Last Serenade.* Vol. I. 335
The Minstrel. Vol. III. 209
The Three Kingdoms of Nature.* Vol. II. 283

BATEHAM, MINNIE D.
The Legend of Innisfallen. Vol. III. 339

BATES, CHARLOTTE FISKE.
Born 1838, New York, U. S. A.
The Years have Linings. Vol. III. 264

BAXTER, RICHARD.
Born 1615, England.—Died 1691.
The Valediction. Vol. VI. 285

BAYLE, PETER.
Born 1647, France.—Died 1706.
Zoroaster or Zarathustra. Vol. VI. 335

BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES.
Born 1797, England.—Died 1839.
Isle of Beauty, Fare thee Well. Vol. II. 17
Oh no! We never Mention Her. Vol. VI. 342
Seek Not with Gold or Glittering Gem. Vol. II. 275
The Soldier's Tear. Vol. IV. 89
The Vows of Men. Vol. II. 282
We Met. Vol. I. 169

BEATTIE, JAMES, LL.D.
Born 1735, England.—Died 1803.
The Hermit. Vol. II. 106
The Minstrel. Vol. II. 277
The Poet's Epitaph. Vol. II. 17

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS (Beaumont and Fletcher).
Born 1586, England.—Died 1615.
Cæsar's Lamentation over Pompey's Head. Vol. I. 53
Take, oh Take those Lips away. Vol. I. 113
The Tombs in Westminster Abbey. Vol. II. 406

BECHER, CAPTAIN ALEXANDER B.
England.
Letter from Columbus.* Vol. II. 292

BECKETT, GILBERT ABBOTT À.
Born 1811, England.—Died 1856.
Commentaries on English Law (from "The Comic Blackstone"). Vol. III. 459

BEDE, VENERABLE.
Born 673, England.—Died 735.
Conversion of England to Christianity. Vol. I. 186

BEECHER, HENRY WARD.
Born 1813, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1887.
Buying Books. Vol. III. 286
The Cynic. Vol. V. 463

BEERS, MRS. ETHEL LYNN.
Born 1827, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1879.
The Boys. Vol. II. 417
The Picket-Guard. Vol. VI. 140

BEETON, S. O. (Publisher).
About 1850, England.
Alfred the Great. Vol. V. 480
Cædmon. Vol. I. 96
Caroline E. S. Norton. Vol. II. 127
Charles Mackay. Vol. II. 21
Gerald Massey. Vol. IV. 315
James Shirley. Vol. I. 334
John Gibson Lockhart. Vol. IV. 283
Sir William Blackstone. Vol. V. 450
Sir William Drummond. Vol. V. 483

BEHN, APHRA. PAGE
Born 1640, England.—Died 1689.
Love's Triumph. Vol. I. 452

BELL, CHARLES D., A. M.
Born 1820, Ireland.
Two Rondeaux. Vol. I. 272

BELL, HENRY GLASSFORD.
Born 1805, Scotland.—Died 1874.
Death of Mary Queen of Scots. Vol. VI. 287
The Dilemma. Vol. I. 302

BELL, MAURICE.
About 1860, U. S. A.
The Men. Vol. VI. 139

BELLEW, J. C. M.
Born 1828, England.—Died 1874.
Charles Dibdin. Vol. IV. 124
Edmund Waller. Vol. IV. 230
Samuel Rogers. Vol. IV. 232
Sir John Suckling. Vol. IV. 231
Sir Philip Sidney. Vol. IV. 122
Tobias George Smollett. Vol. IV. 232

BENEDICT, FRANK LEE.
Born 1834, New York, U. S. A.
Story of a Gun.* Vol. III. 24

BENJAMIN, PARK.
Born 1809, Demerara; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1864.
I am Not Old. Vol. I. 109
The Blind Boy's Speech. Vol. IV. 435
Years, Years have Passed. Vol. IV. 350

BENNETT, WILLIAM C., LL.D.
Born 1820, England.—Died 1895.
From India. Vol. II. 354
The Wife's Appeal. Vol. II. 423

BENSON, R.
Night and Morning. Vol. IV. 400

BENTON, THOMAS H. (Senator).
Born 1782, North Carolina, U. S. A.—Died 1858.
Duel between Mr. Clay and Mr. Randolph. Vol. V. 141

BÉRANGER, PIERRE-JEAN DE.
Born 1780, France.—Died 1857.
In a Garret at Twenty. Vol. III. 206
The Old Corporal. Vol. II. 367
The Old Vagrant. Vol. IV. 90
The Poor Woman. Vol. II. 105
The Stolen Interview. Vol. II. 323

BERKELEY, BISHOP GEORGE, D. D.
Born 1684, Ireland.—Died 1753.
Europe and America. Vol. III. 121

BESANT, SIR WALTER.
Born 1838, England.
Sister Katherine's Soliloquy on the Girls. Vol. IV. 499

BIAS.
Flourished about B. C. 570, Ionia, Greece.
Teachings. Vol. IV. 464

BION.
Born about B. C. 280, Greece.
Lament for Adonis. Vol. IV. 250

BINGHAM, REV. HIRAM.
Born about 1790, Vermont, U. S. A.—Died 1869.
Farewell Hawaiian.* Vol. VI. 443

BIRD, JAMES.
Born 1788, England.—Died 1839.
The Altar. Vol. III. 206

BIRD, ROBERT MONTGOMERY.
Born 1803, Delaware, U. S. A.—Died 1854.
Ralph Stackpole and the Quaker. Vol. I. 490

BISHOP, SAMUEL. PAGE
Born 1731, England.—Died 1795.
Epigram. Vol. VI. 167

BIVAR, RODRIGO DIAS DE (The Cid).
Born A. D. 1026, Spain.—Died A. D. 1099.
Dying Directions of The Cid. Vol. III. 501

BLACK, JOHN.
Born 1783, Scotland.—Died 1855.
The Early Inhabitants of Mexico.* Vol. I. 315

BLACK, ROBERT, M. A.
Scotland.—Wrote 1870.
Joan of Arc.* Vol. III. 325

BLACK, WILLIAM.
Born 1840, Scotland.—Died 1898.
The True Legend of a Billiard Club. Vol. I. 165

BLACKIE (Publisher).
Scotland; about 1860.
Anecdote of a Badger. Vol. V. 263

BLACKIE, PROF. JOHN STUART.
Born 1809, Scotland.—Died 1895.
Character.* Vol. III. 205
Originality.* Vol. III. 170
Myths.* Vol. III. 109
Self-Estimate.* Vol. II. 410
The Well-bred Man.* Vol. II. 388
Wilfulness.* Vol. II. 466

BLACKLOCK, THOMAS.
Born 1721, Scotland.—Died 1791.
Flowers. Vol. VI. 412
Terrors of a Guilty Conscience. Vol. I. 53
The Author. Vol. VI. 89

BLACKMORE, SIR RICHARD.
Born about 1650, England.—Died 1729.
Creation. Vol. VI. 79
Creation of Man. Vol. III. 383

BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM.
Born 1723, England.—Died 1780.
A Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse. Vol. I. 159

"BLACKWOOD."
Published in Scotland.
The Legend of Santarem.* Vol. I. 321

BLAINE, JAMES GILLESPIE.
Born 1830, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1893.
The Last Days of President Garfield. Vol. VI. 339

BLAIR, ROBERT.
Born 1699, Scotland.—Died 1746.
The Star-surveying Sage. Vol. III. 210
The Suicide. Vol. II. 16
The World a Burial-field Unwalled. Vol. III. 456

BLAKE, WILLIAM.
Born 1757, England.—Died 1828.
The Garden of Love. Vol. IV. 110

BLANCHARD, LAMAN.
Born 1803, England.—Died 1845.
Just Going Out. Vol. III. 17

BLAND, WAKEFIELD.
A Garland.* Vol. IV. 58
A Girl Playing the Flute.* Vol. IV. 58
Epitaph.* Vol. IV. 164
Epitaph on a Virgin.* Vol. III. 488

BLANE, F.
About 1840, U. S. A.
God is Light. Vol. II. 316

BLEEKER, MARY N.
See MRS. M. N. MCDONALD.

BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT. PAGE
Born 1766, England.—Died 1823.
Abner and the Widow Jones. Vol. V. 292
Harvest. Vol. V. 219
The Soldier's Return. Vol. II. 411

BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI.
Born 1313, Italy.—Died 1375.
Fed with Sorrow. Vol. III. 378

BODMER, PROFESSOR.
Flourished 1757, Switzerland.
The Great Northern Epic Poem. Vol. VI. 472

BOETHIUS, ANICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS.
Born between 470 and 475, Rome.—Died 524 or 526.
Metres of Boethius. Vol. IV. 432

BOGART, ELIZABETH.
Born 1806, New York, U. S. A.
He Came Too Late. Vol. IV. 427
She Knew She was Deserted. Vol. III. 299

BOHN, HENRY G.
Born 1796, England.—Died 1884.
The Sport of Destiny.* Vol. III. 81

BOIES, LAURA A.
Little Children. Vol. II. 114

BOILEAU, NICHOLAS.
Born 1636, France.—Died 1711.
True Nobility not in Birth, but Virtue. Vol. I. 445

BOKER, GEORGE H.
Born 1823, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1890.
A Ballad of Sir John Franklin. Vol. III. 163
Count Candespina's Standard. Vol. II. 469
Dirge for a Soldier. Vol. II. 433
Ritta's Story of Her Love. Vol. I. 135

BOLEYN, QUEEN ANNE.
Born 1507, England.—Beheaded 1536.
Farewell. Vol. IV. 357

BOLINGBROKE, HENRY.
Born 1678, England.—Died 1751.
Cunning. Vol. II. 430

BOLTON, SARAH T.
Born 1815, Kentucky, U. S. A.—Died 1893.
On the Battlefield. Vol. IV. 109

BONAPARTE, CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON.
See NAPOLEON III.

BONAPARTE, NAPOLEON.
Born 1769, Corsica.—Died 1821.
Farewell to the Army at Fontainebleau. Vol. III. 241
More Weak Men than Traitors. Vol. VI. 280

BONAR, HORATIUS.
Born 1808, Scotland.—Died 1889.
Truth. Vol. II. 33

BOOTH, BARTON.
Born 1681, England.—Died 1733.
Love and the Soul. Vol. VI. 5

BORN, BERTRAND DE.
Flourished 1140 to 1490, France.
She Cannot be Mine. Vol. V. 500

BOSTOCK, JOHN.
Born 1773, England.—Died 1845.
The Ancients' Conception of the World.* Vol. VI. 438

BOSWELL, JAMES.
Born 1740, Scotland.—Died 1795.
Dr. Samuel Johnson and Lord Chesterfield. Vol. II. 489
Is Man Degenerating? Vol. II. 174

BOTTA, MRS. ANNE C. LYNCH (Miss Lynch). PAGE
Born about 1820, Vermont, U. S. A.—Died 1891.
Aspiration. Vol. V. 222
Musings in a Library. Vol. V. 260
The Battle of Life. Vol. V. 255

BOURDILLON, FRANCIS W.
Born 1852, England.
Light. Vol. II. 194

BOWLES, MISS CAROLINE A.
See SOUTHEY, MRS.

BOWLES, REV. WILLIAM L.
Born 1762, England.—Died 1850.
The Great Man's Board.* Vol. II. 347

BOWRING, SIR JOHN.
Born 1792, England.—Died 1872.
Farewell.* Vol. VI. 449
Gabriel Romanovich Derzhavin.* Vol. VI. 166
Gems. Vol. II. 61
God.* Vol. VI. 168
Khemnitzer. Vol. VI. 202
Michael Vassiljevich Lomonosov. Vol. VI. 372
On the Majesty of God.* Vol. VI. 372
The Death of Meschersky.* Vol. IV. 334
The Dove and the Stranger.* Vol. VI. 373
The Lion's Council of State.* Vol. VI. 204
The Nightingale.* Vol. VI. 338
The Tzar and the Shepherds.* Vol. IV. 311
The Vow.* Vol. VI. 204

BOYESEN, PROF. HJALMAR HJORTH.
Born 1848, Norway; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1895.
Brier Rose. Vol. II. 412

BOYLE, JOHN (Earl of Cork).
Born 1707, Ireland.—Died 1762.
Pliny's Letter to Emperor Trajan and Reply.* Vol. IV. . . 35

BRADDON, MARY ELIZABETH (Mrs. John Maxwell).
Born 1837, England.
Violet Tempest. Vol. IV. 360

BRADLEY, MARY E. (Miss Neely).
Born 1835, Maryland, U. S. A.
Wintergreen. Vol. I. 112

BRADSTREET, MRS. ANNE.
Born 1612, England; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1672.
Julia's Dream. Vol. III. 40

BRAHMA (fabled God).
India; the mythical author of a portion of the sacred books.
The Vedas. Vol. IV. 177

BRAINARD, JOHN G. C.
Born 1796, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1828.
I Saw Two Clouds. Vol. II. 468

BRAINERD, THOMAS, D. D.
Born 1804, U. S. A.—Died 1866.
The Deep. Vol. IV. 211

BRANCH, MARY L. BOLLES.
Born 1841, New York, U. S. A.
The Petrified Fern. Vol. VI. 286

BREMER, FREDERIKA.
Born 1801, Finland.—Died 1866.
The Curate; or, Hopes. Vol. III. 301

BRETON, NICHOLAS.
Born 1555, England.—Died 1624.
Phillis. Vol. VI. 88

BREWSTER, SIR DAVID.
Born 1781, Scotland.—Died 1868.
Courting by Proxy. Vol. VI. 436

BRIGHT, JOHN. PAGE
Born 1811, England.—Died 1889.
Peace and War. Vol. IV. 215

BRINE, MARY D.
Wrote 1881, England.
Mother's Room. Vol. IV. 38

BROME, ALEXANDER.
Born 1620, England.—Died 1666.
The Resolve. Vol. I. 90

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE (Currer Bell).
Born 1816, England.—Died 1855.
Selections from "Shirley." Vol. I. 470

BROOKS, CHARLES T.
Born 1813, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1883.
Alpine Heights.* Vol. VI. 310
The Pensioner.* Vol. II. 31

BROOKS, PHILLIPS, D. D.
Born 1835, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1893.
Preaching.* Vol. I. 290

BROUGH, ROBERT B.
Born 1828, England.—Died 1860.
Neighbor Nelly. Vol. III. 70

BROUGHAM, LORD.
Born 1779, Scotland.—Died 1868.
The Handwriting of Junius. Vol. V. 140

BROWN, DAVID PAUL.
Born 1795, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1872.
Actions and Motives. Vol. VI. 212

BROWN, EMMA ALICE.
Born U. S. A.—Wrote 1880.
Measuring the Baby. Vol. I. 335

BROWN, FRANCES.
Born 1816, Ireland.—Died 1864.
Oh, the Pleasant Days of Old! Vol. II. 388
The Maid of the Rhone. Vol. II. 352
The Rabbi's Vision. Vol. V. 77

BROWN, HENRY ARMITT.
Born 1844, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1878.
The Congress of 1774 (The personnel of). Vol. V. 227

BROWN, JOHN (Nom de plume).
About 1850, England.
A Rattling Day's Sport. Vol. VI. 272

BROWN, DR. THOMAS.
Born 1778, Scotland.—Died 1820.
Remembrance. Vol. I. 200

BROWN, WILLIAM GOLDSMITH.
A Hundred Years to Come. Vol. II. 479

BROWNE, WILLIAM.
Born 1590, England.—Died about 1645.
Shall I Tell You Whom I Love? Vol. I. 426

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT.
Born 1809, England.—Died 1861.
A False Step. Vol. V. 242
A Woman's Shortcomings. Vol. I. 49
Heaven's Sunrise to Earth's Blindness. Vol. IV. 438
Mother and Poet. Vol. II. 399
The Lady's Yes. Vol. II. 61

BROWNING, ROBERT.
Born 1812, England.—Died 1889.
An Incident of the French Camp. Vol. II. 244
Evelyn Hope. Vol. II. 441
The Lost Leader. Vol. IV. 433

BRUCE, MICHAEL.
Born 1746, Scotland.—Died 1767.
Spring. Vol. VI. 86

BRUNNE, ROBERT DE. PAGE
Born about 1280, England.—Died 1330.
Good Women. Vol. IV. 297

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN.
Born 1794, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1878.
A Forest Hymn. Vol. III. 207
How the Maidens of Circè attended Ulysses.* Vol. VI. . . 80
Thanatopsis. Vol. II. 101
The African Chief. Vol. V. 389

BRYDGES, SIR SAMUEL EGERTON.
Born 1762, England.—Died 1837.
Echo and Silence. Vol. IV. 29

BRYDGSON, THOMAS.
Born 1803, Scotland.—Died 1847.
The Change. Vol. I. 115

BUCHANAN, ROBERT W.
Born 1841, Scotland.
Lord Ronald's Wife. Vol. V. 32
The Widow Mysie. Vol. V. 322
Willie Baird. Vol. IV. 91

BUCHHEIM, C. A., PH.D.
England.
Criticism on Aristotle.* Vol. VI. 202

BUCKLE, HENRY THOMAS.
Born 1822, England.—Died 1862.
Ballads the First History. Vol. IV. 429

BUDDHA, SIDDHARTHA GAUTAMA, LORD.
Born end of sixth century B. C., India.—Died at 80 years of age.
Teachings and Precepts. Vol. VI. 467

BUFFON, COUNT DE (George Louis Leclerc).
Born 1707, France.—Died 1788.
The Parrot. Vol. I. 383

BULWER, EDWARD LYTTON.
Born 1805, England.—Died 1873.
The Dream of Arbaces. Vol. II. 14
The Lake of Como. Vol. II. 106
There is No Death. Vol. II. 441
The Sailor Lover. Vol. IV. 112

BUNSEN, CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS.
Born 1791, Germany.—Died 1860.
Eratosthenes. Vol. V. 483
The Belief of Mankind. Vol. VI. 291

BUNYAN, JOHN.
Born 1620, England.—Died 1688.
The Combat with Apollyon. Vol. IV. 252

BURGESS, BISHOP.
Born 1809, Rhode Island, U. S. A.—Died 1866.
The Old Blue Coat. Vol. VI. 141

BURKE, EDMUND.
Born 1730, Ireland. Died 1797.
England and her Children. Vol. IV. 387

BURKE, THOMAS.
Born 1830, Ireland.—Died 1883.
Influence. Vol. II. 378

BURNETT, FRANCES HODGSON.
Born 1849, England: lives in U. S. A.
An Episode of Life in Washington. Vol. VI. 51

BURNETT, GEORGE.
Born 1765, England.—Died 1811.
Sir Thomas More. Vol. I. 330

BURNS, ROBERT.
Born 1759, Scotland.—Died 1796.
Bannockburn. Vol. II. 309
For a' That and a' That. Vol. IV. 258
Highland Mary. Vol. III. 79

BURNS, ROBERT—CONTINUED. PAGE
Man was Made to Mourn. Vol. V. 354
My Heart's in the Highlands. Vol. IV. 171
Tam o' Shanter. Vol. III. 32
The Twa Dogs. Vol. I. 387
To Mary in Heaven. Vol. III. 263

BURRITT, ELIHU (The Learned Blacksmith).
Born 1810, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1879.
One Niche Higher. Vol. V. 381
The Light of Knowledge. Vol. I. 47

BURTON, ROBERT.
Born 1576, England.—Died 1640.
Anatomy of Melancholy. Vol. I. 332
Birth. Vol. IV. 458

BUTLER, CAROLINE H.
About 1840, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
The Poet Li* (from the Chinese). Vol. V. 333

BUTLER, SAMUEL.
Born 1612, England.—Died 1680.
Hudibras's Logic. Vol. II. 387
Love. Vol. I. 426

BUTLER, WILLIAM ALLEN.
Born, 1825, New York, U. S. A.
Nothing to Wear. Vol. III. 292

BYRNE, JOHN FRANCIS.
Dejanira Laments the Death of Hercules.* Vol. VI. 127

BYROM, JOHN.
Born 1691, England.—Died 1763.
Phœbe. Vol. III. 415
The Pond. Vol. III. 42

BYRON, LORD (George Gordon Noel).
Born 1788, England.—Died 1824.
Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog. Vol. V. 295
Lines on Henry Kirke White. Vol. I. 161
Procreative Virtue of Great Examples. Vol. III. 369
The Field of Waterloo. Vol. IV. 154
The Prisoner of Chillon. Vol. III. 267
The Wild Horse. Vol. V. 163
Venice. Vol. V. 400

CÆDMON (Father of English Song).
Date of birth unknown.—Died about 680.
Satan's Speech. Vol. I. 98

CÆSAR, JULIUS.
Born B. C. 100 years, Rome.—Died B. C. 44.
Address in Favor of Observing the Laws. Vol. IV. 338

CALHOUN, JOHN C.
Born 1782, South Carolina, U. S. A.—Died 1850.
Duty of a Minority in a State of War. Vol. II. 481

CALIDASA (or KALIDASA) (Shakespeare of India).
Born about B. C. 50, Hindostan.
Selections from "Sacoontala." Vol. I. 34
Woman. Vol. I. 482

CALLANAN, JAMES JOSEPH.
Born 1795, Ireland.—Died 1829.
The Mother of the Maccabees. Vol. VI. 139

CALLIMACHUS.
Born B. C. 256, Cyrene, Africa.
Hymn on the Bath of Minerva. Vol. IV. 191

CALLINUS.
Born about B. C. 700, Ephesus.
Battle-Song. Vol. VI. 458

CALLISTRATUS.
Flourished fifth century B. C., Greece.
My Sword I Wreathe. Vol. VI. 459

CAMOENS, LUIS DE. PAGE
Born 1517 or 1524, Portugal.—Died 1570.
Canzonet. Vol. IV. 440
Flowers are Fresh. Vol. II. 467
The Execution of Inez de Castro. Vol. VI. 369

CAMPBELL, D. F.
Born about 1842, Scotland.
Character of Napoleon.* Vol. VI. 182
More Weak Men than Traitors.* Vol. VI. 260

CAMPBELL, JOHN J.
Born 1843, New Jersey, U. S. A.
Sylvania. Vol. IV. 355

CAMPBELL, THOMAS.
Born 1777, Scotland.—Died 1844.
Adelgitha. Vol. IV. 90
Edward Young. Vol. IV. 221
Fair Wyoming. Vol. I. 467
Hope. Vol. I. 130
Martial Elegy.* Vol. VI. 344
O'Connor's Child. Vol. II. 375
Robert Blair. Vol. II. 200
The Downfall of Poland. Vol. IV. 221
The Harper. Vol. V. 163
The Magic of a Name. Vol. II. 181
The Oneyda Chief's War-Song. Vol. II. 386
The Soldier's Dream. Vol. I. 323

CAMPION, DR. JOHN T.
Love in the Country. Vol. IV. 209

CANDLER, JOHN.
Flourished about 1840, U. S. A.
His Epitaph.* Vol. VI. 448
The Duty of Clergymen.* Vol. VI. 448

CANNING, GEORGE.
Born 1770, England.—Died 1827.
The Candid Friend. Vol. VI. 412
The Knife-Grinder. Vol. V. 86

CAREW, LADY ELIZABETH.
Born 17th century, England.
Revenge of Injuries. Vol. VI. 286

CAREW, THOMAS.
Born 1589, England.—Died 1639.
Disdain. Vol. III. 182

CAREY, ALICE.
Born 1822, Ohio, U. S. A.—Died 1871.
An Order for a Picture. Vol. V. 286
Pictures of Memory. Vol. II. 426
The Bridal Veil. Vol. III. 103

CAREY, PHŒBE.
Born 1824, Ohio, U. S. A.—Died 1871.
Coming Home. Vol. III. 104

CARLETON, WILL.
Born 1845, Michigan, U. S. A.
Betsey and I are Out. Vol. V. 214
Gone with a Handsomer Man. Vol. II. 225
How Betsy and I Made Up. Vol. V. 216
The First Settler's Story. Vol. VI. 386

CARLETON, WILLIAM.
Born 1798, Ireland.—Died 1869.
Neal Malone. Vol. II. 449

CARLYLE, THOMAS.
Born 1795, Scotland.—Died 1881.
Charlotte Corday. Vol. V. 317
Franz Melcherson.* Vol. III. 145
Kaiser Ottnit's Bride. Vol. VI. 472
Mirabeau. Vol. III. 495
Siegfried and His Bride Chriemhilde. Vol. VI. 472
The Bastile. Vol. V. 91
There is Nothing Else but Justice. Vol. II. 373

CARPENTER, FRANCIS BICKNELL (Artist). PAGE
Born 1830, New York, U. S. A.
Lincoln's Love of the Muses. Vol. I. 450

CARPENTER, JOSEPH E., M. A.
England. (Manchester College.)
Sir Richard Steele. Vol. V. 58
The Dead Letter. Vol. V. 181

CARPIO, LOPE FELIX DE VEGA.
Born about 1562, Madrid, Spain.
The King's Wooing. Vol. VI. 375

CARSON, ALEXANDER, LL.D.
Born 1776, Ireland.—Died 1844.
Pursuit of Knowledge. Vol. I. 332
David Hume. Vol. I. 415

CARSON, JOSEPH DICKSON.
Born 1830, Ireland.—Lives in U. S. A.
A Life's Illusion. Vol. V. 487
Is the Poet Dead? Vol. III. 508
Publishers' Announcement. Vols. I., III.
Roderick. Vol. I. 398

CARSON, MARGARET L.
Born in Ireland.
Dying Words (written 1877). Vol. VI. 86

CARUS, TITUS LUCRETIUS.
Born about B. C. 95, Rome.
Primitive Mankind. Vol. IV. 358

CARY, HENRY FRANCIS.
Born 1772, England.—Died 1844.
The Birds.* Vol. V. 485
The Poet's Guide to the Inferno.* Vol. IV. 115

CASE, LUELLA J.
Born 1838, New Hampshire, U. S. A.
The Unbidden Guest. Vol. IV. 438

CASE, PHILO H.
About 1850, U. S. A.
Nobody's Child. Vol. V. 82

CASS, LEWIS.
Born 1782, New Hampshire, U. S. A.—Died 1866.
American Valor in Mexico. Vol. V. 464

CASTILHO, ANTONIO FELICIANO.
Born 1800, Portugal.—Died 1875.
O Rabequista the Fiddler. Vol. V. 155

CASTILLA, ETHEL.
Flourished about 1875, Kew, Melbourne.
An Australian Girl. Vol. V. 454

CATILINE, LUCIUS SERGIUS.
Born about B. C. 108, Rome.—Died B. C. 62.
Address to his Soldiers. Vol. VI. 261

CATULLUS, CAIUS VALERIUS.
Born about B. C. 87, Verona, Italy.—Died B. C. 47.
Dirge to his Brother. Vol. IV. 320

CAUPOLICAN, CHIEF.
Flourished 1558, Chili.
Pleads for his Life. Vol. III. 500

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE (Don Quixote).
Born 1547, Spain.—Died 1616.
The Deceitful Marriage. Vol I. 402
The Don's Adventure with the Windmill. Vol. III. 47

CHALMERS, THOMAS, LL.D.
Born 1780, Scotland.—Died 1847.
Dumb Sufferers. Vol. II. 320

CHAMBERLAYNE, WILLIAM.
Born 1619, England.—Died 1689.
Virgin Purity. Vol. VI. 86

CHAMBERS, MRS. ROBERT. PAGE
Born about 1820, Scotland.—Died 1881.
The Annuitant's Answer. Vol. III. 310

CHAMBERS, W. and R. (Publishers).
Born 1800, 1802, Scotland.—Died 1883, 1871.
A Brave Cagot. Vol. V. 103
The Hon. William R. Spencer. Vol. IV. 316
Thomas Haynes Bayly. Vol. V. 346
Zoroaster or Zarathrustra. Vol. VI. 335

CHAMISSO, ADELBERT VON.
Born 1781, France.—Died 1838.
A Tragic Story. Vol. IV. 111
The Beggar and his Dog. Vol. III. 90

CHANDLER, ELIZABETH MARGARET.
Born 1807, Delaware, U. S. A.—Died 1834.
The Devoted Wife. Vol. IV. 300

CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY, D. D.
Born 1780, Rhode Island, U. S. A.—Died 1842.
Literature of the Age. Vol. V. 178
The Present Age. Vol. IV. 294
The Sense of Beauty. Vol. II. 191

CHAPIN, E. H.
Born 1814, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1880.
Advice to the Young. Vol. VI. 282

CHAPMAN, GEORGE.
Born 1559, England.—Died 1634.
Nausicaa's Request of her Sire.* Vol. VI. 442

CHAPMAN, MATTHEW JAMES.
England.—Wrote 1836.
Lament of Megara, the Wife of Hercules.* Vol. IV. 186

CHARLES OF ORLEANS.
Born 1391, France.—Died 1465.
Spring. Vol. III. 419

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.
See TONNA, MRS. C. E. BROWN.

CHARLTON, JUDGE ROBERT M.
Born 1807, Georgia, U. S. A.—Died 1854.
The Maniac. Vol. V. 54
The Romance of Insect Life. Vol. II. 388

CHATEAUBRIAND, FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE.
Born 1768, France.—Died 1848.
The Cataract of Niagara. Vol. VI. 57

CHATTERTON, THOMAS.
Born 1752, England.—Died 1770.
The Resignation. Vol. III. 268

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY.
Born 1328, England.—Died 1400.
The Doctor. Vol. II. 430
The Last Verses of Chaucer. Vol. II. 434
The Scholar. Vol. II. 30

CHELLIS, MARY DWINELL.
U. S. A.—Wrote 1880.
Out of Shadow. Vol. II. 274

CHEMINITZER, IVAN IVANOVITCH.
See KHEMNITZER.

CHESTERFIELD.
See STANHOPE, PHILIP DORMER.

CHILD, LYDIA MARIA.
Born 1802, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1880.
A Street Musician. Vol. VI. 321

CHILO (or CHILON).
Flourished about B. C. 556, Sparta.
Precepts. Vol. IV. 464

CHOATE, RUFUS.
Born 1799, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1859.
Tribute to Webster. Vol. IV. 201

CHODHARHARN, PRINCE CHANDRADIT. PAGE
Flourished 1893, Siam.
Moral Teachings in Siam. Vol. I. 334

CHOO, YANG.
About 400 B. C., China.
While we Live, Make the Best of Life. Vol. IV. 39

CHRIST, JESUS (The Lord).
†Born first year Christian Era, Bethlehem, Judea.—Died 33.
The Prodigal Son. Vol. IV. 126
†Said by some authorities to have been born four years previous to this date.

CHRISTMAS, HENRY, M. A.
Born 1811, England.—Died 1868.
Destruction of the Alexandrian Library.* Vol. VI. 124
Magna Charta of Turkey.* Vol. VI. 124

CHURCHILL, CHARLES.
Born 1731, England.—Died 1764.
A Poet Fearless of Tribute. Vol. IV. 399

CIBBER, COLLEY.
Born 1671, England.—Died 1757.
The Blind Boy. Vol. IV. 481

CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS.
Born B. C. 106, Rome.—Died B. C. 43.
Marcus Cato and the Stoics. Vol. V. 175

CLARE, JOHN.
Born 1793, England.—Died 1864.
First Love's Recollections. Vol. I. 164

CLARK, CHARLES HEBER (Max Adeler).
Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Flourished 1895.
The Serenade. Vol. VI. 172

CLARK, JAMES G.
United States America.—Wrote about 1875.
The Mountains of Life. Vol. I. 113

CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN.
Born 1810, New Hampshire, U. S. A.—Died 1888.
The Caliph and Satan* (from the Persian). Vol. III. 486

CLAUDIAN (or CLAUDIUS).
Born about 365, Egypt.
The Old Man of Verona. Vol. IV. 266
Marriage of Honorius and Mary. Vol. II. 448

CLAY, HENRY.
Born 1777, Virginia, U. S. A.—Died 1852.
Henry Clay to Louis Kossuth. Vol. V. 48

CLEANTHES.
About B. C. 300, Vassus in the Troad, Lesser Asia.
Hymn to Jupiter. Vol. III. 458

CLEMENS, SAMUEL L. (Mark Twain).
Born 1835, Missouri, U. S. A.
Baden-Baden. Vol. III. 199
The Centre of the Earth and the Tomb of Adam. Vol. III. 355

CLEMMER, MARY (Mrs. Ames).
Born 1839, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1884.
Distance. Vol. I. 100

CLEOBULUS.
Flourished about B. C. 600, Rhodes.
Maxims. Vol. IV. 465

CLEVELAND, PROF. CHARLES DEXTER, LL.D.
Born 1802, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1869.
Edward C. Pinckney. Vol. VI. 115
Hannah Flagg Gould. Vol. II. 256
James Gates Percival. Vol. VI. 115
James Grahame. Vol. I. 79
John Adams. Vol. II. 126
William Wordsworth. Vol. II. 186

CLEVELAND, JOHN. PAGE
Born 1613, England.—Died 1659.
His Hatred of the Scots. Vol. VI. 266

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH.
Born 1819, England. Died 1861.
The Stream of Life. Vol. IV. 324

CLYDE, KATE.
Under the Willows. Vol. II. 83

CLYMER, MRS.
See DIETZ, ELLA.

COBBETT, WILLIAM.
Born 1762, England.—Died 1835.
Incidents in the Life of William Cobbett. Vol. II. 473

COCHRANE, ROBERT.
Born 1840, England.
Rev. Norman McLeod, D. D. Vol. IV. 124
Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Vol. IV. 123

COFFIN, ROBERT S.
Born 1797, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1857.
Ships at Sea. Vol. II. 275
The Tear. Vol. I. 219

COLERIDGE, HARTLEY.
Born 1796, England.—Died 1849.
The Forget-Me-Not. Vol. IV. 277

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR.
Born 1772, England.—Died 1834.
Genevieve. Vol. III. 36
Human Frailty. Vol. II. 200
Nature ne'er Deserts. Vol. III. 235

COLLIER, THOMAS S.
Born 1842, New York.—Died 1898.
Good Philosophy. Vol. II. 254

COLLINS, WILLIAM.
Born 1720, England.—Died 1756.
How Sleep the Brave! Vol. V. 127

COLLINS, WILLIAM WILKIE.
Born 1825, England.—Died 1889.
The Autobiography of Gabriel Betteredge. Vol. II. 402

COLMAN, GEORGE.
Born 1733, Italy; lived in England. Died 1794.
The Brothers.* Vol. I. 459
The Life of Terence Afer. Vol. I. 458

COLUMBUS, CHRISTOPHER.
Born 1436, Genoa, Italy.—Died 1506.
Letter on the Discovery of America. Vol. II. 292

COLUTHUS, THEBÆUS.
Flourished about 600, Egypt.
Venus Wins the Apple. Vol. III. 430

COMINES, PHILIP DE.
Born 1445; France.—Died 1509.
Louis XI. of France. Vol. VI. 106

CONFUCIUS (Surname K'UNG).
Born B. C. 551, China.—Died B. C. 478.
Discourses with his Disciples. Vol. I. 154
Preface to the Shoo King. Vol. IV. 57

CONINGTON, JOHN.
Born 1825, England.—Died 1869.
Alexis.* Vol. VI. 439

CONOLLY, ERSKINE.
To My First Gray Hair. Vol. III. 91

CONRAD, ROBERT T.
Born 1810, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1858.
The Declaration. Vol. IV. 333

CONSCIENCE, HENRI or HENDRIK. PAGE
Born 1812, Belgium.—Died 1883.
The Plague, Vol. VI. 439

CONWAY, HUGH.
See FARJUS, JOHN FREDERICK.

COOK, CLARENCE C.
Born 1828, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
Abram and Zimri. Vol. II. 56

COOK, ELIZA.
Born 1817, England.—Died 1889.
Not There. Vol. III. 397
Sympathetic Fellowship. Vol. V. 264
The Land of My Birth. Vol. V. 288
Washington. Vol. III. 88

COOK, REV. JOSEPH.
Born 1838, New York, U. S. A.
Matter has a Spiritual Side. Vol. VI. 441

COOKE, PHILIP PENDLETON.
Born 1816, Virginia, U. S. A.—Died 1850.
Florence Vane. Vol. VI. 415

COOKE, MRS. R. T.
See ROSE TERRY.

COOKE, THOMAS.
Born 1702, England.—Died 1756.
Precepts of Ancient Greece.* Vol. V. 165

COOLIDGE, SUSAN.
See SARAH C. WOOLSEY.

COOPER, J. FENIMORE.
Born 1789, New Jersey, U. S. A.—Died 1851.
Harvey Birch. Vol. I. 231
The Battle of Bunker Hill. Vol. II. 297
The Indian Chiefs' Combat. Vol. V. 59

COOPER, MAURICE ASHLEY.
England.
The Last Days of Cyrus.* Vol. I. 80

COOPER, THOMPSON.
Born 1825, England.
Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. V. 473
Frederica Bremer. Vol. IV. 422
Johann Ludwig Uhland. Vol. V. 479
Nathaniel Parker Willis. Vol. V. 479

COOPER, WILLIAM HENRY.
Dewdrops. Vol. IV. 310

COPPÉE, HENRY, LL.D. (Editor of this work).
Born 1821, Georgia, U. S. A.—Died at Bethlehem, 1895.
Fair Wyoming. Vol. V. 274
Charles Dickens. Vol. VI. 269
David Hume. Vol. VI. 59
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Vol. II. 9
Nathaniel Hawthorne. Vol. V. 128
Oliver Wendell Holmes. Vol. V. 289
The Parthenon. Vol. V. 47
Washington Irving. Vol. V. 70
(For additional articles, see EDITOR.)

CORELLI, MARIE.
Born about 1846, England.
A Miniature Creation. Vol. IV. 501

COSTELLO, LOUISA STUART.
England.—Died 1870.
I am No More what I Have Been.* Vol. IV. 495
Learning and Wealth.* Vol. IV. 495
Princes.* Vol. IV. 201
The Statue of Venus Sleeping.* Vol. IV. 495

CORNWALL, BARRY (Nom de plume).
See PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER.

CORY, J. P.
Selections from Zoroaster.* Vol. VI. 386

COSTE, MARIE LA. PAGE
Born 1842, Georgia, U. S. A.
Somebody's Darling. Vol. VI. 181

COTTON, CHARLES.
Born 1630, England.—Died 1687.
The New Year. Vol. I. 422

COTTON, NATHANIEL.
Born 1707, England.—Died 1788.
Happiness. Vol. V. 349
To-morrow. Vol. III. 445

COTTRELL, CHARLES H.
Born about 1825, England.
Eratosthenes.* Vol. V. 483

COWAN, SAMUEL K.
Born about 1850, England.
In the Mirror. Vol. II. 198
Poor Jack. Vol. II. 81

COWLEY, ABRAHAM.
Born 1618, England.—Died 1667.
Age.* Vol. II. 426
Drinking.* Vol. II. 424
Liberty. Vol. III. 89
Pursuits of Men.* Vol. II. 472

COWPER, WILLIAM.
Born 1731, England.—Died 1800.
Conversation. Vol. II. 435
Hector and Andromache.* Vol. IV. 45
Lines on the Receipt of My Mother's Picture. Vol. III. . . 470
The Golden Mean.* Vol. III. 55

COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND (Bishop).
Born 1818, New Jersey, U. S. A.—Died 1896.
Manhood. Vol. IV. 352

COZZENS, FREDERICK S.
Born 1818, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1869.
I Lent my Love a Book. Vol. III. 324

CRABBE, GEORGE.
Born 1754, England.—Died 1832.
Isaac Ashford. Vol. III. 422
The Advance of Age. Vol. II. 344
The Dying Sailor. Vol. II. 309

CRAIG, ISA.
Born 1831, Scotland.
Never to Know. Vol. VI. 128
Rest. Vol. VI. 190
The Master's Daughter. Vol. VI. 62

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCH.
Born 1826, England.—Died 1887.
A Common Story. Vol. V. 221
A Life for a Life. Vol. VI. 218
Now and Afterward. Vol. II. 319
Too Late. Vol. III. 68

CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER P.
Born 1813, District of Columbia, U. S. A.—Died 1892.
Deeper than Thought. Vol. III. 266
We are Spirits. Vol. III. 472

CRASHAW, RICHARD.
Born 1605, England.—Died 1650.
Cæsar's Tribute. Vol. IV. 462
In the Temple. Vol. IV. 56

CRAWFORD, MRS. JULIA.
Born Ireland.—Died about 1855.
We Parted in Silence. Vol. II. 183

CRAWFURD, WILLIAM.
Born 1676, Scotland.—Died 1742.
Hamilla. Vol. VI. 204

CRETIN, WILLIAM. PAGE
France.—Died about 1525.
Love. Vol. IV. 495

CRITIAS.
Born B. C. 411, Athens.
The Spartan Feasts. Vol. VI. 461

CROLY, GEORGE.
Born 1780, Ireland.—Died 1860.
Pericles and Aspasia. Vol. II. 168

CROSS, MARIAN EVANS (George Eliot).
Born about 1820, England.—Died 1884.
Family Likeness. Vol. IV. 38
Pictures of Every Day. Vol. IV. 36
The Last Conflict. Vol. III. 201
Two Lovers. Vol. I. 270

CROWNE, JOHN.
Born 1675, Nova Scotia.—Died 1703.
Passions. Vol. I. 397

CRUSE, CHRISTIAN FREDERIC, D. D.
Born 1794, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1865.
Account of Agbarus's Letter to Jesus.* Vol. VI. 445

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN.
Born 1784, Scotland.—Died 1842.
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea. Vol. I. 191
My Native Vale. Vol. I. 425
The Town Child and the Country Child. Vol. I. 187

CURTIS, AMBROSE (Nom de plume).
The Good Samaritan. Vol. I. 276
The Unmerciful Servant. Vol. I. 395

CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM.
Born 1824, Rhode Island, U. S. A.—Died 1892.
Egyptian Serenade. Vol. I. 224

CUSHMAN, CHARLOTTE (Actress).
Born 1816, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1876.
"There is No God," the Skeptic, scoffing, said. Vol. III. . . 226

CUVIER, BARON (Georges Chrétien Leopold Dagobert).
Born 1769, France.—Died 1832.
Man. Vol. V. 461

DALEI, JOHN.
Born 1594, France.—Died 1670.
I Glance into the Harvest-field. Vol. I. 391

DANA, MARY S. B. (Miss Palmer).
(This popular poem was published 1846, in U. S. A.)
Passing Under the Rod. Vol. VI. 170

DANA, RICHARD H.
Born 1787, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1879.
Intimations of Immortality. Vol. IV. 299
The Pirate. Vol. III. 446

DANIEL, SAMUEL.
Born 1562, England.—Died 1619.
Early Love. Vol. I. 359

DANTE.
See ALIGHIERI, DANTE.

DARLINGTON, WILLIAM (a deaf-and-dumb youth).
Born Maryland, U. S. A.
Egyptian Mythology (written in 1882). Vol. VI. 382
Penelope. Vol. III. 291

DART, JOHN.
England.—Died 1730.
Content.* Vol. IV. 260

DARWIN, CHARLES, M. A., F. R. S.
Born 1809, England.—Died 1882.
The Struggle for Existence. Vol. I. 485

DARWIN, ERASMUS. PAGE
Born 1731, England.—Died 1802.
Eliza. Vol. V. 169

D'AUBIGNÉ, JEAN HENRI MERLE.
Born 1794, Switzerland.—Died 1872.
The Last Days of Chivalry. Vol. I. 382

DAVID, KING.
Born B. C. 1090, Bethlehem, Judea.—Died B. C. 1015.
A Hymn of Praise[1] (Psalm XXIII.). Vol. VI. 341

DAVIDS, T. W. RHYS.
Born 1843, England.
Teachings and Precepts.* Vol. VI. 467

DAVIDSON, LUCRETIA MARIA.
Born 1808, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1825.
Kindar Burial-Service. Vol. II. 425

DAVIDSON, MARGARET.
Born 1823, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1838.
The Storm. Vol. III. 68

DAVIES, BEN WOOD.
The Schoolmaster's Sleep. Vol. V. 359

DAVIES, SIR JOHN.
Born 1570, England.—Died 1626.
Learning. Vol. III. 371

DAVIS, MATILDA LOUISA.
Flourished 1855, England.
Grandfather and Grandchild.* Vol. I. 283

DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE.
Born 1814, Ireland.—Died 1845.
Fontenoy. Vol. I. 50
The Welcome. Vol. I. 131

DE FOE, DANIEL.
Born 1661, London, England.—Died 1731.
A Guilty Conscience. Vol. II. 369
The Troubles of a Young Thief. Vol. II. 428

DE GAYANGOS, PASCUAL.
Flourished A. D. 1843, England.
History and Literature of the Arabs in Spain.* Vol. II. . . . 490

DE LEVIS, DUC.
Born 1764, France.—Died 1830.
Franklin at the Court of France. Vol. V. 151

DE LISLE, CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET.
Born 1760, France.—Died 1836.
"The Marseillaise"—Original. Vol. IV. 491
Popular Free Translation. Vol. IV. 493

DE MIRABEAU, HONORÉ GABRIEL RIGNETTI COMTE.
Born 1749, France.—Died 1791.
Reply to King Louis XVI.'s Demands. Vol. III. 496

DE MONSTRELET, ENGUERRAND.
Born 1390, France.—Died 1458.
A Combat, A. D. 1403. Vol. VI. 247

DE MUSSET, LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED.
Born 1810, France.—Died 1857.
A Last Word. Vol. I. 189

DE QUINCEY, THOMAS.
Born 1786, England.—Died 1859.
A Noble Revenge. Vol. II. 464
A Vision of Infinity.* Vol. III. 143

DE SAHAGUN, BERNARDINO.
Born about 1500, Old Spain.—Died 1590, in Mexico.
An Aztec Mother to her Daughter. Vol. VI. 196
The High Priest's Prayer. Vol. VI. 197

DE SEVIGNÉ, MADAME.
Born 1626, France.—Died 1696.
An Anecdote of Louis XIV. Vol. VI. 72

[1] Latin Vulgate Translation, Psalm XXII.

DE SOLA, REV. D. A. PAGE
Born 1825, England.
Selections from the Mishna.* Vol. VI. 334

DE SOUSA, LUIS.
Portugal.
Legend of Santarem. Vol. I. 321

DE TROIES, DOËTE.
Love in Idleness. Vol. VI. 48

DE VERE, AUBREY.
Born 1807, Ireland.—Died 1846.
Onward Flowing. Vol. IV. 15

DECKER, JEREMIAS DE.
Born 1610, Holland.—Died 1666.
The Too-Early-Opening Flower. Vol. IV. 119

DEKKER, THOMAS.
Born about 1570, England.—Died 1641.
A Reverie on a Lady's Picture. Vol. I. 188
Patience. Vol. I. 188

DEMOSTHENES.
Born B. C. 385, Greece.—Died B. C. 322.
Eloquence should not Shield Treachery. Vol. IV. 111

DENHAM, SIR JOHN.
Born 1615, Ireland.—Died 1668.
On John Fletcher. Vol. IV. 150

DENNIS, JOHN.
Born 1657, England.—Died 1734.
Punning. Vol. I. 164

DENNISON, ARCHBISHOP.
England.
Here's Health to All that We Love. Vol. III. 318

DERBY, EARL (fourteenth Earl).
Born 1799, England.—Died 1869.
Priam Petitions Achilles for the Body of his Son.* Vol. II. 419
Roses.* Vol. IV. 240

DERZHAVIN, GABRIEL ROMANOVICH.
Born 1743, Russia.—Died 1816.
God. Vol. VI. 168
The Death of Meshchersky. Vol. IV. 334

DESCARTES, RENÉ.
Born 1596, France.—Died 1650.
Existence. Vol. I. 415

DHARMAPALA, H.
Flourished 1893, Island of Ceylon.
Religion of India Twenty-five Centuries Ago. Vol. IV. . . . 498

DIBDIN, CHARLES.
Born 1745, England.—Died 1814.
A Staunch and Fleet Horse. Vol. II. 346
Love and Glory. Vol. II. 427
The Caged Bird. Vol. V. 331

DICK, THOMAS, LL.D.
Born 1774, Scotland.—Died 1857.
The Sidereal Heavens. Vol. II. 89
The Starry Heavens. Vol. III. 194

DICKENS, CHARLES.
Born 1812, England.—Died 1870.
A Romantic Adventure with a Middle-aged Lady in Yellow Curl-papers. Vol. II. 95
An Italian Dream. Vol. V. 113
Cheap Jacks and Dear Jacks. Vol. IV. 199
Departed Love. Vol. II. 442
The Ivy Green. Vol. II. 427

DICKINS, H. V., M. B.
Flourished 1866, England.
Japanese Lyrical Odes. Vol. I. 502

DICKINSON, CHARLES M. PAGE
Born 1842, New York, U. S. A.
The Children. Vol. II. 415

DICKSON, JOSEPH (Nom de plume).
See CARSON, J. D.

DIETZ, ELLA (Mrs. Clymer).
Born 1860, New York, U. S. A.
The Grave of Love. Vol. IV. 299
When I am Dead. Vol. IV. 210

DIGBY, SIR KENELM.
Born 1603, England.—Died 1665.
The Hermit's Choice. Vol. III. 371

DILLON, WENTWORTH (Earl of Roscommon).
Born 1633, England.—Died 1684.
The Modest Muse. Vol. IV. 88

DIMOND, WILLIAM.
Born 1780, England.—Died 1837.
The Mariner's Dream. Vol. II. 195

DINNIES, MRS. ANNA PEYRE (Miss A. P. Shackelford).
Born 1816, South Carolina, U. S. A.
The Wife. Vol. VI. 284

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (Earl of Beaconsfield).
Born 1804, England.—Died 1881.
Parental Love the Truest Love. Vol. II. 291
The First Death. Vol. II. 316

DIX, GENERAL JOHN A.
Born 1798, New Hampshire, U. S. A.—Died 1879.
Dies Iræ. Vol. I. 91

DMITRIEV, IVAN IVANOVITCH.
Born 1760, Russia.—Died 1837.
The Dove and the Stranger. Vol. VI. 378
The Tzar and the Shepherds. Vol. IV. 311

DOANE, GEORGE W.
Born 1799, New Jersey, U. S. A.—Died 1859.
A Wedding-ring. Vol. V. 112

DOBELL, SYDNEY.
Born 1824, England.—Died 1874.
How's my Boy? Vol. III. 56

DODDRIDGE, PHILIP.
Born 1702, England.—Died 1751.
Live while you Live. Vol. V. 484

DODGE, MISS ELIZABETH C. (Mrs. E. C. Kinney).
Born 1810, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1889.
Culture. Vol. III. 273

DODSLEY, ROBERT (the celebrated Publisher).
Born 1703, England.—Died 1764.
Man. Vol. VI. 175
Modesty.* Vol. I. 313
Of the Use of the Senses. Vol. III. 175
William Shenstone. Vol. IV. 193

DOMMETT, ALFRED.
Born 1811, England; lived in New Zealand.—Died 1887.
A Christmas Hymn. Vol. IV. 28

DONNE, JOHN.
Born 1573, England.—Died 1631.
The Dream. Vol. VI. 265

DORR, JULIA C. R.
Born 1825, South Carolina, U. S. A.
Margery Grey. Vol. IV. 212
Outgrown. Vol. IV. 309

DOUBLEDAY, THOMAS.
Born 1800, England.—Died 1870.
The Sea-Cave. Vol. I. 115

DOUGLASS, MARIAN (Annie D. Green).
See MRS. ANNIE D. ROBINSON.

DOWLAND, JOHN. PAGE
Born 1562, England.—Died 1625.
Sleep. Vol. VI. . . . 266

DOYLE, SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS.
Born 1810, England.—Died 1888.
The British Soldier in China. Vol. VI. . . . 313

DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN.
Born 1795, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1820.
The American Flag. Vol. VI. . . . 130

DRAPER, JOHN WILLIAM, LL.D.
Born 1811, England; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1882.
The Alexandrian Museum. Vol. VI. . . . 365

DRAYTON, MICHAEL.
Born 1563, England. Died 1631.
The Hunted Deer. Vol. I. . . . 195

DRINKER, ANNA (Edith May).
Born 1830, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
Juliette. Vol. III. . . . 442
October Twilight. Vol. IV. . . . 298
Storm at Twilight. Vol. IV. . . . 25
The Story of a Fawn. Vol. II. . . . 102

DRUMMOND, SIR WILLIAM.
Born 1760, Scotland.—Died 1828.
Teachings of the Ancients.* Vol. IV. . . . 103

DRYDEN, JOHN.
Born 1631, England.—Died 1700.
Love and Time. Vol. II. . . . 382
Love is Madness. Vol. I. . . . 267
Reason. Vol. I. . . . 269
The Golden Age.* Vol. II. . . . 57

DU BACHAUMEL.
Born about 1777, France.
Franklin at the Court of France. Vol. V. . . . 151

DUDEVANT, BARONESS (George Sand).
Born 1804, France.—Died 1876.
Monsieur Cardonnet's Enterprise. Vol. VI. . . . 159

DUFFERIN, LADY (Miss Selina Sheridan).
Born 1807, England.—Died 1867. Granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and sister of the Hon. Mrs. Norton.
The Lament of the Irish Emigrant. Vol. II. . . . 487

DUFFEY, MRS. E. B.
Wrote about 1870, New Jersey, U. S. A.
A Year Ago. Vol. VI. . . . 263

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.
Born 1803, France.—Died 1870.
A Father's Advice to his Son. Vol. IV. . . . 295

DUNBAR, WILLIAM.
Born 1460, Scotland.—Died 1520.
The Vanity of Earthly Things. Vol. IV. . . . 130

DURBIN, DR. J. P.
Born 1800, Kentucky, U. S. A.—Died 1876.
Art in Antwerp, Vol. IV. . . . 112

DUYCKINCK, EVERT A.
Born 1816, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1878.
Ralph Waldo Emerson. Vol. V. . . . 344

DUYCKINCK, GEORGE L.
Born 1822, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1863.
Heroism and Humanity of Sir Richard Herbert. Vol. I. . . . 178

DWIGHT, H. O.
Flourished 1875, Constantinople.
A Mohammedan Hymn.* Vol. III. . . . 494

DWIGHT, JOHN S.
Born 1813, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1893.
The Landlady's Daughters.* Vol. II. . . . 418

DYER, JOHN. PAGE
Born 1700, Wales.—Died 1758.
Rural Joys. Vol. III. . . . 385

EASTMAN, CHARLES GAMAGE.
Born 1816, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1861.
A Snow-storm in Vermont. Vol. III. . . . 372

EDGEWORTH, MARIA.
Born 1767, England.—Died 1849.
The Landlord and the Agent. Vol. III. . . . 227

EDITOR.
(For additional articles by Editor, see COFFÉE, HENRY.)
Acknowledgments. Vol. I. . . . viii
Alexander Pope. Vol. III. . . . 171
Alice and Phœbe Carey. Vol. II. . . . 200
Alvan Fisher. Vol. IV. . . . 86
Baron Munchausen. Vol. III. . . . 176
Bryan Waller Procter. Vol. II. . . . 381
Captain Mayne Reid. Vol. II. . . . 22
Caroline Lee Hentz. Vol. III. . . . 192
Catherine M. Sedgwick. Vol. III. . . . 191
Charles Kingsley. Vol. I. . . . 289
Charles Lamb. Vol. V. . . . 327
Edgar Allan Poe. Vol. IV. . . . 314
Edwin Arnold. Vol. II. . . . 317
Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Vol. V. . . . 404
Elizabeth Oakes Smith. Vol. II. . . . 199
Empress Josephine. Vol. VI. . . . 289
Evert Augustus Duyckinck. Vol. II. . . . 449
Francis Bacon. Vol. V. . . . 199
Franklin at the Court of France.* Vol. V. . . . 151
George Bancroft. Vol. V. . . . 19
George Henry Boker. Vol. V. . . . 162
Henri Frederick Chopin. Vol. I. . . . 26
Homer. Vol. II. . . . 335
Horatius Bonar. Vol. II. . . . 446
James Beattie. Vol. II. . . . 318
James Fenimore Cooper. Vol. V. . . . 67
James Henry Leigh Hunt. Vol. II. . . . 231
James Sheridan Knowles. Vol. I. . . . 373
Jean Ingelow. Vol. I. . . . 373
Joanna Baillie. Vol. II. . . . 318
Johann Kepler. Vol. V. . . . 162
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Vol. VI. . . . 274
John Keble. Vol. IV. . . . 125
John Pierpont. Vol. V. . . . 162
John Tyndall. Vol. III. . . . 406
Joseph Addison. Vol. V. . . . 201
Justin McCarthy. Vol. IV. . . . 124
Juvenal. Vol. II. . . . 351
La Fontaine. Vol. I. . . . 229
Lokman, the Sage. Vol. III. . . . 440
Lord Byron. Vol. II. . . . 380
Lydia H. Sigourney. Vol. II. . . . 199
Margaret Fuller. Vol. III. . . . 191
Marie Antoinette. Vol. VI. . . . 288
Michael Angelo. Vol. II. . . . 446
Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet. Vol. II. . . . 199
Murder of Thomas à Becket.* Vol. III. . . . 379
Peter Paul Rubens. Vol. III. . . . 374
Pierre-Jean de Béranger. Vol. V. . . . 161
Raphael. Vol. VI. . . . 116
Richard Harris Barham. Vol. III. . . . 100
Robert Buchanan. Vol. V. . . . 39
Robert Burns. Vol. III. . . . 95
Schiller. Vol. VI. . . . 47
Sir Archibald Alison. Vol. III. . . . 96
Sir Edwin Henry Landseer. Vol. V. . . . 200
Sir Thomas Lawrence. Vol. IV. . . . 196
Sir Walter Raleigh. Vol. III. . . . 172
Sir Walter Scott. Vol. II. . . . 20
Songs of Our Land. Vol. VI. . . . 129
The Death of Roland. Vol. I. . . . 497
The Queen and the Empress. Vol. VI. . . . 288

EDITOR—CONTINUED. PAGE
Thomas Campbell. Vol. I. . . . 265
Thomas Hood. Vol. V. . . . 328
Thomas Otway. Vol. V. . . . 199
Torquato Tasso. Vol. IV. . . . 30
Turner, Joseph Mallard W. Vol. VI. . . . 250
Victor Hugo. Vol. VI. . . . 379
William and Mary Howitt. Vol. II. . . . 231
William Collins. Vol. IV. . . . 31
William Makepeace Thackeray. Vol. I. . . . 330
William Mulready. Vol. V. . . . 348

EDITOR'S ASSISTANTS.
Adam Lindsay Gordon. Vol. V. . . . 452
Alcæus. Vol. I. . . . 427
Alfred Austin. Vol. V. . . . 497
Andrew Glass. Vol. V. . . . 76
Archilochus. Vol. IV. . . . 39
Arion. Vol. VI. . . . 460
Ausonius, Decimus Magnus. Vol. IV. . . . 240
Bacchylides. Vol. VI. . . . 458
Belisarius. Vol. II. . . . 129
Bias. Vol. IV. . . . 464
Boabdil and Sultana Morayma. Vol. VI. . . . 306
B. Simmons. Vol. II. . . . 407
Callimachus. Vol. IV. . . . 191
Callinus. Vol. VI. . . . 458
Catullus, Caius Valerius. Vol. IV. . . . 320
Charles Lever. Vol. V. . . . 451
Charles Harpur. Vol. V. . . . 453
Chief Caupolican and Tresia. Vol. III. . . . 498
Chilon. Vol. IV. . . . 464
Claudian. Vol. II. . . . 448
Cleanthes. Vol. III. . . . 458
Clement Marot. Vol. IV. . . . 495
Cleobulus. Vol. IV. . . . 464
Coluthus, Thebæus. Vol. III. . . . 490
Daniel De Foe. Vol. II. . . . 369
Dante. Vol. IV. . . . 296
De Sahagun, Bernardino. Vol. VI. . . . 197
Don Alonzo De Ercilla y Zuniga. Vol. III. . . . 498
Edward Everett Hale. Vol. VI. . . . 458
Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton. Vol. II. . . . 374
Eliza Cook. Vol. V. . . . 404
Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Vol. VI. . . . 465
Empress Ji-To. Vol. II. . . . 58
Erinna. Vol. III. . . . 488
Eugene Field. Vol. VI. . . . 453
Firdusi, or Abu'l-Kasim Mansur. Vol. VI. . . . 471
First Title of "The Marseillaise." Vol. IV. . . . 490
General José A. Paez. Vol. VI. . . . 455
George Croly. Vol. II. . . . 382
Gérard, Baron François. Vol. II. . . . 129
Gomez, Sebastian. Vol. II. . . . 171
Hakim Omar Khayyam. Vol. VI. . . . 463
Hannah More. Vol. V. . . . 403
Henry Clarence Kendall. Vol. V. . . . 454
Henry Hart Milman Vol. II. . . . 256
Henry Kirke White. Vol. V. . . . 76
Hesiod. Vol. V. . . . 165
Honoré Gabriel Rignetti Comte De Mirabeau. Vol. III. . . . 495
Hon. William Forster. Vol. V. . . . 452
Inca Garcilasso De La Vega. Vol. IV. . . . 496
Isaiah. Vol. IV. . . . 201
Italicus, Caius Silius. Vol. V. . . . 224
James and Horace Smith. Vol. II. . . . 407
James Mac Farlan. Vol. II. . . . 374
James Macpherson. Vol. V. . . . 161
Japanese Lyrical Odes. Vol. I. . . . 502
Jean Meschinot. Vol. IV. . . . 201
John Barbour. Vol. II. . . . 319
John C. Prince. Vol. V. . . . 76
John Lowe. Vol. II. . . . 177
John Mackay Wilson. Vol. V. . . . 161
Laou-Keun-Tsze. Vol. VI. . . . 468

EDITOR'S ASSISTANTS—CONTINUED. PAGE
Letitia Elizabeth Landon. Vol. V. . . . 76
Marie Corelli. Vol. IV. . . . 501
Martialis, Marcus Valerius. Vol. IV. . . . 157
Meleager. Vol. IV. . . . 58
Mencius or Mang-tsze. Vol. IV. . . . 59
Mih Teih. Vol. III. . . . 488
Mimnermus. Vol. VI. . . . 458
Mrs. W. J. Anderson (Miss Baker). Vol. V. . . . 455
Musa Ben Abel Gazan. Vol. VI. . . . 306
Musæus. Vol. III. . . . 420
Nezahualcoyotl, Lord of Tezcuco. Vol. VI. . . . 200
Nicander. Vol. V. . . . 226
Panopolites, Nonnus. Vol. V. . . . 225
Patrick Henry on the Stamp Act. Vol. II. . . . 392
Periander. Vol. IV. . . . 465
Pericles. Vol. VI. . . . 454
Persian Poet Jami. Vol. VI. . . . 470
Phocylides. Vol. VI. . . . 458
Pittacus. Vol. IV. . . . 463
Proclus. Vol. VI. . . . 451
Quintus Smyrnæus. Vol. III. . . . 394
Rev. T. G. Torry Anderson. Vol. II. . . . 407
Rhianus. Vol. IV. . . . 320
Rhodius, Apollonius. Vol. IV. . . . 164
Robert Bloomfield. Vol. II. . . . 22
Robert Browning. Vol. II. . . . 256
Robert Bruce. Vol. II. . . . 309
Robert M. Charlton. Vol. II. . . . 374
Rodrigo Dias De Bivar (The Cid). Vol. III. . . . 500
Samuel Lover. Vol. II. . . . 317
Sappho. Vol. IV. . . . 280
Seneca. Vol. IV. . . . 344
Seun, the Philosopher. Vol. IV. . . . 127
Sir John Bowring. Vol. II. . . . 381
Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles. Vol. VI. . . . 462
Solon. Vol. IV. . . . 463
Swami Vivekananda. Vol. III. . . . 489
Ten-Ji-Ten-Wo, or Emperor Ten-Ji. Vol. II. . . . 58
Thales. Vol. IV. . . . 463
Theocritus. Vol. IV. . . . 260
Theogonis. Vol. VI. . . . 456
The Kalevala (Great Ancient Poem of Finland). Vol. VI. . . . 461
The Monk of Montaudon. Vol. V. . . . 494
The Nibelungen-Lied, or Northern Epic Poem. Vol. VI. . . . 472
The Seven Wise Men of Greece. Vol. IV. . . . 463
Thomas Dick, LL. D. Vol. II. . . . 94
Titus Lucretius Carus. Vol. IV. . . . 358
Tryphiodorus. Vol. IV. . . . 176
William Collins. Vol. II. . . . 381
William Cretin. Vol. IV. . . . 495
William Edmondstoune Aytoun. Vol. II. . . . 407
William, Ninth Count of Poictiers. Vol. IV. . . . 354
Yang Choo. Vol. IV. . . . 39

EDWARDS, JONATHAN.
Born 1703, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1758.
Honor thy Parents. Vol. II. . . . 188

ELLIOT, GEORGE (Nom de plume).
See CROSS, MARY ANN EVANS.

ELLET, ELIZABETH F.
Born 1818, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1877.
The Sea-Kings. Vol. II. . . . 184

ELLIOT, SIR GILBERT.
Born 1722, England.—Died 1777.
Amynta. Vol. III. . . . 382

ELLIOTT, EBENEZER.
Born 1781, England.—Died 1849.
Burns. Vol. III. . . . 96
The Bramble-flower. Vol. II. . . . 29

ELLIS, SARAH.
Born 1812, England.
Love's Early Dream. Vol. II. . . . 59

ELTON, CHARLES ABRAHAM. PAGE
Born 1778, England.—Died 1853.
Anacreon. Vol. I. . . . 78
Death of Achilles.* Vol. III. . . . 394
Equanimity.* Vol. IV. . . . 39
Horace. Vol. V. . . . 472
Nicæa.* Vol. V. . . . 225
On a Quiet Life.* Vol. IV. . . . 59
Pindar. Vol. IV. . . . 424
The Effigy of Love.* Vol. IV. . . . 266
The Reward of the Good.* Vol. IV. . . . 426
Turns of Fortune.* Vol. IV. . . . 39
Virgil. Vol. V. . . . 470

EMBURY, EMMA C.
Born 1805, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1863.
Oh, Tell Me Not of Lofty Fate! Vol. II. . . . 472
On the Death of the Duke of Reichstadt. Vol. I. . . . 327
The Patriarch's Lament. Vol. I. . . . 320
The Widow's Wooer. Vol. III. . . . 296

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.
Born 1803, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1882.
Genius. Vol. V. . . . 171
Life. Vol. II. . . . 466

EMMONS, JAMES GORDON.
Born 1839, New York, U. S. A.
Disenchanted. Vol. V. . . . 455

ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN, M. D. (wrote "Ben Bolt").
Born 1819, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
The Shoemaker's Daughter. Vol. III. . . . 392

ERASMUS, DESIDERIUS.
Born 1467, Holland.—Died 1536.
The Fury of War. Vol. VI. . . . 251

ERINNA.
Flourished about 600 B. C., Island of Lesbos.
Epitaph. Vol. IV. . . . 164
Epitaph on a Virgin of Mitylene. Vol. III. . . . 488

ESCOTT, HARRY.
New York, U. S. A.; flourished about 1860.
What was It? Vol. V. . . . 307

ESLING, MRS. C. H. (Miss Watterman).
Born 1812, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
Brother, Come Home. Vol. VI. . . . 411

ETHEREDGE, SIR GEORGE.
Born about 1636, England.—Died about 1688.
Advice to Ladies. Vol. III. . . . 40

EURIPIDES.
Born B. C. 480, Greece.—Died B. C. 406.
The Punishment. Vol. I. . . . 385

EUSEBIUS.
See PAMPHILI.

EVELYN, JOHN.
Born 1620, England.—Died 1706.
A Trial in France in the Year 1651. Vol. I. . . . 406

EVERETT, ALEXANDER HILL.
Born 1792, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1847.
The Young American. Vol. II. . . . 488

EVERETT, DAVID.
Born 1769, United States of America.—Died 1813.
A Child's Declamation. Vol. III. . . . 154

EVERETT, EDWARD.
Born 1794, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1865.
Dirge of Alaric the Visigoth. Vol. I. . . . 326
The Uses of Astronomy. Vol. I. . . . 9

EYTINGE, MARGARET WINSHIP. PAGE
United States of America.—Wrote 1883.
Baby Louise. Vol. VI. . . . 62

FALCONER, WILLIAM.
Born 1736, Scotland.—Died 1769.
The Shipwreck. Vol. II. . . . 291

FARJUS, JOHN FREDERICK (Hugh Conway).
Born 1847, England.—Died 1885.
Pauline March. Vol. IV. . . . 131
The Secret of the Stradivarius. Vol. IV. . . . 445

FARRAR, ELIZA WARE.
Born 1791, Flanders; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1870.
Filial Reverence. Vol. III. . . . 266

FARRAR, ARCHDEACON FREDERICK W.
Born 1831, Bombay, India; lives in England.
Conscience. Vol. I. . . . 442

FAWKES, FRANCIS.
Born 1721, England.—Died 1777.
Ode to Venus.* Vol. IV. . . . 280

FAY, THEODORE S.
Born 1807, New York, U. S. A.
Poverty. Vol. I. . . . 263

FENNER, CORNELIUS GEORGE.
Born 1822, Rhode Island, U. S. A.—Died 1847.
Gulfweed. Vol. VI. . . . 375

FENTON, ELIJAH.
Born 1683, England.—Died 1730.
John Milton. Vol. IV. . . . 263

FERDINAND, KING.
Born 1452, Spain.—Died 1516.
Reply to Columbus. Vol. II. . . . 296

FERN, FANNY (Nom de plume).
See PARTON, MRS. S.

FERREIRA, ANTONIO.
Born 1528, Portugal.—Died 1569.
Selections from the Tragedy of "Inez de Castro." Vol. VI. 371

FERRY, CARLOTTA.
United States of America.
With Clearer Vision. Vol. I. . . . 312

FICHTE, JOHANN GOTTLIEB.
Born 1762, Germany.—Died 1814.
Thoughts for the Student. Vol. I. . . . 263

FIELD, EUGENE.
Born 1850, Missouri, U. S. A.—Died 1895.
Biographical Sketch. Vol. VI. . . . 453

FIELDING, ANNA MARIA (Mrs. S. C. Hall).
Born 1805, Ireland.—Died 1881.
The Crooked Stick. Vol. I. . . . 371

FIELDING, HENRY.
Born 1707, England.—Died 1754.
Prudence Necessary to the Best of Men. Vol. I. . . . 317

FIELDS, JAMES T.
Born 1817, New Hampshire, U. S. A.—Died 1881.
The Alarmed Skipper. Vol. II. . . . 115
The Tempest. Vol. IV. . . . 263

FIGUIER, GUILLAUME LOUIS.
Born 1819, France.—Died 1894.
Reynard. Vol. I. . . . 96

FINCH, F. M. (Judge).
Born 1827, New York, U. S. A.
The Blue and the Gray. Vol. VI. . . . 155

FINLAY, JOHN.
Born 1782, Scotland.—Died 1810.
A Skeleton. Vol. III. . . . 186
The Evening Hour. Vol. III. . . . 91

FIRDUSI (or FERDOUSEE, or FERDUZI), or ABU'L-KASIM MANSUR. PAGE
Born 940, Persia.—Died 1020.
Lines on the Completion of the "Book of Kings." Vol. VI. 471
Schah-Namah. Vol. VI. 56

FISK, MISS HELEN.
See HUNT, MRS. HELEN.

FITZGERALD, EDWARD.
Born 1809, England.—Died 1883.
Come with Old Khayyam. Vol. VI. 464

FITZGERALD, G. M.
England.
Laugh, Like Me, at Everything. Vol. I. 198

FLACCUS, AULUS PERSIUS.
Born 34, Rome.—Died 62.
Teachings of the Ancients. Vol. IV. 108

FLETCHER, GILES.
Born 1588, England.—Died 1623.
Love. Vol. VI. 264

FLETCHER, JOHN (Beaumont and Fletcher).
Born 1576, England.—Died 1625.
Cæsar's Lamentation over Pompey's Head. Vol. I. 58
Man. Vol. VI. 128
Take, oh Take, those Lips Away. Vol. I. 113

FLETCHER, PHINEAS.
Born 1584, England.—Died 1650.
Instability of Greatness. Vol. VI. 411

FONTAINE, JEAN DE LA.
Born 1621, France.—Died 1695.
The Shepherd and the King. Vol. I. 309

FOOTE, ALBERTUS B.
Would You? Vol. III. 152

FORBES, HENRY.
Born 1850, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1890.
Mary Russell Mitford. Vol. V. 408

FORD, JOHN.
Born 1586, England.—Died 1646.
The Hill of Honor. Vol. II. 57

FORRESTER, FANNY.
See JUDSON, EMILY C.

FORSTER, HON. WILLIAM.
Born 1818, Madras; lived in Australia.—Died 1886.
Our Existence must we Measure. Vol. V. 452

FOSTER, R. NORMAN.
Born 1833, Toronto, Canada; lives in U. S. A.
Love is the Life of Man.* Vol. I. 264

FRANCKLIN, THOMAS.
Born 1721, England.—Died 1784.
History and Poetry.* Vol. I. 461

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN.
Born 1706, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1790, Philadelphia.
Journey from Boston to Philadelphia. Vol. I. 145

FREDET, PETER, D. D.
Born 1801, France.—Died 1856, Maryland, U. S. A.
Rise of the Roman Republic, B. C. 509. Vol. I. 447

FREEMAN, EDWARD A., M. A.
Born 1823, England.—Died 1892.
Mahomet. Vol. I. 294

FREILIGRATH, FERDINAND.
Born 1810, Germany.—Died 1876.
The Bandit's Burial. Vol. III. 413
The Lion's Ride. Vol. VI. 348

FRENEAU, PHILIP.
Born 1752, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1832.
The Dying Indian. Vol. III. 221

FRERE, JOHN HOOKHAM. PAGE
Born 1769, England.—Died 1846.
The Victory of Brunnenburg. Vol. I. 394

FROISSART, SIR JOHN.
Born 1337, France; lived in England.—Died 1410.
A Trial by Combat in the Fourteenth Century. Vol. I. . . . 440

FROTHINGHAM, NATHANIEL LANGDON.
Born 1793, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1870.
Indian Death-Song.* Vol. III. 233

FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY.
Born 1818, England.—Died 1894.
English Food. Vol. VI. 41
Progress. Vol. VI. 113

FULLER, HOWARD M.
About 1870, United States of America.
Mamma's Boy. Vol. II. 190

FULLER, META V. (Mrs. M. V. Victor).
Born 1831, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1886.
A Golden Coin. Vol. III. 265

FULLER, RICHARD.
Born 1804, South Carolina, U. S. A.—Died 1876.
Domestic Jars. Vol. III. 285

FULLER, SARAH MARGARET (Marchioness d'Ossoli).
Born 1810, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Drowned 1850.
To Edith. Vol. III. 189

FYVIE, ISABELLA.
England.
A Battle. Vol. V. 284

GALLAGHER, WILLIAM D.
Born 1808, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1860.
The Laborer. Vol. VI. 315

GALTON, FRANCIS.
Born 1822, England.
Energy. Vol. III. 260

GARFIELD, JAMES ABRAM (President).
Born 1831, Ohio, U. S. A.—Died 1881.
Dr. Samuel F. B. Morse. Vol. IV. 254

GARFIELD (nom de plume).
See LOFLAND, JOHN.

GARRICK, DAVID.
Born 1716, England.—Died 1779.
Dr. Goldsmith's Characteristical Cookery. Vol. II. 28
The Cause of Writing "Retaliation." Vol. II. 23

GARTH, SAMUEL.
Born 1660, England.—Died 1718.
Matter and Mind. Vol. VI. 266

GARVEY, MICHAEL ANGELO.
Flourished 1850, England.
The Influence of the Roman Conquest upon the Gauls.* Vol. IV. 392

GASCOIGNE, GEORGE.
Born 1537, England.—Died 1577.
At Beauty's Bar. Vol. I. 198

GAY, JOHN.
Born 1688, England.—Died 1732.
The Lion and the Cub. Vol. II. 333
The Painter. Vol. II. 288

GAZAN, MUSA BEN ABEL.
Flourished about 1492, Granada.
Musa's Last Speech. Vol. VI. 307
Musa's Reply to Ferdinand's Demand. Vol. VI. 306

GENT, H. C.
England.
The Egyptian Account of the Beginning of the World.* Vol. I. 26

GEORGE, HENRY. PAGE
Born 1839, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1897.
Intellectual and Moral Growth. Vol. VI. 466

GIBBON, EDWARD.
Born 1737, England.—Died 1794.
Belisarius. Vol. II. 129
History of the Primitive Christians. Vol. V. 296

GIBBONS, CARDINAL JAMES, D. D.
Born 1834, Maryland, U. S. A.
American Religious Liberty. Vol. I. 306

GILBERT, WILLIAM S. (Gilbert and Sullivan).
Born 1836, England.
To the Terrestrial Globe. Vol. III. 119

GILFILLAN, REV. GEORGE.
Born 1813, Scotland.—Died 1878.
Andrew Marvel. Vol. V. 481
William Falconer. Vol. I. 229

GILMAN, MRS. CAROLINE (Miss Howard).
Born 1794, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1866.
The Released Convict's Cell. Vol. III. 312

GLADSTONE, WILLIAM EWART.
Born 1809, England.—Died 1898.
Kin Beyond Sea. Vol. IV. 289

GLASS, ANDREW.
Born 1824, Scotland.
The Streams. Vol. V. 68
Wisdom and Passion. Vol. V. 46

GLASSFORD, JAMES.
Born 1772, Scotland.
Go, Call for the Mourners. Vol. III. 31

GLAZIER, W. B.
Born 1827, Maine, U. S. A.
Cape Cottage at Sunset. Vol. I. 132

GLOVER, W. A., M. D.
Born 1847, New Jersey, U. S. A.
Thought. Vol. I. 494

GLÜCK, JOHANN CHRISTOPH VON.
Born 1714, Germany.—Died 1787.
Death. Vol. VI. 127

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFANG VON.
Born 1749, Germany.—Died 1832.
Character. Vol. III. 205
Death of Margaret. Vol. VI. 254
Myths. Vol. III. 109
Originality. Vol. III. 170
Self-Estimate. Vol. II. 410
The Minstrel. Vol. III. 209
The Well-bred Man. Vol. II. 388
Wilfulness. Vol. II. 466

GOFFE, THOMAS.
Born about 1592, England.—Died 1629.
Love Without Return. Vol. VI. 263

GOLDSCHMIDT, MRS. OTTO.
See LIND, JENNY.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.
Born 1728, Ireland.—Died 1774.
Edwin and Angelina. Vol. III. 280
Retaliation. Vol. II. 23
Story of Matilda. Vol. V. 139
The Badger. Vol. V. 262
The Deserted Village. Vol. I. 101
The Pent Ocean. Vol. IV. 402
Woman. Vol. IV. 306

GOODALE, ELAINE.
Born 1863, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
The Woodchopper's Sweetheart. Vol. II. 85

GOODRICH, ORRIN. PAGE
Borrioboola Gha. Vol. V. 81

GOODRICH, SAMUEL GRISWOLD (Peter Parley).
Born 1793, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1860.
The Indian Chief Logan. Vol. VI. 111

GORDON, ADAM LINDSAY.
Born 1833, Fayal, one of the Azores.—Died 1870.
The Exile's Farewell. Vol. V. 452

GOUGH, JOHN B.
Born 1817, England; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1886.
Apostrophe to Water. Vol. III. 173
The Power of Habit. Vol. III. 197

GOULD, HANNAH FLAGG.
Born 1789. Vermont, U. S. A.—Died 1865.
A Name in the Sand. Vol. V. 188

GOULD, ROBERT.
Wrote about 1680, England.—Died 1708.
Not Made for One. Vol. I. 274

GOULD, SABINE BARING, M. A.
Translated from the Iceland dialect 1863.
The Dream.* Vol. V. 499

GOWER, LORD FRANCIS LEVESON.
Born 1800, England.—Died 1857.
Deer-Shooting. Vol. IV. 51

GRAHAME, JAMES.
Born 1765, Scotland.—Died 1811.
Far in the Woods. Vol. I. 163
The Sabbath. Vol. I. 225
The Wild Duck and her Brood. Vol. III. 314

GRANT, MRS. ANNE (Miss Anne MacVicar).
Born 1755, Scotland.—Died 1838.
On a Sprig of Heath. Vol. VI. 89

GRANT, ULYSSES S. (General).
Born 1822, Ohio, U. S. A.—Died 1885.
Appomattox Court-house. Vol. VI. 258

GRANVILLE, GEORGE (Lord Lansdowne).
Born 1667, England.—Died 1735.
Love is by Fancy Led About. Vol. II. 392

GRATTAN, HENRY.
Born 1750, Ireland.—Died 1820.
The Collection of Tithes. Vol. VI. 216

GRAY, GEORGE.
Born 1808, England.—Died 1872.
The Storm is Up. Vol. III. 39

GRAY, THOMAS.
Born 1716, England.—Died 1771.
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. Vol. IV. 397

GREELEY, HORACE.
Born 1811, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1872.
What is Poetry? Vol. II. 430

GREEN, FRANCES H. (Miss Whipple).
Born 1805, Rhode Island, U. S. A.—Died 1875.
A Song of Winter. Vol. III. 398

GREEN, J. R.
Born 1758, England.—Died 1818.
Geoffrey Chaucer. Vol. III. 106
William Shakespeare. Vol. III. 71

GREEN, MATTHEW.
Born 1697, England.—Died 1737.
Contentment. Vol. V. 222

GREENE, ALBERT G.
Born 1802, Rhode Island, U. S. A.—Died 1868.
The Baron's Last Banquet. Vol. II. 416

GREENE, ROBERT. PAGE
Born 1560, England.—Died 1592.
Jealousy. Vol. I. 188

GREENWOOD, GRACE.
See LIPPINCOTT, SARAH JANE.

GRESWELL, W. PARR.
Born 1765, England.—Died 1854.
The Enchanted Palace of Cyprus.* Vol. VI. 252

GREVILLE, FULKE (Lord Brooke).
Born 1554, England.—Died 1628.
Imagination. Vol. I. 393

GRIFFIN, GERALD.
Born 1803, Ireland.—Died 1840.
The Jury-Room. Vol. VI. 91

GRIFFITH, EDWARD.
Wrote about 1821, England.
Man.* Vol. V. 461

GRIMM (THE BROTHERS).
Jakob Ludwig, born 1785, Germany.—Died 1863.
Wilhelm Karl, born 1786, Germany.—Died 1859.
Grandfather and Grandchild. Vol. I. 283

GRINGORE, PIERRE.
A. D. 1500 to 1554, France.
Learning and Wealth. Vol. IV. 495

GROTE, GEORGE.
Born 1794, England.—Died 1871.
Description and Conquest of Babylon. Vol. I. 137

GUIZOT, FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME.
Born 1787, France.—Died 1874.
Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. Vol. III. 325

HABBERTON, JOHN.
Born 1842, New York, U. S. A.
Mrs. Mayton Interviewed. Vol. I. 81

HABINGTON, WILLIAM.
Born 1605, England.—Died 1645.
Ambition. Vol. VI. 412

HAFIZ, SHAMS-AD-DIN MOHAMMED.
Born about 1300, Persia.—Died about 1390.
A Song. Vol. I. 271
Sweet Name. Vol. II. 504

HAGGARD, H. RIDER.
Born Norfolk, England, June 22, 1856; resided in Transvaal, 1877.
Beauty's Conquest. Vol. IV. 430

HAGLAY, WILLIAM.
Flourished 1808, England.
Tresia Upbraids her Husband. Vol. III. 498

HAHN, C. C.
Mater Dolorosa. Vol. I. 92

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT.
Born 1822, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
Cleopatra. Vol. III. 503

HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA.
Born 1795, New Hampshire, U. S. A.—Died 1879.
An Anecdote of Louis XIV.* Vol. VI. 72
Beauty a Type. Vol. II. 239
It Snows. Vol. III. 358
The Love Pledge. Vol. III. 423
The Power of Thought. Vol. IV. 47
The Two Maidens. Vol. IV. 108

HALIBURTON, JUDGE THOMAS CHANDLER.
Born 1796, Nova Scotia.—Died 1865.
The Circuit. Vol. I. 28

HALL, JAMES. PAGE
Born 1793, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1868.
Old Virginia Hospitality. Vol. III. 120
Wedded Love's First Home. Vol. IV. 356

HALL, JOSEPH (Bishop of Exeter).
Born 1574, England.—Died 1656.
Requirements of a Tutor. Vol. VI. 413

HALL, MRS. S. C.
See FIELDING, ANNA MARIA.

HALLAM, HENRY.
Born 1777, England.—Died 1859.
Chivalry. Vol. I. 342
Comfort in the Middle Ages. Vol. I. 46

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE.
Born 1790, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1867.
Marco Bozzaris. Vol. II. 240
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake. Vol. I. 129

HAMILTON, ALEXANDER.
Born 1757, Nevis, West Indies; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1804.
Major André and Benedict Arnold. Vol. III. 9

HAMILTON, WILLIAM.
Born 1704, Scotland.—Died 1754.
Song. Vol. III. 220

HAMPTON, JAMES.
Wrote about 1760, England.—Died 1778.
The Depravity of Mankind.* Vol. VI. 438
The Siege of Syracuse.* Vol. VI. 74

HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.
Percy Bysshe Shelley. Vol. V. 329

HANNIBAL.
Born B. C. 247, Carthage, Africa.—Died B. C. 183.
To his Soldiers. Vol. II. 34

HANUM, SHEREEF (a Turkish Lady).
Constantinople.
A Mohammedan Hymn. Vol. III. 494

HARBAUGH, HENRY.
Born 1817, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1867.
Through Death to Life. Vol. IV. 403

HARPUR, CHARLES.
Born 1811, New South Wales.—Died 1868.
Onward. Vol. V. 453
Words. Vol. V. 453

HARRIET, ANNE.
Death of Gaudentis. Vol. V. 85

HARRINGTON, JOHN.
Born 1534, England.—Died 1582.
Isabella Markham. Vol. I. 393
My Books. Vol. III. 70

HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN.
Born 1561, England.—Died 1612.
An Epigram. Vol. V. 383

HART, JOHN S., LL.D.
Born 1810, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1877.
Conversation. Vol. VI. 435

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET.
Born 1839, New York, U. S. A.
Her Letter. Vol. V. 304
His Answer to Her Letter. Vol. V. 305
The Society upon the Stanislaus. Vol. I. 48

HARVEY, WILLIAM HENRY.
Born 1811, Ireland.—Died 1866.
The Microscopic World. Vol. VI. 165

HASSAN, MULEY ABUL (Sultan). PAGE
Flourished 1492, Granada.
Ferdinand's Demand for Tribute. Vol. VI. 307

HAWKINS, A., F. H. S.
Flourished about 1800, England.
Marriage of Honorus and Mary.* Vol. II. 448

HAWTHORNE, JULIAN.
Born 1846, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
Sorrow for the Departed. Vol. VI. 305

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL.
Born 1807, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1864.
Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe. Vol. IV. 16
The Fountain of Youth. Vol. V. 40

HAY, JOHN (Lincoln's private secretary).
Born 1839, Indiana, U. S. A.
Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle. Vol. II. 424
Little Breeches. Vol. III. 323

HAYNE, PAUL H.
Born 1831, South Carolina, U. S. A.—Died 1886.
An Hour Too Late. Vol. I. 307

HAYS, MRS. MARY.
Born 1796, England.—Died 1817.
A Fop.* Vol. IV. 157

HAYWARD, A.
Born 1800, England.—Died 1884.
Junius. Vol. VI. 293

HAYYAN, IBNU.
Born 1006, Cordova.—Died 1076.
Character of Abdu-r-Rahman. Vol. II. 493

HAZLITT, WILLIAM.
Born 1778, England.—Died 1830.
The Love of Life. Vol. I. 179

HEBER, REGINALD (Bishop Heber).
Born 1783, England.—Died 1826.
I See them on their Winding Way. Vol. II. 232
Spring. Vol. III. 312
The Hunting-Party. Vol. II. 197

HEDDERWICK, JAMES LL.D.
Born 1814, Scotland.
Alone. Vol. I. 274
There is No Waste. Vol. I. 324
To a Coquette. Vol. I. 325

HEINE, HEINRICH.
Born 1800, Germany.—Died 1856.
The Fisherman's Cottage. Vol. I. 219

HEMANS, FELICIA.
Born 1794, England.—Died 1835.
Affection. Vol. II. 36
A Mother's Love. Vol. V. 164
Spring. Vol. III. 356
The Adopted Child. Vol. II. 444
The Better Land. Vol. IV. 54
The Homes of England. Vol. V. 317
The Return. Vol. III. 174

HENDERSON. M.
The Outlaw. Vol. V. 197

HENRY, PATRICK.
Born 1736, Virginia, U. S. A.—Died 1799.
The Republic of Switzerland. Vol. IV. 342
Address on the Stamp Act. Vol. II. 392

HENRYSONE, ROBERT.
Wrote about 1460 to 1490, Scotland.
A Simple Life the Best. Vol. VI. 89

HENTZ, CAROLINE LEE.
Born 1800, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1856.
The Snowflake. Vol. III. 188

HERBERT, GEORGE. PAGE
Born 1593, England.—Died 1632.
Precepts. Vol. III. 151

HERDER, JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON.
Born 1744, Germany.—Died 1803.
Hebrew Poetry. Vol. V. 148

HEREDIA, JOSÉ MARIA.
Born 1803, Cuba.—Died Mexico 1839.
The Exile's Hymn. Vol. VI. 446

HERMIPPUS.
Flourished about B. C. 450, Greece.
Satyr King. Vol. VI. 454

HERNDON, HON. WILLIAM H. (law partner of Lincoln).
Born 1818, Kentucky, U. S. A.—Died 1891.
Lincoln at Springfield. Vol. VI. 102

HERODOTUS.
Born about B. C. 484, Greece.—Died about B. C. 408.
The Battle of Marathon. Vol. V. 465

HERRICK, ROBERT.
Born 1591, England.—Died 1674.
Care. Vol. II. 425
Cherry Ripe. Vol. III. 410
Go, Happy Rose. Vol. I. 277
Life's Changes. Vol. II. 467
The Bleeding Hand. Vol. IV. 209

HERVEY, J. K.
Born 1713, England.—Died 1758.
Oh, Love hath Spoken! Vol. V 171

HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE.
Born 1804, England.—Died 1859.
Parting. Vol. II. 252
You Remember the Maid. Vol. I. 197

HESIOD.
Born about B. C. 850, Greece.
Precepts of Ancient Greece. Vol. V. 165

HEYWOOD, JOHN.
Born 1500, England.—Died 1565.
A Story. Vol. VI. 128

HEYWOOD, THOMAS.
Wrote about 1620, England.
The Death-Bell. Vol. I. 95

HILL, AARON.
Born 1685, England.—Died 1750.
As Lamps Burn Silent. Vol. II. 276

HILLARD, GEORGE S., LL.D.
Born 1808, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1879.
Books. Vol. II. 35

HILLHOUSE, JAMES A.
Born 1789, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1841.
Arthur's Soliloquy. Vol. III. 98

HIRAI, KINZA RIUGE M.
Flourished 1893, Japan.
Synthetic Religion. Vol. III. 489

HIRAM, KING.
Flourished about B. C. 1000, Tyre.
Letter to King Solomon. Vol. I. 99

HOBBES, THOMAS.
Born 1588, England.—Died 1679.
Why our Breath Blows both Hot and Cold. Vol. I. 414

HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO.
Born 1806, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1884.
Monterey. Vol. VI. 111
The Flying Head. Vol. I. 229

HOGG, JAMES (the Ettrick Shepherd). PAGE
Born about 1773, Scotland.—Died 1835.
Love. Vol. II. . . . 170
The Broken Heart. Vol. III. . . . 412

HOLLAND, DR. J. G.
Born 1819, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1881.
An Ideal Woman. Vol. II. . . . 110

HOLMES, C. E. L.
United States of America; wrote about 1875.
You Put No Flowers on my Papa's Grave. Vol. VI. . . . 147

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.
Born 1809, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1894.
How the Old Horse Won the Bet. Vol. V. . . . 107
The Treadmill Song. Vol. II. . . . 425

HOME, JOHN.
Born 1722, Scotland.—Died 1808.
Norval. Vol. III. . . . 316

HOME JOURNAL.
1846, New York, U. S. A.
The Life-book. Vol. I. . . . 86

HOMER.
Born about B. C. 900, Greece.
Hector and Andromache. Vol. IV. . . . 45
How the Maidens of Circè attended Ulysses. Vol. VI. . . . 80
Nausicaa's Request of her Sire. Vol. VI. . . . 442
Priam Petitions Achilles for the Body of his Son. Vol. II. . . 419
The Shield of Achilles. Vol. II. . . . 327

HOOD, THOMAS.
Born 1798, England.—Died 1845.
A Child Embracing his Mother. Vol. II. . . . 114
A Parental Ode to his Son. Vol. V. . . . 321
Ruth. Vol. II. . . . 86
The Bridge of Sighs. Vol. IV. . . . 257
We Watched her Breathing. Vol. III. . . . 156

HOOK, THEODORE EDWARD.
Born 1788, England.—Died 1841.
Cavendish Blundell. Vol. VI. . . . 193

HOOKER, HERMAN.
Born 1804, Vermont, U. S. A.—Died 1867.
Vanity. Vol. IV. . . . 488

HOOKER, RICHARD.
Born 1553, England.—Died 1600.
Law. Vol. VI. . . . 443

HOOPER, ELLEN STURGIS.
Life a Duty. Vol. III. . . . 437

HOOPER, LUCY HAMILTON (Mrs. Jones).
Born 1835, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1893.
After the Battle. Vol. VI. . . . 144

HOPPIN, WILLIAM J.
Born 1813, Rhode Island, U. S. A.
Charlie Machree. Vol. V. . . . 173

HORACE (Quintus Horatius Flaccus).
Born B. C. 64, Venusium, Italy.—Died B. C. 8.
The Golden Mean. Vol. III. . . . 55

HORUS THE BRAVE.
Very ancient; Egypt.
Inscription on the Obelisk of Heliopolis. Vol. II. . . . 58

HOUGHTON, LORD.
England.
See MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON.

HOWARD, HENRY (Earl of Surrey).
Born about 1516, England.—Died 1547.
The Capture of Troy.* Vol. VI. . . . 418

HOWE, JULIA WARD. PAGE
Born 1819, New York, U. S. A.
Battle-hymn of the Republic. Vol. VI. . . . 149
The Royal Guest. Vol. VI. . . . 378

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN.
Born 1837, Ohio, U. S. A.
Venice. Vol. VI. . . . 454

HOWITT, MARY.
Born about 1804, England.—Died 1888.
Leaves from the Diary of a Poor Schoolmaster. Vol. II. . . . 257
Pauper Orphans. Vol. V. . . . 209

HOWITT, WILLIAM.
Born 1795, England.—Died 1879.
A Sunny Noon. Vol. VI. . . . 292

HOYT, RALPH.
Born 1810, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1878.
Old. Vol. IV. . . . 459

HUGHES, ARCHBISHOP JOHN, D. D.
Born 1797, Ireland; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1864.
The Middle Ages. Vol. I. . . . 181

HUGHES, JABEZ.
Born 1685, England.—Died 1731.
Proscription of Cicero.* Vol. IV. . . . 280

HUGHES, THOMAS.
Born 1823, England.—Died 1896.
The Browns. Vol. IV. . . . 203

HUGO, VICTOR.
Born 1802, France.—Died 1885.
The Convict and the Good Bishop. Vol. V. . . . 405
The Story of a Gun. Vol. III. . . . 24

HUMBOLDT, BARON FRIEDRICH HEINRICH ALEXANDER VON.
Born 1769, Germany.—Died 1859.
The Early Inhabitants of Mexico. Vol. I. . . . 315
Kosmos. Vol. III. . . . 183

HUME, ANNA.
Wrote about 1644, Scotland.
The Triumph of Love. Vol. VI. . . . 83

HUME, DAVID.
Born 1711, Scotland.—Died 1776.
Magna Charta. Vol. V. . . . 269

HUME, GEORGE.
Scotland.—Wrote 1847.
The Early Dawn. Vol. V. . . . 219

HUNT, MRS. HELEN (Miss Helen Fisk) (Mrs. Jackson).
Born 1831, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1885.
Lifted Over. Vol. VI. . . . 126

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH.
Born 1784, England.—Died 1859.
Abou Ben Adhem. Vol. I. . . . 397
An Angel in the House. Vol. I. . . . 114
Jaffar. Vol. I. . . . 114
Jennie Kissed Me. Vol. V. . . . 137
Mahmoud. Vol. V. . . . 383

HUNTER, ANNE.
Born 1741, Scotland.—Died 1821.
The Lot of Thousands. Vol. V. . . . 20

HURD and HOUGHTON (Publishers).
A Last Word.* Vol. I. . . . 189

HUSS, JOHN.
Born 1373, Bohemia.—Died 1415.
A Fragment. Vol. VI. . . . 447

HUSTON, FRANCIS.
Wrote about 1860, Ireland (a sailor); lived in U. S. A.
Twenty Years Ago. Vol. II. . . . 75

HUXLEY, THOMAS H. PAGE
Born 1825, England.—Died 1895.
The Gibbons. Vol. I. 418

HWUY, YEN (or HUI).
Flourished about B. C. 521, China.—Died B. C. 488.
A Chinese Millennium. Vol. IV. 127

HYBRIAS.
Flourished fifth century B. C., Greece.
The Good Steel Sword is My Wealth. Vol. VI. 459

HYSLOP, JAMES (the Shepherd Boy).
Born 1798, Scotland.—Died 1827.
Let Italy Boast. Vol. III. 77

IBYCUS.
Flourished sixth century B. C., Greece.
Song. Vol. VI. 460

ILSLEY, CHARLES P.
This is Not my Home. Vol. IV. 151

INCHBALD, MRS.
Born 1753, England.—Died 1821.
See SIMPSON, ELIZABETH.

INGELOW, JEAN.
Born 1830, England.—Died 1897.
Lettice White. Vol. IV. 43
Song of Margaret. Vol. III. 274
The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire. Vol. III. . . 452

INGLIS, HENRY DAVID.
Born 1795, Scotland.—Died 1835.
The Bandit's Burial.* Vol. III. 413
The Goldsmith's Daughter.* Vol. III. 444
William Tell.* Vol. III. 300

INGLIS, ROBERT.
Born 1786, England.—Died 1855.
Edmund Spenser. Vol. IV. 88
Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Vol. IV. 195
Thomas Moore. Vol. IV. 65

IN, JYUNTOKU.
Flourished about 1209, Japan.
The Hundred-Chambered Palace. Vol. I. 504

IRELAN, JOHN ROBERT, DR.
Born 1836, Ohio, U. S. A.—Died 1898.
Aaron Burr's Return to his Country. Vol. VI. 444

IRVING, WASHINGTON.
Born 1783, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1859.
Musa's Reply to Ferdinand's Demand.* Vol. VI. 306
Stratford-on-Avon. Vol. V. 7
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Vol. V. 360
The Moorish Sultana's Lament.* Vol. VI. 306
The Queen's Address.* Vol. VI. 307

ISABELLA, QUEEN.
Born 1451, Castile.—Died 1504.
Reply to Columbus. Vol. II. 296
The Queen's Address. Vol. VI. 307

ISAIAH, THE PROPHET.
Flourished about B. C. 740, Jerusalem.
The Messiah. Vol. IV. 201

ISIS, QUEEN (reputed a Goddess).
Very ancient; Egypt.
The Epitaph. Vol. I. 28

ITALICUS, CAIUS SILIUS.
Flourished 72; place of birth uncertain, Spain or Italy.
Hannibal Leading his Army Across the Alps. Vol. V. . . . 224

IXTLILXOCHITL, FERNANDO DE AHA.
Sixteenth century, Mexico.
Banish Care.* Vol. VI. 201
Indian Thanatopsis.* Vol. VI. 201

JACKSON, H. ROATES, GENERAL. PAGE
Born 1820, Georgia, U. S. A.
My Father. Vol. IV. 228

JAGO, RICHARD.
Born 1715, England.—Died 1781.
Absence. Vol. IV. 309

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.
Born 1394, Scotland.—Died 1437.
Captivity. Vol. VI. 125

JAMES, G. P. R.
Born 1801, London, England.—Died 1860.
Line for Line, Sir, like That. Vol. I. 67

JAMES, PAUL MOON.
Born 1780, England.—Died 1854.
The Beacon. Vol. VI. 575

JAMES, THOMAS A.
England.
Where are the Wicked Buried? Vol. IV. 24

JAMESON, MRS. ANNA. (Miss Anna Murphy).
Born 1797, Ireland.—Died 1860.
Giotto (Ambrogiotto Bondone). Vol. VI. 384

JAMI or NURUDDIN ABDURRAHMAN.
Born A. D. 1349, Persia.—Died A. D. 1480.
The Beauty of Creation. Vol. VI. 470

JANIN, JULES GABRIEL.
Born 1804, France.—Died 1874.
Genoa. Vol. VI. 295

JARVIS, CHARLES.
England.—Died 1743.
The Don's Adventure with the Windmill.* Vol. III. 47

JEFFERSON, THOMAS.
Born 1743, Virginia.—Died 1826.
France in the Days of Jefferson. Vol. III. 109
Happiness and Admiration. Vol. VI. 175

JENNINGS, JOHN A.
Wrote about 1878, Ireland.
Rest. Vol. II. 432

JERROLD, DOUGLAS WILLIAM.
Born 1803, England.—Died 1858.
Female Tenderness. Vol. II. 189

JESSE, CAPTAIN.
England. Author of "Life of George Brummel."
George Brummel and the Prince of Wales. Vol. VI. 24

JESSE, EDWARD.
Born 1780, England.—Died 1868.
The Economy of Nature. Vol. VI. 164

JEWSBURY, MISS M. A.
Born about 1800, England.—Died 1833.
Flight of Xerxes. Vol. IV. 435

JI-TO, EMPRESS.
Born 680, Japan.
Selection. Vol. II. 55

JOB.
Born, various dates stated, about 1000 B. C., Uz, between Idumea, Palestine, and the Euphrates.
Oh that Mine Adversary had Written a Book! Vol. VI. . . 471

JOHN, SAINT.
Born about 5, Bethsaida.—Died about 99.
The Holy Jerusalem. Vol. VI. 541

JOHNES, THOMAS.
Born 1748, England.—Died 1816.
A Combat, A. D. 1403.* Vol. VI. 267

JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL.
Born 1709, England.—Died 1784.
Charles the Twelfth. Vol. II. 273

JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL—CONTINUED. PAGE
Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. Vol. II. 489
Lying. Vol. IV. 256
Plans of Life often Illusory. Vol. III. 193
Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. Vol. VI. 276
Reading. Vol. II. 255
Retirement. Vol. IV. 287
Table-Talk. Vol. II. 174

JOHNSON, PROF. E. A.
Born about 1813, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1891.
After the Battle. Vol. VI. 152

JONES, S. A.
About 1860, Mississippi, U. S. A.
Only a Soldier's Grave. Vol. VI. 136

JONES, THOMAS.
Born 1748, England.—Died 1816.
A Trial by Combat in the Fourteenth Century.* Vol. I. . . 440

JONES, SIR WILLIAM.
Born 1746, England.—Died 1794.
A Song.* Vol I. 271
Selections from "Sacontalá." Vol. I. 34
The Elephant.* Vol. IV. 157
What Constitutes a State. Vol. II. 382

JONSON, BEN.
Born 1574, England.—Died 1637.
A Lady's Epitaph. Vol. IV. 306
Drink to Me with Thine Eyes.* Vol, III. 316
Shadows. Vol. II. 445
The Countess of Pembroke. Vol. I. 306
The Sweet Neglect. Vol. III. 40

JOSEPHUS, FLAVIUS.
Born 37, Jerusalem.—Died about 98.
The Temple. Vol. I. 40

JOSSELYN, ROBERT.
Born 1803, England.—Died 1857.
The Young Widow. Vol. III. 151

JOWETT, BENJAMIN, M. A., D. D.
Born 1817, England.—Died 1893.
Speech of Archidamus against War with Athens.* Vol. I. . 303

JUDSON, EMILY C.
Born 1817, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1854.
Not a Poet. Vol. I. 270

JUGINAC, GENERAL.
Flourished 1842, Hayti.
The Duty of Clergymen. Vol. VI. 448

JUNIUS (anonymous writer; supposed to be Sir Philip Francis).
Born 1740, Ireland.—Died 1818. (Wrote from 1769 to 1772.)
Junius's Letter to King George III. Vol. VI. 296

JUNKIN, MARGARET (Mrs. M. J. Preston).
Born 1825, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1897.
Galileo. Vol. IV. 440

JUSTINIAN.
Born 482, Bulgaria.—Died 565.
Ancient Jurisprudence. Vol. V. 502

JUSTINUS, M. JUNIANUS.
Born about 250 B. C., Rome.
Philip and Alexander. Vol. IV. 359

JUVENALIS, DECIMUS JUNIUS (Juvenal).
Wrote in the First Century, Aquinum.
The Great Man's Board. Vol. II. 347

KAMEHAMEHA, QUEEN.
Sandwich Islands.—Died 1823.
Farewell, Hawaiian. Vol. VI. 448

KALIDASA.
See CALIDASA.

KANE, ELISHA KENT. PAGE
Born 1820, Philadelphia.—Died 1857.
The Rescue. Vol. I. 453

KARAJITCH, VUK STEFANOVITCH.
Born 1787, Servia.—Died 1813.
Farewell. Vol. VI. 449

KASHIFI, HUSSEIN VA'IZ.
Persia.
Gul-ú-Bulbul; or The Nightingale and the Rose. Vol. III. . 391

KEATS, JOHN.
Born 1796, England.—Died 1821.
Beauty. Vol. I. 38
Chapman's Homer. Vol. VI. 158

KEBLE, JOHN.
Born 1792, England.—Died 1866.
Morning. Vol. III. 480

KEEGAN, JOHN.
Born 1809, Ireland.—Died 1848.
The Holly-and-Ivy Girl. Vol. IV. 238

KEKUANAOA, GOVERNOR.
Flourished 1841, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.
Days of Kamehameha the First. Vol. VI. 382

KEMBLE, FRANCIS ANNE.
Born 1811, England.—Died 1893.
Life. Vol. III. 274
Trust. Vol. II. 319

KENDAL, MARY M. JUDSON.
Wrote 1895, New York, U. S. A.; lives in Chicago, Illinois.
Shadows. Vol. V. 499

KENDALL, HENRY CLARENCE.
Born 1842, Ulladulla, coast of New South Wales.—Died Redfern, near Sydney, 1882.
The Australian February. Vol. V. 454

KENEALY, EDWARD VAUGHAN.
Born 1819, Ireland.—Died 1880.
Maouals* (from the Arabic). Vol. III. 190
The Reward* (from the Italian). Vol. III. 190
Veedya* (from the Bengali). Vol. III. 225
Withered Flowers Dearly Loved. Vol. III. 189

KENNEDY, CHARLES RANN.
Born 1808, England.—Died 1867.
Eloquence should not Shield Treachery.* Vol. IV. 111

KENNEDY, JOHN P.
Born 1795, Maryland, U. S A.—Died 1870.
The Capture. Vol. IV. 482

KENT, PHILIP B. A.
England, flourished about 1850.
The Poetry of Death.* Vol. II. 504

KEPLER, JOHANN.
Born 1571, Germany.—Died 1627.
Discovery of the Third Law. Vol. V. 69

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT.
Born 1779, Maryland, U. S. A.—Died 1843.
The Star-Spangled Banner. Vol. VI. 129

KHAYYAM, HAKIM OMAR (KHEIYAM).
Born about 1060, Persia.—Died A. D. 1123.
Come with Old Khayyam! Vol. VI. 464
The House of God. Vol. III. 400

KHALIF AL-HAKEM II.
Born 915, Andalus.—Died 976.
Library. Vol. II. 498

KHEMNITZER (or CHEMNITZER), IVAN IVANOVICH.
Born 1744, Russia.—Died 1784.
The Lion's Council of State. Vol. VI. 204
The Rich Man and the Poor Man. Vol. I. 292

KIMBALL, HARRIET McEWEN. PAGE
Born 1834, New Hampshire, U. S. A.
All's Well. Vol. I. 397

KING, HENRY, D. D.
Born 1591, England.—Died 1669.
Life. Vol. III. 119

KING, WILLIAM.
Born 1685, England.—Died 1763.
Discontent. Vol. IV. 357

KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER WILLIAM.
Born 1811, England.—Died 1891.
The Sphynx. Vol. VI. 168

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.
Born 1819, England.—Died 1875.
A Farewell. Vol. II. 378
The Fishermen. Vol. III. 262
The Sands of Dee. Vol. II. 325

KINNE, ABBIE.
Rover and Baby. Vol. IV. 478

KIPLING, RUDYARD.
Born 1865, India; lived in U. S. A.
The Art of the Future. Vol. VI. 469

KIRETCHJIAN, HERANT M.
Flourished 1893, Constantinople.
Young Men of the Orient. Vol. III. 491

KIRK, JOHN FOSTER.
Born 1824, New Brunswick; lives in U. S. A.
The Battle of Nancy and the Death of Charles the Bold. Vol. III. 116

KIRKLAND, CAROLINE M.
Born 1801, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1864.
Lazy People. Vol. VI. 78

KNIGHT, CHARLES.
Born 1791, England.—Died 1873.
Invention of the Printing-Press. Vol. VI. 353
Lady Jane Grey. Vol. VI. 338

KNOWLES, HERBERT.
Born 1798, England.—Died 1817.
Lines Written in Richmond Churchyard, Yorkshire. Vol. I. 273

KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN.
Born 1784, Ireland.—Died 1862.
Cæsar Passing the Rubicon. Vol. III. 144
Love's Artifice. Vol. III. 155
St. Pierre to Ferrardo. Vol. IV. 105

KNOX, WILLIAM.
Born 1788, Scotland.—Died 1825.
Oh, Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud? Vol. III. . 80

KÖRNER, THEODOR.
Born 1791, Germany.—Died 1813.
Prayer during Battle. Vol. III. 78

KOSSUTH, LOUIS.
Born 1802, Hungary.—Died 1894.
Heroism of the Hungarian People. Vol. IV. 87

KOSTROV, ERMIL IVANOVICH.
Russia.—Died 1796.
The Vow. Vol. VI. 204

KRAUSKOPF, RABBI JOSEPH.
Born about 1858, Prussia; lives in Philadelphia, Pa.
Gauge of a Man's Greatness. Vol. IV. 129

KRUMMACHER, FRIEDRICH ADOLPH.
Born 1768, Germany.—Died 1845.
Alpine Heights. Vol. VI. 310

KRYCZYNSKI, JOHN N.
Flourished 1847, Poland.
The Primitive Government of Poland. Vol. VI. 158

LA COSTE, MARIE R. PAGE
Born 1842, Georgia, U. S. A.
Somebody's Darling. Vol. VI. 121

LAMARTINE, ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE.
Born 1792, France.—Died 1869.
De Lisle and his Hymn "The Marseillaise." Vol. IV. . . . 499
Farewell. Vol. III. 44
Madame de Staël. Vol. V. 253

LAMB, CHARLES.
Born 1775, England.—Died 1834.
Discovery of Roast Pig. Vol. II. 77
Table-Talk. Vol. V. 327
The Old Familiar Faces. Vol. III. 456
The Superannuated Man. Vol. II. 247

LANDON, MRS. L. E.
Born 1802, England.—Died 1830.
A Woman's Love. Vol. II. 65
Crescentius. Vol. II. 251
Death and the Youth. Vol. V. 53
Leila. Vol. IV. 48
Oh, if Thou Lovest! Vol. V. 35
The Bride of the Dead. Vol. IV. 41
The Grasp of the Dead. Vol. V. 58

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE.
Born 1775, England.—Died 1864.
The Dream of Petrarca. Vol. II. 111
The Maid's Lament. Vol. II. 29
The One Gray Hair. Vol. IV. 109

LANGHORNE, DR. JOHN.
Born 1735, England.—Died 1779.
Mercy Should have Mitigated Justice. Vol. IV. 470

LANGHORNE, JOHN and WILLIAM.
John, born 1735, England.—Died 1779.
William, born 1721, England.—Died 1772.
Fabius Maximus and Hannibal.* Vol. IV. 496

LARCOM, LUCY.
Born 1826, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1893.
The Curtain of the Dark. Vol. III. 152

LAWRENCE, JONATHAN.
Born 1807, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1833.
Look Aloft. Vol. I. 139

LECKY, WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE.
Born 1838, Ireland.
Developments of Rationalism. Vol. VI. 267

LEDLIE, GEORGE.
Born 1857, Maryland, U. S. A.—Died 1877.
She Looked for Him. Vol. VI. 89
The Anthem. Vol. VI. 83

LEE, ELEANOR P.
Born 1819, Mississippi, U. S. A.—Died 1850.
Bury her with her Shining Hair. Vol. IV. 439
The Palaces of Araby. Vol. I. 133

LEE, HOLME (Harriet Parr).
Wrote about 1857, England.
The Haunted Mere. Vol. II. 128

LEE, NATHANIEL.
Born 1657, England.—Died 1691.
Love. Vol. I. 385

LEE, ROBERT EDMUND (General).
Born 1810, Virginia, U. S. A.—Died October, 1870.
Letter to General Grant. Vol. VI. 289

LEGARÉ, HUGH SWINTON.
Born 1797, South Carolina, U. S. A.—Died 1843.
Greek Language and Literature. Vol. IV. 388

LEGGE, JAMES, D. D. PAGE
Born 1815, Scotland.—Died 1897.
A Chinese Millennium.* Vol. IV. 127
Confucian Analects.* Vol. I. 154
King Hwuy of Leang.* Vol. IV. 59
Man's Nature is Evil.* Vol. IV. 127
The Shoo King.* Vol. IV. 57
Universal Mutual Love.* Vol. III. 488
While we Live, Make the Best of Life.* Vol. IV. 39

LEGGETT, WILLIAM.
Born 1802, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1839.
A Night at Gibraltar. Vol. I. 336

LELAND, CHARLES G.
Born 1824, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
The Fisherman's Cottage.* Vol. I. 219
Thelemé. Vol. III. 222

LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ (Dramatist).
Born 1668, France.—Died 1774.
A Lackey's Position. Vol. IV. 498

LESSING, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM.
Born 1729, Germany.—Died 1781.
The Three Kingdoms of Nature. Vol. II. 283
Death. Vol. II. 283

L'ESTRANGE, SIR ROGER,
Born 1616, England.—Died 1704.
How Æsop brought Back his Master's Wife. Vol. II. 201
Injustice. Vol. III. 175

LEVER, CHARLES.
Born 1806, Ireland.—Died 1872.
Song of the Bivouac * (from the French). Vol. V. 306
The Irish Dragoon. Vol. III. 242
The Sentry. Vol. V. 265

LEVY, LOUIS EDWARD.
Born 1846, Bohemia, Austria; lives in U. S. A.
Ancient Life Unfolded. Vol. II. 80
Roman Shepherd. Vol. III. 420

LEVY, RABBI JOSEPH LEONARD.
Born 1865, England; lives in U. S. A.
Moses. Vol. IV. 504

LEWIS, MATTHEW GREGORY.
Born 1775, England.—Died 1818.
Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine. Vol. I. 395
The Felon. Vol. V. 83
The Maniac. Vol. IV. 323

LEWIS, SARAH ANNA.
Greece. Vol. IV. 150

LEYDEN, JOHN.
Born 1775, Scotland.—Died 1811.
The Evening Star. Vol. VI. 171

LIANCOURT, DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.
Born 1747, France.—Died 1827.
Boston at the Close of the Last Century. Vol. VI. 77

LIEBIG, JUSTUS VON.
Born 1803, Germany.—Died 1873.
Chemical Combination, Decomposition and Affinity. Vol. III. 447

LIECHTENSTEIN, PRINCE RUDOLPH.
Germany.
Woman's Power. Vol. I. 162

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM (President).
Born 1809, Kentucky, U. S. A.—Died 1865.
Shall our Republic Endure? (Speech at Gettysburg.) Vol. III. 397

LIND, JENNY (Mrs. Otto Goldschmidt).
Born 1821, Sweden.—Died 1887.
Farewell to America. Vol. V. 20

LINDSAY (or LYNDSAY), SIR DAVID. PAGE
Born about 1490, Scotland.—Died about 1567.
The Law. Vol. VI. 88
Upon the Lute. Vol. VI. 128

LINGARD, JOHN, D. D.
Born 1771, England.—Died 1851.
Canute the Dane. Vol. IV. 290

LIPPINCOTT, SARA JANE (Grace Greenwood, Miss Clark).
Born 1823, New York, U. S. A.
The Horseback Ride. Vol. VI. 122

LITERARY SOUVENIR.
The Return. Vol. IV. 353

LITTLETON, ADAM, D. D.
Born 1627, England.—Died 1694.
Satyr-King.* Vol. VI. 454

LIVINGSTONE, DAVID, LL.D.
Born about 1817, Scotland.—Died 1873.
South Africa. Vol. I. 408

LIVIUS, TITUS (Livy).
Born B. C. 59, Italy.—Died A. D. 17.
A Story of Roman Discipline. Vol. IV. 146
Hannibal to his Soldiers. Vol. II. 34

LLOYD, ROBERT.
Born 1733, England.—Died 1764.
A School Usher. Vol. I. 275

LOCKE, JOHN.
Born 1632, England.—Died 1704.
How to Study. Vol. III. 196
Reading and Thinking. Vol. II. 373

LOCKERBY, DANIEL FORBES.
Born 1840, Prince Edward Island, Canada.
Mind Power. Vol. VI. 468

LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON.
Born 1794, Scotland.—Died 1854.
The Bull-fight of Gazul.* Vol. V. 242
The Cid.* Vol. III. 501
The Lord of Butrago * (from the Spanish). Vol. IV. 158

LODGE, THOMAS.
Born 1556, England.—Died 1625.
Anger and its Remedies.* Vol. IV. 60

LOFLAND, JOHN (The Milford Bard).
Born 1798, Delaware, U. S. A.—Died 1849.
Slander. Vol. V. 358

LOGAN, JOHN. Born 1748, Scotland.—Died 1788.
Thy Braes were Bonny. Vol. I. 213
To the Cuckoo. Vol. IV. 265

LOGAN, JOHN (The Mingo Chief: Indian name Tah-Gah-Jute).
Born about 1725, borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia, U. S. A.—Died 1780. Speech. Vol. VI. 113

LOKER, T. Born 1821, England.
Many, Many Years Ago. Vol. I. 194

LOKMAN THE SAGE (or ABU AMAN).
Flourished B. C. 1015, Arabia.
Fables. Vol. III. 440

LOMB, GEORGE W. C.
Born 1851, Virginia, U. S. A.
When the Hawthorn Buds were Springing! Vol. III. . . . 497

LOMONOSOV, MICHAEL VASSILJEVICH.
Born 1711, Russia.—Died 1765.
On the Majesty of God. Vol. VI. 372

LONG, GEORGE.
Born 1800, England.—Died 1879.
The Death of Agrippina, the Mother of Nero.* Vol. I. . . . 151
Meditations.* Vol. VI. 465

LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. PAGE
Born 1807, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1882.
Hiawatha's Wooing. Vol. V. . . . 385
The Day is Done. Vol. V. . . . 172

LONNROT, DR. ELIAS.
Flourished 1849, Finland.
The Kalevala. Vol. VI. . . . 461

LORING, GENERAL W. W.
Born 1815, North Carolina, U. S. A.—Died 1886.
Ismail Pacha. Vol. III. . . . 424

LOSSING, BENSON J.
Born 1813, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1891.
Daniel Webster. Vol. IV. . . . 64
The Battle of New Orleans. Vol. IV. . . . 113

LOUBAT, JOSEPH F.
Flourished 1875, United States of America.
The Church of St. Isaac, St. Petersburg. Vol. II. . . . 324

LOUD, MARGUERITE ST. LEON (Miss Barstow).
Born about 1810, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
The Aged. Vol. IV. . . . 428

LOVELACE, RICHARD.
Born 1618, England.—Died 1658.
Going to the Wars. Vol. IV. . . . 444

LOVER, SAMUEL.
Born 1797, Ireland.—Died 1868.
Dermot O'Dowd. Vol. II. . . . 344
The Angel's Whisper. Vol. II. . . . 234
The Maiden's Request. Vol. II. . . . 345

LOWE, JOHN.
Born 1750, Scotland; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1798.
Mary's Dream. Vol. II. . . . 177

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.
Born 1819, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1891.
Longing. Vol. VI. . . . 491
The Vision of Sir Launfal. Vol. VI. . . . 177

LOWELL, ROBERT TRAIL SPENCE.
Born 1816, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1891.
The Relief of Lucknow. Vol. II. . . . 258

LUCIAN.
Born 120, Greece.—Died 200.
History and Poetry. Vol. I. . . . 461

LUCRETIUS.
See CARUS.

LUKE, SAINT.
Wrote about 60, Syria.
Prodigal Son (Revised Translation). Vol. IV. . . . 126

LUTHER, MARTIN.
Born 1483, Germany.—Died 1546.
Criticism on Aristotle. Vol. VI. . . . 202

LYDGATE, JOHN.
Born 1375, England.—Died 1460.
The Golden Age. Vol. VI. . . . 88

LYLIE (LYLY, LILLY), JOHN.
Born 1553, England.—Died 1601.
Habits of the Greek Philosophers. Vol. IV. . . . 431

LYNCH, MISS ANNE C.
See BOTTA, MRS.

LYNDSAY, SIR DAVID.
See LINDSAY, SIR DAVID.

LYNN, MISS ETHEL.
See BEERS, MRS.

LYTLE, WILLIAM H.
Born 1826, Ohio, U. S. A.—Died 1863.
Antony and Cleopatra. Vol. II. . . . 307

LYTTLETON, LORD GEORGE. PAGE
Born 1709, England.—Died 1773.
Prologue to Thomson's "Coriolanus." Vol. IV. . . . 41

LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT BULWER (Lord Lytton; Owen Meredith).
Born 1831, England.—Died 1891.
Aristocracy. Vol. V. . . . 53
Aux Italiens. Vol. V. . . . 55
A Vision of Virgins. Vol. II. . . . 242
Changes. Vol. IV. . . . 396

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON (Lord Macaulay).
Born 1800, England.—Died 1859.
Horatius. Vol. III. . . . 360
Revolution and Liberty. Vol. III. . . . 153
The Origin of the National Debt of England. Vol. V. . . . 246

MACCARTHY, DENNIS FLORENCE.
Born 1817, Ireland.—Died 1882.
Love and Time. Vol. VI. . . . 377

MACCHIAVELLI, NICCOLO.
Born 1469, Italy.—Died 1527.
Opportunity. Vol. I. . . . 196

MACDONALD, GEORGE, LL.D.
Born 1824, Scotland.
Waif. Vol. II. . . . 125

MACDONALD, MRS. FREDERIKA.
Flourished about 1860, England.
Teachings and Precepts.* Vol. VI. . . . 467

MACDOUGALL, PROFESSOR.
England.
Existence.* Vol. I. . . . 415

MACFARLAN, JAMES.
Born 1832, Scotland.—Died 1862.
The Lords of Labor. Vol. V. . . . 57

MACKAY, CHARLES.
Born 1812, Scotland.—Died 1889.
A Man's a Man for a' That. Vol. IV. . . . 259
A Thousand Years Ago; or, The Ivy and the Bell. Vol. II. 169
Shooting the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. Vol. V. . . . 301
Tell Me, ye Winged Winds. Vol. II. . . . 176
To the West. Vol. V. . . . 36
Tubal Cain. Vol. IV. . . . 404
Under the Holly-Bough. Vol. II. . . . 196

MACKELLAR, THOMAS, PH.D.
Born 1812, New York; lived in Phila., Pa., U.S.A.—Died 1899.
Have Pity. Vol. III. . . . 426
Life's Evening. Vol. III. . . . 414
Only What I Ought to Be.* Vol. VI. . . . 174

MACLAGAN, ALEXANDER.
Born 1811, Scotland.—Died 1879.
The Outcast. Vol. III. . . . 198

MACLEOD, NORMAN.
Born 1812, Scotland.—Died 1872.
The Bagpipe and its Music. Vol. III. . . . 15

MACPHERSON, JAMES (Ossian).
Born 1738, Scotland.—Died 1796.
Comal and Galbina. Vol. II. . . . 87
Ossian's Address to the Sun. Vol. IV. . . . 34

MCCARTHY, JUSTIN.
Born 1830, Ireland.
Athens. Vol. II. . . . 394

MCDONALD, MRS. M. N. (Mary N. Bleeker).
Flourished about 1848, New York, U. S. A.
Lizzie. Vol. III. . . . 454

MCHARG, CHARLES K.
Wrote about 1857.
Wisdom of Talleyrand.* Vol. VI. . . . 213

McMASTER, GUY HUMPHREY. PAGE
Born 1829, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1887.
The Old Continentals. Vol. VI. 149

McMASTERS, JULIA R.
Requiem. Vol. I. 47

M'CORD, LOUISA S.
Born 1810, South Carolina, U. S. A.—Died 1879.
Forget Thee? Vol. III. 299

M'COSH, JAMES, LL.D.
Born 1811, Scotland.—Died 1894, U. S. A.
The Sublime. Vol. IV. 388

M'LANE, LOUIS.
Born 1785, Delaware, U. S. A.—Died 1857.
The President of the United States: What he Ought to be. Vol. IV. 33

MADISON, JAMES (fourth President of the United States).
Born 1751, Virginia, U. S. A.—Died 1836.
The Framers of the Constitution. Vol. VI. 450

MAHMOUD II. (Sultan).
Born 1785, Turkey.—Died 1839.
Magna Charta of Turkey. Vol. VI. 124

MAHON, LORD
Born 1805, England.—Died 1875.
The Black Hole of Calcutta. Vol. I. 68

MAHONY, FRANCIS (Father Prout).
Born 1805, Ireland.—Died 1866.
The Bells of Shandon. Vol. II. 197

MALLET, DAVID.
Born 1700, Scotland.—Died 1765.
Affliction. Vol. I. 92
The Shades of Endermay. Vol. IV. 262

MALTHUS, T. R.
Born 1766, England.—Died 1834.
Life. Vol. VI. 47

MANGAN, CLARENCE.
Born 1803, Ireland.—Died 1849.
Napoleon's Midnight Review.* Vol. I. 324

MANILIUS, MARCUS.
Flourished about B. C. 50, Italy.
Fate. Vol. V. 226

MARCELLINUS, AMMIANUS.
Born 322, Rome.—Died 390.
Inscription on the Obelisk of Heliopolis.* Vol. II. 58

MARLOWE (or MARLOW), CHRISTOPHER.
Born 1562, England.—Died 1593.
Helen of Greece. Vol. I. 320
Last Hour of Dr. Faustus. Vol. I. 267
The Shepherd to his Love. Vol. II. 310

MAROT, CLEMENT.
Born about 1484, France.—Died 1544.
I am No More what I Have Been. Vol. IV. 495
The Statue of Venus Sleeping. Vol. IV. 495

MARRYAT, CAPTAIN FREDERICK.
Born 1792, England.—Died 1848.
Midshipman Easy. Vol. IV. 241

MARSDEN, WILLIAM, D. C. L.
Born 1754, Ireland.—Died 1836.
What is Time? Vol. VI. 314

MARSH, JAMES, D. D.
Born 1794, Vermont, U. S. A.—Died 1842.
Hebrew Poetry.* Vol. V. 148

MARTIALIS, MARCUS VALERIUS.
Born 43, Spain.—Died about 104.
A Fop. Vol. IV. 157

MARTIN, LUTHER. PAGE
Born 1824, Delaware, U. S. A.—Died 1886.
Our Loved One. Vol. VI. 85

MARTINEAU, HARRIET.
Born 1802, England.—Died 1876.
Christopher North (Prof. John Wilson). Vol. VI. 361

MARTYN, HENRY.
England.—Died 1721.
Honesty. Vol. IV. 214

MARVEL, ANDREW.
Born 1620, England.—Died 1678.
The Nymph on the Death of her Fawn. Vol. III. 231

MASON, WILLIAM.
Born 1720, England.—Died 1797.
On the Death of his Wife. Vol. VI. 264

MASSEY, GERALD.
Born 1828, England.
No Jewelled Beauty is My Love. Vol. II. 60
Oh, Lay thy Hand in Mine, Dear. Vol. III. 429
Patience. Vol. II. 368
There's no Dearth of Kindness. Vol. II. 116

MASSILLON, JEAN BAPTISTE.
Born 1663, France.—Died 1742.
The Just. Vol. I. 63

MASSINGER, PHILIP.
Born 1584, England.—Died 1640.
Greatness. Vol. V. 352
What is Age? Vol. II. 442

MASSON, JOHN.
Born 1680, England.—Died 1750.
Man's Life. Vol. V. 154

MASSON, ROSALINE ORME (wife of David M.).
Wrote about 1860, England.
Ben Jonson. Vol. III. 410
Robert Herrick. Vol. IV. 87
Sir Thomas Wyatt. Vol. III. 408

MAY, EDITH.
See DRINKER, ANNA.

MAYER, BRANTZ.
Born 1809, Maryland, U. S. A.—Died 1879.
Rekindling the Sacred Fire in Mexico. Vol. IV. 288

MELEAGER.
Flourished B. C. 96, Syria.
A Garland. Vol. IV. 58
A Girl Playing the Flute. Vol. IV. 58

MELFORD, J. (Nom de plume).
See SMOLLETT, TOBIAS GEORGE.

MENANDER.
Born 342 B. C., Athens.—Drowned at Piræus.
The Brothers. Vol. I. 459

MENCIUS.
Born about 371 B. C., China.—Died about 287 B. C.
King Hwuy of Leang. Vol. IV. 59

MENTEATH, MRS. A. STUART.
Wrote about 1850, Scotland.
Gave Me the Solace of a Pleasant Child. Vol. VI. 60

MERCER, WILLIAM T.
Flourished 1869, England.
A Quatrain.* Vol. V. 202
The Malady * (from the Tartar). Vol. V. 273
The Proposal * (from the Tartar). Vol. I. 160

MEREDITH, OWEN (Nom de plume).
See LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT BULWER.

MERRICK, JAMES. PAGE
Born 1720, England.—Died 1769.
The Chameleon. Vol. IV. . . . 401
Cassandra's Warning.* Vol. IV. . . . 176

MESCHINOT, JEAN.
Born 1420, France.—Died 1509.
Princes. Vol. IV. . . . 201

MESOMEDES.
When born unknown, Greece.
Nemesis. Vol. VI. . . . 459

METASTASIO, PIETRO BONAVENTURA.
Born 1698, Italy.—Died 1782.
A True Friend. Vol. III. . . . 178

MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS.
Born 1734, Scotland.—Died 1788.
True Joy to All. Vol. III. . . . 56

MICKIEWICZ, ADAM.
Born 1798, Poland.—Died at Constantinople, 1855.
My Arab Steed. Vol. I. . . . 504

MIDDLETON, THOMAS.
Born 1570, England.—Died about 1626.
Jealousy. Vol. I. . . . 115
What Love is Like. Vol. I. . . . 189

MILL, JOHN STUART.
Born 1806, England.—Died 1893.
Money. Vol. I. . . . 500

MILLER, HUGH.
Born 1802, Scotland.—Died 1856.
Footprints of the Creator. Vol. II. . . . 311

MILLER, CINCINNATUS H. (Joaquin).
Born 1841, Indiana, U. S. A.
Kit Carson's Ride. Vol. II. . . . 488
Mother Egypt. Vol. IV. . . . 153

MILLER, REV. WILLIAM E.
Wrote about 1864, New York, U. S. A.
Wounded. Vol. VI. . . . 188

MILLINGTON, ELLEN J.
Flourished 1860, England.
On the Limits of the Beautiful.* Vol. VI. . . . 42

MILLS, ABRAHAM, A. M.
Born 1796, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1867.
Christopher Marlowe. Vol. I. . . . 377
Sir Isaac Newton. Vol. I. . . . 286
Selections from Alcæus.* Vol. I. . . . 427
Thomas Gray. Vol. I. . . . 287

MILMAN, REV. H. H.
Born 1791, England.—Died 1868.
The Brahmin's Lament.* Vol. V. . . . 280
Death of Agamemnon.* Vol. III. . . . 291

MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON (Lord Houghton).
Born 1809, England.—Died 1886.
Chidhar the Prophet.* Vol. II. . . . 179
Four Things.* Vol. III. . . . 115
The Brookside. Vol. III. . . . 264
The Men of Old. Vol. III. . . . 88

MILNES, W. M.
The Long-Ago. Vol. II. . . . 164

MILTON, JOHN.
Born 1608, England.—Died 1674.
Adam's Anger and Eve's Supplication for Pardon. Vol. IV. 26
Belial's Address to the Fallen Angels. Vol. III. . . . 451
Light. Vol. II. . . . 88

MIMNERMUS.
Flourished about 600 B. C., Ionia, Greece.
Love. Vol. VI. . . . 458

MINEYUKI-ASON, MINAMOTO. PAGE
Japan.—Died A. D. 940.
The Hamlet. Vol. I. . . . 503

MIRANDA, SAA DE.
Born 1495, Portugal.—Died 1558.
Sonnet. Vol. VI. . . . 50
The Effect of Luxury. Vol. VI. . . . 49

MITCHEL, ORMSBY McKNIGHT, LL.D.
Born 1810, Kentucky, U. S. A.—Died 1862.
Kepler's Discovery of the Third Law. Vol. V. . . . 69
The Astronomer Never Dies. Vol. V. . . . 264
The First Predicted Eclipse. Vol. IV. . . . 318

MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL.
Born 1786, England.—Died 1855.
Antigone. Vol. II. . . . 192
Lost and Won. Vol. V. . . . 390
Rienzi to the Romans. Vol. II. . . . 237

MOHAMMED, or MAHOMET (the Prophet).
Born about 570, Mecca.—Died 632.
Al Koran. Vol. II. . . . 286

MOIR, DAVID MACBETH.
Born 1798, Scotland.—Died 1851.
A Vision. Vol. IV. . . . 169
The Unknown Grave. Vol. I. . . . 191

MOLINA, ABBE DON J. IGNATIUS.
Flourished 1787, Chili.
Execution of Caupolican. Vol. III. . . . 499

MOMMSEN, THEODOR.
Born 1817, Germany.
The Family in Primitive Greece and Italy. Vol. VI. . . . 249

MONROE, JAMES (fifth President of the United States).
Born 1758, Virginia, U. S. A.—Died 1831.
The Monroe Doctrine. From his Seventh Annual Message. Vol. VI. . . . 456

MONTAGU, MISS E. L.
Born 1720, England.—Died 1800.
Where is your Hame, my Bonny Bird? Vol. IV. . . . 355

MONTAIGNE, MICHEL EYQUEM DE.
Born 1533, France.—Died 1592.
The Way of the World. Vol. II. . . . 383

MONTAUDON, THE MONK OF (name unknown).
France.—Died about 1226.
Love and Hate. Vol. V. . . . 494

MONTEZUMA II. (Emperor).
Born about 1480, Mexico.—Died 1520.
Welcome to Cortes. Vol. VI. . . . 199

MONTGOMERY, JAMES.
Born 1771, Scotland.—Died 1854.
Arnold Winkelried. Vol. V. . . . 209
Recluse. Vol. III. . . . 35
The Combat. Vol. II. . . . 31
The Common Lot. Vol. II. . . . 366

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT.
Born 1807, England.—Died 1855.
Picture of War. Vol. IV. . . . 162
The Maniac Boy. Vol. II. . . . 166

MONTROSE, MARQUIS OF (James Graham).
Born 1612, Scotland.—Died 1650.
He Fears his Fate Too Much. Vol. IV. . . . 352

MOORE, MRS. BLOOMFIELD (Miss Clara Jessup).
Born 1824, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1899.
The Maiden's Flower-Omens. Vol. IV. . . . 442
The Web of Life. Vol. I. . . . 49

MOORE, SIR JOHN H.
Born 1756, Great Britain.—Died 1780.
L'Amour Timide. Vol. I. . . . 191

MOORE, THOMAS. PAGE
Born 1779, Ireland.—Died 1852.
Drink to Her. Vol. I. . . . 35
Lalla Rookh. Vol. III. . . . 122
Lesbia hath a Beaming Eye. Vol. II. . . . 374
Love's Young Dream. Vol. IV. . . . 263
Lying. Vol. II. . . . 106
Miriam's Song. Vol. IV. . . . 24
The First Appeal. Vol. III. . . . 319
The Lighthouse. Vol. III. . . . 262
The Minstrel Boy. Vol. II. . . . 194
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer. Vol. I. . . . 394
Were not the Sinful Mary's Tears. Vol. III. . . . 162
You Remember Ellen? Vol. V. . . . 172

MORANGE, WILLIAM D.
The Two Destroyers. Vol. V. . . . 285

MORAYMA, SULTANA (a Moor).
Born Lexa.—Died 1493.
The Moorish Sultana's Lament. Vol. VI. . . . 306

MORE, HANNAH.
Born 1745, England.—Died 1833.
The Two Weavers. Vol. II. . . . 384
Trifles. Vol. III. . . . 67

MORE, SIR THOMAS.
Born 1480, England.—Died 1535.
Description of the Person and Character of Richard III. Vol. I. . . . 333

MORRIS, GEORGE P.
Born 1802, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1864.
The Chieftain's Daughter. Vol. III. . . . 69
We were Boys Together. Vol. III. . . . 311
When Other Friends are Round Thee. Vol. I. . . . 218

MORRIS, WILLIAM.
Born 1834, England.—Died October, 1896.
The Golden Fleece. Vol. VI. . . . 389

MOSCHUS.
Lived in the third century B. C., Greece.
Lament of Megara, the Wife of Hercules. Vol. IV. . . . 186

MOSES (the Law-giver of Israel).
Born about B. C. 1600, Egypt.—Died at the age of 120.
Proclaim Liberty. Vol. VI. . . . 450

MOSS, THOMAS.
England.—Died 1808.
The Petition. Vol. III. . . . 272

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM.
Born 1797, Scotland.—Died 1835.
They Come, the Merry Summer Months. Vol. III. . . . 265
What is Fame? Vol. II. . . . 88

MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP.
Born 1814, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1877.
The Fire-Ships. Vol. V. . . . 182

MOTOSUKE, KYOWARA NO.
Flourished about 950, Japan.
A Vow. Vol. I. . . . 508

MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER.
Born 1835, Connecticut, U. S. A.
The Song of a Summer. Vol. III. . . . 154

MULFORD, WILLIAM.
England.
The Iron Shroud* (from the Italian). Vol. I. . . . 428

MÜLLER, PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH MAX, LL.D.
Born 1823, Germany; lives in England.
Confucius. Vol. VI. . . . 279

MULOCK, MISS D. M.
See CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

MUNCHAUSEN, BARON HIERONYMUS KARL FRIEDRICH VON. PAGE
Born 1720, Hanover.—Died 1797.
The Lion and the Crocodile. Vol. III. . . . 177

MURPHY, ARTHUR.
Born 1730, Ireland.—Died 1805.
Nero's Persecution of the Christians, A. D. 64.* Vol. IV. . . . 202

MURRAY, LINDLEY.
Born 1745, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1826.
Property. Vol. IV. . . . 296

MUSÆUS.
Flourished about 600, Greece.
Hero. Vol. III. . . . 420

MUSÄUS, JOHANN KARL AUGUST.
Born 1787, Germany.—Died 1787.
Franz Melcherson. Vol. III. . . . 145

NAGARKAR, B. B.
Flourished 1893, Bombay, India.
Caste in India. Vol. I. . . . 498

NAIRN, BARONESS CAROLINE.
Born 1766, Scotland.—Died 1845.
The Land o' the Leal. Vol. VI. . . . 345

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
See BONAPARTE, NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON III. (Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte).
Born 1808, France.—Died 1873.
The Conspiracy of Catiline. Vol. IV. . . . 336

NASH, THOMAS.
Born 1564, England.—Died 1601.
Contentment. Vol. I. . . . 189

NASSI, JEHUDA-HA-.
About 220, Tiberias.
Selections from the Mishna.[1] Vol. VI. . . . 334

NEAL, JOHN.
Born 1793, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1876.
Ambition. Vol. III. . . . 279

NEELE, HENRY.
Born 1798, England.—Died 1828.
Where is He? Vol. VI. . . . 209

NESSEFI, OMAR.
Flourished 1142, Arabia.
God. Vol. III. . . . 494
Moral Code. Vol. III. . . . 494

NEUMAN, H.
Wrote about 1799.
Boston at the Close of the Last Century.* Vol. VI. . . . 77

NEWMAN, CARDINAL JOHN HENRY.
Born 1801, England.—Died 1890.
University Education. Vol. VI. . . . 117

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
United States of America. First published in 1799.
Saladin and Malek Adhel. Vol. IV. . . . 474

NEWTON, SIR ISAAC.
Born 1642, England.—Died 1727.
The Ancients' Theories of Astronomy. Vol. I. . . . 150

NEZAHUALCOYOTL, LORD OF TEZCUCO.
Born about 1403, Mexico.—Died about 1475.
Banish Care. Vol. VI. . . . 201
Indian Thanatopsis. Vol. VI. . . . 201

NICANDER.
Flourished 137 B. C., Ionia.
Of the Serpent Cerastes. Vol. V. . . . 226

[1] Redacted A. D. 220.

NIEBUHR, BARTHOLD GEORG. PAGE
Born 1776, Denmark.—Died 1831.
The Tarpeian Rock and the Capitoline Temple of Rome. Vol. I. 495

NOEL, GEORGE GORDON.
See BYRON, LORD.

NOEL, THOMAS.
Born 1799, England; published in 1841.—Died 1861.
The Pauper's Drive. Vol. II. 202

NOLDEKE, PROFESSOR TH.
Born 1836, Germany.—Died 1875.
The Koran. Vol. II. 284

NORRIS, JOHN.
Born 1657, England.—Died 1711.
Joys. Vol. VI. 264

NORTH, CHRISTOPHER (Nom de plume).
See WILSON, JOHN.

NORTON, ANDREWS, D. D.
Born 1786, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1853.
Good and Great Men. Vol. VI. 105

NORTON, CAROLINE E. S.
Born 1808 England.—Died 1877. Granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
Bingen on the Rhine. Vol. II. 177
Bring Back the Chain. Vol. I. 111
Dedication of "The Dream." Vol. II. 478
Love Not. Vol. V. 220
The Arab's Farewell to his Horse. Vol. II. 467
The Visionary Portrait. Vol. II. 170
Woman's Mission. Vol. III. 16

NOTT, JOHN M. D.
Born 1751, England.—Died 1826.
Dirge to his Brother.* Vol. IV. 320

OBSERVER (New York).
United States of America; first published in 1823.
The Soldier's Reprieve. Vol. III. 92

O'HARA, THEODORE.
Born about 1820, Kentucky, U. S. A.—Died 1867.
The Bivouac of the Dead. Vol. VI. 342

OLDMIXON, JOHN.
Born 1673, England.—Died 1742.
I Lately Vowed. Vol. III. 152

OLIPHANT, MRS. MARGARET.
Born about 1818, England.—Died 1897.
Jack Wentworth's Farewell. Vol. VI. 210

OLIPHANT, THOMAS LAWRENCE K.
Born 1831, England.
War's Loud Alarms.* Vol. VI. 234
Where are the Men?* Vol. I. 390

OMAR, ABU-HAFSA-IBN-AL-KHETTAB (the second Calif of Turkey).
Born about 581.—Died 644.
Destruction of the Alexandrian Library. Vol. VI. 124

OPIE, AMELIA.
Born 1769, England.—Died 1853.
Forget Me Not. Vol. III. 79
The Orphan Boy's Tale. Vol. III. 419

OPPIAN.
Flourished 211, Lesser Asia.
The Elephant. Vol. IV. 157

ORLEANS, CHARLES OF.
See CHARLES OF ORLEANS.

ORNE, CAROLINE F.
Born about 1825, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
No Work the Hardest. Vol. V. 343

ORPHEUS. PAGE
Flourished about B. C. 1200, Thracia.
Earth. Vol. VI. 448

OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT.
Born 1811, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1850.
Music. Vol. I. 311
Your Heart is a Music-box, Dearest. Vol. III. 223

OSGOOD, KATE PUTNAM.
Born 1843, Maine, U. S. A.
Driving Home the Cows. Vol. VI. 144
Under the Maple. Vol. V. 330

OSSIAN (said to have lived in the third century).
See MACPHERSON, JAMES.

OTTE, E. C.
Flourished about 1858, England.
Kosmos.* Vol. III. 183

OTWAY, THOMAS.
Born 1651, England.—Died 1685.
Priuli and Jaffier. Vol. V. 179

OUTRAM, GEORGE.
Born 1805, Scotland.—Died 1866.
The Annuity. Vol. III. 308

OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS.
Born 1581, England.—Died 1618.
Books. Vol. VI. 413

OVID (Publius Ovidius Naso).
Born B. C. 43, Italy.—Died A. D. 18.
Dejanira Laments the Death of Hercules. Vol. VI. 127
The Golden Age. Vol. II. 57

OWEN, J. B.
Born 1803, England.—Died 1869.
The Egotistical Talker. Vol. V. 316

OWEN, ROBERT DALE.
Born 1801, Scotland.—Died 1877.
The Impossible. Vol. IV. 343

OXENFORD, JOHN.
Born 1811, England.
Claude Joseph Rouget De Lisle and his Hymn, "The Marseillaise."* Vol. IV. 489
Love.* Vol. IV. 495
Love and Hate.* Vol. V. 494
She Cannot be Mine.* Vol. V. 500
To His Lady-love.* Vol. IV. 354
"The Marseillaise."* Vol. IV. 491

PAEZ, GENERAL JOSÉ A.
Born 1790, Venezuela; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1873.
Address to his Fellow-countrymen. Vol. VI. 456

PALEY, WILLIAM, D. D.
Born 1743, England.—Died 1805.
Integrity. Vol. III. 94

PALMER, PROF. E. H. (Prof. of Arabic, Cambridge, England).
Born 1840, England.—Died 1882.
Gul-ú-Bulbul; or, The Nightingale and the Rose.* Vol. III. 391
The House of God.* Vol. III. 400
The Parrot of Bagdad* (from the Arabic). Vol. III. 388

PAMPHILUS, EUSEBIUS (the Father of Ecclesiastical History).
Born about 264, Cæsarea, Palestine.—Died about 340.
Account of Agbarus's Letter to Jesus. Vol. VI. 445

PANAMBAH'AN.
Flourished about 1812, Java.
Lament of Dewi Satia Wati.* Vol. VI. 462

PANOPOLITES, NONNUS.
Flourished fifth century, Egypt.
Nicæa. Vol. V. 225

PARDOE, MISS JULIA. PAGE
Born 1806, England.—Died 1862.
The Guz-Couli, or Maiden's Tower. Vol. VI. 58
The Heart. Vol. I. 371

PARKES, BESSIE RAYNER.
Wrote about 1852, England.
A Dropped Trinket. Vol. IV. 25

PARKMAN, FRANCIS.
Born 1823, Massachusetts.—Died 1893.
The Inhabitants of the Black Hills in 1846. Vol. I. 492

PARNELL, THOMAS.
Born 1679, Ireland.—Died 1717.
The Hermit. Vol. IV. 345

PARR, HARRIET.
See HOLME LEE.

PARTON, JAMES.
Born 1822, England; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1891.
Description of Franklin in France. Vol. V. 151

PARTON, MRS. S. (Fanny Fern) (Sister of N. P. Willis).
Born 1811, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1872.
The Quiet Mr. Smith. Vol. II. 189

PARTRIDGE, W.
I'll Love No More. Vol. I. 269

PATERCULUS, C. VALLEIUS.
Born about B. C. 19, Italy.—Died about A. D. 31.
A Roman Prayer in the Days of Tiberius Cæsar. Vol. VI. . 341

PATTEN, G. W.
Born 1808, Rhode Island, U. S. A.—Died 1882.
The Seminole's Reply. Vol. VI. 156

PAUL, SIR JOHN DEAN.
Born 1802, England.—Died 1868.
Ancient Castles. Vol. I. 33

PAULDING, JAMES KIRK.
Born 1779, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1860.
A Night-Adventure during the Old French War. Vol. I. . . 71
The Old Man's Carousal. Vol. III. 67

PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD.
Born 1792, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1852.
Home, Sweet Home. Vol. VI. 129

PEABODY, ANDREW P., LL.D.
Born 1811, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1893.
Cuvier. Vol. V. 468

PEARSON, R.
Born 1765, England.—Died 1836.
The Difference between Good-will and Friendship.* Vol. I. 369

PEDRO, DOM, THE SECOND (Ex-Emperor).
Born 1826, Brazil.—Died 1891.
Only what I Ought to be.—Vol. VI. 174

PEELE, GEORGE.
Born 1553, England.—Died 1598.
Joab's Description of David. Vol. IV. 32

PEIRSON, LYDIA JANE WHEELER.
Born 1802, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1862.
The Wildwood Home. Vol. III. 313

PEMBROKE, EARL OF (William Herbert).
Born 1580, England.—Died 1630.
Lovers find Love hath No Physician. Vol. III. 487

PENN, WILLIAM.
Born 1644, England; lived in Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1718.
To his Family. Vol. II. 408

PEPYS, SAMUEL.
Born 1632, England.—Died 1703.
Journal of Samuel Pepys. Vol. I. 483

PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES. PAGE
Born 1795, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1856.
Early Love. Vol. V. 178
Truth. Vol. II. 116

PERCY, FLORENCE.
See AKERS, ELIZABETH.

PERCY, DR. THOMAS.
Born 1728, England.—Died 1811.
Alcanzor and Zaida* (from the Spanish). Vol. IV. 107
Oh, Nanny, wilt thou Gang with Me? Vol. I. 190

PERIANDER.
Born B. C. 665, Corinth.—Died B. C. 585.
Precepts. Vol. IV. 465

PERICLES (Greek PERIKLES).
Born early part of fifth century B. C., Greece.—Died B. C. 429.
Wisdom of Pericles. Vol. VI. 454

PERRY, EDITH K.
Seventy and Seven. Vol. IV. 404

PERRY, NORA.
Born 1841, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1896.
After the Ball. Vol. II. 405

PETERS, WILLIAM.
Danaë.* Vol. III. 274

PETERSON, HENRY.
Born 1818, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
Euthanasy. Vol. I. 92

PETION, ALEXANDER.
Born 1770, Hayti.—Died 1818.
Epitaph. Vol. VI. 448

PETRARCH, FRANCESCO.
Born 1304, Italy.—Died 1374.
The Triumph of Love. Vol. VI. 83

PETTY, SIR WILLIAM.
Born 1623, England.—Died 1687.
Liberty of Conscience. Vol. I. 483

PFEFFEL, GOTTLIEB KONRAD.
Born 1736, Germany.—Died 1809.
The Pensioner. Vol. II. 31

PHILIPS, AMBROSE.
Born 1675, England.—Died 1749.
A Fragment of Sappho.* Vol. III. 322

PHILIPS, CATHERINE.
Born 1631, England.—Died 1664.
Friends. Vol. VI. 415

PHILIPS, JOHN.
Born 1676, England.—Died 1708.
Beware, Ye Debtors! Vol. I. 461

PHILLIPS, WENDELL.
Born 1811, Massachusetts. U. S. A.—Died 1884.
History. Vol. VI. 275

PHILOSTRATUS, FLAVIUS.
Born 172, Greece.—Died about 250.
Drink to Me with thine Eyes. Vol. III. 316

PHOCYLIDES.
Flourished about B. C. 600, Ionia, Greece.
A Friendly Friend I Am. Vol. VI. 458

PIATT, JOHN J.
Born 1835, Indiana, U. S. A.
Two Kings. Vol. III. 41

PIATT, SARAH M. B.
Born 1885, Kentucky, U. S. A.
The Highest Mountain. Vol. VI. 412

PIERPONT, JOHN. PAGE
Born 1785, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1866.
A Freeman's Weapon. Vol. V. 384
Not on the Battlefield. Vol. V. 96
The Fourth of July. Vol. III. 155
Warren's Address. Vol. II. 401

PINDAR.
Born about B. C. 522, Greece.—Died about B. C. 442.
The Reward of the Good. Vol. IV. 426

PINKNEY, EDWARD C.
Born 1802, England; lived in Maryland, U. S. A.—Died 1828.
A Serenade. Vol. I. 484
The Widow's Farewell. Vol. II. 353

PITT, WILLIAM (the Elder; Lord Chatham).
Born 1708, England.—Died 1778.
The Right to Tax America. Vol. V. 350

PITTACUS.
Flourished about B. C. 650, Island of Lesbos.
Precepts. Vol. IV. 463

PLATO.
Born B. C. 429, Greece.—Died B. C. 347.
Socrates. Vol. VI. 9

PLINY (the Elder).
Born 23, Italy.—Died 79.
The Ancients' Conception of the World. Vol. VI. 438

PLINY (the Younger).
Born about 61, Italy.—Died 115.
Death of Pliny the Elder. Vol. I. 443
Letter to the Emperor Trajan concerning the Christians. Vol. IV. 85

PLUTARCH.
Born about 50, Greece.—Died about 106.
Fabius Maximus and Hannibal. Vol. IV. 406
Strike, but Hear! Vol. IV. 274
Wisdom of Pericles. Vol. VI. 454

POE, EDGAR ALLAN.
Born 1809, Massachusetts,[1] U. S. A.—Died 1849.
The Bells. Vol. III. 224
The Coliseum. Vol. V. 84
The Gold-Bug. Vol. V. 426
The Purloined Letter. Vol. I. 116

POLITIANO, ANGELO.
Born 1454, Italy.—Died 1494.
The Enchanted Palace of Cyprus. Vol. VI. 252

POLLOK, ROBERT.
Born 1799, Scotland.—Died 1827.
Fame. Vol. I. 401
The Miser. Vol. II. 84
The Way of the World. Vol. III. 226

POLYBIUS.
Born about B. C. 204, Arcadia.—Died about B. C. 122.
The Depravity of Mankind. Vol. VI. 438
The Siege of Syracuse. Vol. VI. 74

POMFRET, JOHN.
Born 1667, England.—Died 1703.
The Choice. Vol. II. 276

POPE, ALEXANDER
Born 1688, England.—Died 1744.
Fame. Vol. V. 257
Man in Nature. Vol. II. 86
Sir Isaac Newton. Vol. II. 99
The Shield of Achilles.* Vol. II. 327
The Universal Prayer. Vol. II. 379

PORTER, MISS JANE.
Born 1776, England.—Died 1850.
The Fall of Prague. Vol. IV. 316

[1] According to some authorities: Born 1811, Maryland.

PORTER, PROF. JOHN A. PAGE
Yale College.—Died 1866.
The Kalevala. Vol. VI. 461

POTTER, ALONZO, D. D.
Born 1800, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1865.
The Influence of Literature. Vol. IV. 297

POTTER, JOHN, D. D. (Archbishop of Canterbury).
Born 1674, England.—Died 1747.
The Courts at Athens in the Olden Times. Vol. I. 420

POTTER, R.
Born 1721, England.—Died 1804.
The Punishment.* Vol. I. 385

POWLHELE, C. F.
Helen.* Vol. IV. 260

POYNTER, EDWARD JOHN, R. A.
Born 1836, France; lived in England.
Michelangelo and Decorative Art. Vol. IV. 325

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH.
Born 1802, England.—Died 1839.
Alexander and Diogenes. Vol. III. 80
A True Friend.* Vol. III. 178
Tell him I Love him Yet. Vol. VI. 343
The Belle of the Ball. Vol. II. 431

PRENTICE, GEORGE D.
Born 1802, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1870.
Memories. Vol. III. 39
Written at my Mother's Grave. Vol. I. 110

PRESCOTT, WILLIAM H.
Born 1796, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1859.
An Aztec Mother to her Daughter.* Vol. VI. 198
Banish Care, and Indian Thanatopsis.* Vol. VI. 201
Mexican Mythology. Vol. IV. 9
Montezuma's Welcome to Cortez.* Vol. VI. 199
The High Priest's Prayer.* Vol. VI. 197

PRESTON, E. F.
England.
Medea Gives Jason the Drug.* Vol. IV. 164

PRIEST, NANCY WOODBURY.
Born 1837, New Hampshire, U. S. A.—Died 1870.
Over the River. Vol. II 334

PRINCE, JOHN C.
Born 1806, England.—Died 1866.
Who are the Blest? Vol. II. 407

PRINGLE, THOMAS.
Born 1789, Scotland.—Died 1834.
Afar in the Desert. Vol. IV. 479

PRIOR, MATTHEW.
Born 1664, England.—Died 1721.
Ancestry. Vol. III. 359
In Vain You Tell. Vol. I. 115
Truth and Falsehood. Vol. III. 385

PRIOR, R. C. ALEXANDER.
Wrote about 1860, England.
Samson* (from the Ancient Danish). Vol. III. 432
Sir Morten* (from the Ancient Danish). Vol. III. 321

PROCLUS.
Born 412, Byzantine Empire.—Died 485.
Prayer to the Muses. Vol. VI. 451

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE.
Born 1825, England.—Died 1864.
A Woman's Question. Vol. III. 319
Judge Not. Vol. III. 170

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER (Barry Cornwall).
Born 1789, England.—Died 1874.
A Life. Vol. VI. 360
Song of Earth and Air. Vol. II. 109

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER—CONTINUED. PAGE
The Sea. Vol. II. 274
The Sleeping Picture of Modena. Vol. II. 28
Touch Us Gently, Time! Vol. III. 273
We Dream. Vol. III. 324

PROCTOR, RICHARD A.
Born 1837, England.—Died U. S. A. in 1888.
Worlds Ruled by Colored Suns. Vol. III. 110

PROPERTIUS, SEXTUS AURELIUS.
Born about B. C. 52, Umbria.
The Effigy of Love. Vol. IV. 266

PROUDFIT, DAVID L. (Peleg Arkwright).
Born 1842, New York, U. S. A.
Warden, Keep a Place for Me! Vol. I. 135

PROUT, FATHER (Nom de plume).
See MAHONY, FRANCIS.

PROWSE, W. J.
Bringing Up the Guns. Vol. III. 315

PSELLUS, MICHAEL CONSTANTINUS.
Born 1020, Greece.—Died 1078.
Selections from Zoroaster. Vol. VI. 336

PUNCH.
Published in England.
The Railway Traveller's Farewell. Vol. I. 292
Abraham Lincoln. Vol. VI. 146

PUSEDA.
Flourished 706 of the Javan era, Java.
The Brata Hudha. Vol. VI. 462

QUARLES, FRANCIS.
Born 1592, England.—Died 1644.
What is Life? Vol. VI. 82

QUIXOTE, DON.
See SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

RAFFLES, SIR THOMAS STAMFORD.
Flourished about 1812, England.
Lament of Dewi Satia Wati.* Vol. VI. 462
The Great Ancient Poem of Java. Vol. VI. 462

RAFFLES, REV. THOMAS.
Flourished about 1812, England.
Lament of Dewi Satia Wati.* Vol. VI. 462

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER.
Born 1552, England.—Died 1618.
Reputation. Vol. II. 198
The Answer to "The Shepherd to His Love." Vol. III. . . . 237

RAMIREZ, NORBERTO.
Flourished about 1849, Nicaragua, Central America.
Importance of Law. Vol. VI. 445

RAMSAY, ALLAN.
Born 1686, Scotland.—Died 1758.
The Last Time I came o'er the Moor. Vol. I. 307

RAMSAY, DAVID.
Born 1749, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1815.
Washington Resigning his Commission. Vol. IV. 421

RAMSAY, MRS.
Wrote about 1863, England.
The Second Circle of the Inferno.* Vol. IV. 331

RANDALL, JAMES R.
Born 1839, Maryland, U. S. A.
My Maryland (written at Pointe Coupée, Louisiana, U. S. A., April 26, 1861). Vol. VI. 133
The Lone Sentry. Vol. VI. 150

RANDOLPH, JOHN.
Born 1773, Virginia, U. S. A.—Died 1833.
Non-Intervention. Vol. III. 395

RANDOLPH, THOMAS. PAGE
Born 1605, England.—Died 1634.
My Picture. Vol. IV. 150

RANKÉ, LEOPOLD VON.
Born 1795, Germany.—Died 1886.
The Influence of the Roman Conquest upon the Gauls. Vol. IV. 392

RAPHALL, REV. M. J.
Born 1798, Sweden; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1868.
Selections from the Mishna.* Vol. VI. 334

RAWLINSON, GEORGE, A. M.
Born about 1815, England.
The Battle of Marathon.* Vol. V. 465

RAY, JOHN.
Born 1627, England.—Died 1705.
How to Live. Vol. VI. 56

RAYMOND, ROSSITER WORTHINGTON, PH.D.
Born 1840, Ohio, U. S. A.
Song. Vol. VI. 368

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN.
Born 1822, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1872.
Frances Sargent Osgood. Vol. III. 192
Sheridan's Ride. Vol. VI. 137

READE, CHARLES.
Born 1814, England.—Died 1885.
The Money-Lenders. Vol. I. 254

REDDEN, LAURA C. (Mrs. Learing).
Born 1840, Maryland, U. S. A.
Disarmed. Vol. VI. 416

REID, CAPTAIN MAYNE.
Born 1818, Ireland; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1883.
The Wounded Guerilla. Vol. V. 395

REID, THOMAS J.
Born 1709, Scotland.—Died 1796.
Fly as a Hart to the Mountain. Vol. I. 195

REVIEW, FOREIGN QUARTERLY.
Farewell.* Vol. III. 44

REYNOLDS, ADA P.
A Wordless Prayer. Vol. IV. 152

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA, P. R. A.
Born 1723, England.—Died 1792.
Industry. Vol. I. 266

RHAMESTES, KING HERON.
Very ancient, Egypt.
Inscription on the Obelisk of Heliopolis. Vol. II. 58

RHIANUS.
Flourished about 250, Island of Crete.
Human Folly. Vol. IV. 320

RHODIUS, APOLLONIUS.
Born B. C. 235, Egypt.
Medea gives Jason the Drug. Vol. IV. 164

RIBEYRO, BERNARDIN.
Wrote in sixteenth century, Portugal.
A Song. Vol. VI. 192

RICHARD I. (Cœur de Lion).
Born 1157, England.—Died 1199.
A Song of the Troubadours. Vol. VI. 176

RICHARDS, LAURA E., MRS.
Wrote 1880, U. S. A.
Phil's Secret. Vol. II. 64

RICHTER, JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH.
Born 1763, Germany.—Died 1825.
A Vision of Infinity. Vol. III. 143

RIDDELL, MRS. J. H. (Miss Cowan). PAGE
Born 1837, Ireland.
The Manslayer's Difficulty of Concealment. Vol. VI. . . . 330

RIDGWAY, JOSEPH.
Wrote about 1858, England.
Youth. Vol. III. 416

RISHI (the Inspired Poets who received the Vedic Hymns from the Universal Lord).
India; very ancient.
The Vedas. Vol. IV. 177

RITTER, MARY LOUISE.
Born 1837, New York, U. S. A.
The Difference. Vol. III. 220

ROBERTSON, FREDERICK W.
Born 1816, England.—Died 1853.
Life is an Education. Vol. VI. 78

ROBERTSON, GEORGE (Professor).
Wrote about 1858, England.
The Family in Primitive Greece and Italy.* Vol. VI. . . . 249

ROBERTSON, WILLIAM.
Born 1721, Scotland.—Died 1793.
The Discovery of the New World. Vol. V. 457

ROBINSON, E. L.
They are Dear Fish to Me. Vol. IV. 262

ROBINSON, MRS. ANNIE D. (Annie D. Green).
Born 1842, New Hampshire, U. S. A.
Two Pictures. Vol. VI. 292

ROBINSON, MRS. H. HARRISON.
Genoa.* Vol. VI. 205

ROGERS, SAMUEL.
Born 1763, England.—Died 1855.
Don Garzia. Vol. VI. 185
Ginevra. Vol. III. 317
Mine be a Cot. Vol. I. 273
The Brides of Venice. Vol. IV. 188
The White Lady of Coll' Alto. Vol. II. 306

ROLAND THE BRAVE.
France.—Died 778.
The Death-Song. Vol. I. 497

ROLLIN, CHARLES.
Born 1661, France.—Died 1741.
The Colossus at Rhodes. Vol. III. 377

ROSCOE, THOMAS.
Born 1791, England.—Died 1871.
Agamemnon's Return after Ten Years' Absence.* Vol. VI. 257
Ariosto.* Vol. VI. 215
A Song.* Vol. VI. 192
Death of the Araucan Chief.* Vol. VI. 186
His Love.* Vol. VI. 66
Politiano.* Vol. VI. 214
Ruins of Rome.* Vol. VI. 50
Sonnet.* Vol. VI. 50
The Death of Zerbina.* Vol. VI. 64
The Effect of Luxury.* Vol. VI. 49
The Execution of Inez de Castro.* Vol. VI. 369
The King's Wooing.* Vol. VI. 375

ROSS, J.
England.
Robert Pollok. Vol. III. 376
Sir Gilbert Elliot. Vol. III. 376
Sir Robert Aytoun. Vol. III. 375

ROSS, JAMES.
Flourished 1798, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
Hannibal Leading His Army Across the Alps.* Vol. V. . . 224

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.
Born 1830, England.—Died 1894.
Up Hill All the Way. Vol. III. 45

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL. PAGE
Born 1828, England.—Died 1882.
A Wet Day.* Vol. IV. 106
The Portrait. Vol. II. 319

ROUND TABLE.
United States of America. First published in 1866.
The Nation's Dead. Vol. VI. 134

ROUSSEAU, JEAN JACQUES.
Born 1712, Switzerland.—Died 1778.
Children Require Sleep. Vol. VI. 281

ROUTLEDGE (Publisher).
England.
Execution of Criminals in Spain.* Vol. I. 70

ROWE, NICHOLAS.
Born 1673, England.—Died 1718.
Energy. Vol. IV. 206

ROYER, ALPHONSE.
Born 1803, France.—Died 1875.
Left Alone at Eighty. Vol. III. 236

RÜCKERT, FRIEDRICH.
Born 1789, Germany.—Died 1866.
Chidhar the Prophet. Vol. II. 179

RUSH, BENJAMIN.
Born 1745, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1813.
Effects of Inflation in the Days of the Revolution. Vol. VI. 351

RUSKIN, JOHN, LL.D.
Born 1819, England.
Grass. Vol. V. 138

RUSSELL, CATHERINE H.
Children Require Sleep.* Vol. VI. 281

RYAN, ABRAM J. (Father Ryan).
Born 1840, Virginia, U. S. A.—Died 1886.
Out of the Depths. Vol. II. 244
Rest. Vol. II. 422
Song of the Mystic. Vol. II. 100
The Conquered Banner. Vol. VI. 154
The Sword of Robert Lee. Vol. VI. 136

RYCAUT, SIR PAUL.
England, flourished 1647.
How the first Inca, Manco Capoc, Civilized the People of Peru. Vol. IV. 497

SACCHETTI, FRANCO.
Born about 1335, Italy.—Died 1405.
A Wet Day. Vol. IV. 106

SACKVILLE, THOMAS (Earl of Dorset).
Born 1536, England.—Died 1608.
Death and War. Vol. I. 467

SADAIHE, GON-CHIU-NAGON.
Flourished 1241, Japan.
An Impatient Lover. Vol. I. 504

SADAI-JIN, KAWARA NO.
Japan.—Died A. D. 895.
To His Love. Vol. I. 503

SADIHE.
Japan.—Died A. D. 1241.
Japanese Lyrical Odes. Vol. I. 502

SADI.
Born 1175, Persia.—Died 1291.
What the Skull spake. Vol. II. 80

SÆMUND THE LEARNED.
Born about 1056, Iceland.—Died 1133.
The Vala's Prophecy (from the Edda). Vol. VI. 356

SA'ID.
Flourished about 980, Cordova, Andalus.
The Crowned Maiden. Vol. II. 501
O Abu 'Amir. Vol. II. 501

SAINTINE, JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE. PAGE
Born 1798, France.—Died 1865.
Which will he Choose? Vol. V. 455

SALE, GEORGE.
Born 1680, England.—Died 1736.
Al Koran.* Vol. II. 286

SALLUST, CAIUS CRISPUS.
Born B. C. 85, Italy.—Died B. C. 34.
Catiline's Address to his Soldiers. Vol. VI. 261

SALTUS, FRANCIS S.
Born 1849, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1889.
His Last Lines. Vol. VI. 202

SAND, GEORGE.
See DUDEVANT, BARONESS.

SANDERS, THOMAS COLLETT, M. A.
Flourished 1853, England.
Ancient Jurisprudence.* Vol. V. 502
Justinian, his Code of Laws. Vol. V. 501

SANGSTER, MARGARET E. (Miss Munson).
Born 1838, New York, U. S. A.
Apple-Blossoms. Vol. II. 64

SAPPHO.
Greece.—Died about B. C. 600.
A Fragment. Vol. III. 322
Ode to Venus. Vol. IV. 280

SARGEANT, ADELINE.
Flourished 1885, England.
Life's Fruit. Vol. VI. 443

SARGENT, EPES.
Born 1812, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1881.
A Life on the Ocean Wave. Vol. III. 311

SAVAGE, MINOT J., D. D.
Born 1841, Maine, U. S. A.
Decorating the Soldiers' Graves. Vol. VI. 379
Ralph Waldo Emerson. Vol. I. 499

SAVAGE, RICHARD.
Born 1697, England.—Died 1743.
Man. Vol. IV. 156

SAWYER, WILLIAM.
Born 1828, England.—Died 1882.
The Squire. Vol. IV. 167
Two Loves and a Life. Vol. II. 440
Up at the Church. Vol. IV. 165

SAXE, JOHN G., LL.D.
Born 1816, Vermont, U. S. A.—Died 1887.
Lake Saratoga (an Indian legend). Vol. III. 150

SCHENK, WILLIAM R.
Woman. Vol. III. 41

SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON.
Born 1759, Germany.—Died 1805.
Indian Death-Song. Vol. III. 233
The Diver. Vol. III. 179
The Sport of Destiny. Vol. III. 81

SCHLEGEL, FRIEDRICH KARL WILHELM VON.
Born 1772, Germany.—Died 1829.
On the Limits of the Beautiful. Vol. VI. 42

SCHMITZ, DR. LEONHARD, LL.D.
Born 1807, Germany; lived in England.—Died 1890.
The Tarpeian Rock and the Capitoline Temple.* Vol. I. . . 495

SCHOOLCRAFT, HENRY ROWE.
Born 1793, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1864.
Shingebiss. Vol. IV. 391

SCHWAB, GUSTAV.
Born 1792, Germany.—Died 1850.
The Horseman and the Lake of Constance. Vol. III. . . . 165

SCOBLE, ANDREW R. PAGE
Wrote about 1850, England.
Louis XI. of France.* Vol. VI. 106

SCOTT, JOHN.
Born 1730, England.—Died 1783.
The Tempestuous Evening. Vol. IV. 435

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.
Born 1771, Scotland.—Died 1832.
Coronach. Vol. I. 228
Lady Eveline. Vol. III. 57
Nora's Vow. Vol. III. 55
The Common of Mucklestane Moor. Vol. V. 460
The Popinjay. Vol. V. 139
The True and the False. Vol. II. 466

SCOTT, LIEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD.
Born 1786, Virginia, U. S. A.—Died 1866.
I have Served my Country. Vol. VI. 457

SCRYMGEOUR, DANIEL.
Wrote about 1849, Scotland.
Abraham Cowley. Vol. III. 404
Alfred Tennyson. Vol. II. 185
Felicia Hemans. Vol. V. 344
James Hogg. Vol. III. 283
John Gay. Vol. III. 285
Matthew Prior. Vol. IV. 85
Rev. George Crabbe. Vol. IV. 86
Samuel Butler. Vol. III. 407
Thomas Chatterton. Vol. III. 284

SEDGWICK, CATHERINE M.
Born 1789, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1867.
Compound Interest. Vol. III. 185

SEELEY, JOHN ROBERT, M. A.
Born 1834, England.
The Battle of Leipzig.* Vol. I. 421
Who Underground the Iron Stored.* Vol. I. 433

SELDEN, JOHN.
Born 1584, England.—Died 1654.
Humility. Vol. I. 282

SENECA, LUCIUS ANNÆUS.
Born about B. C. 7, Spain.—Died A. D. 65.
Anger, and its Remedies. Vol. IV. 60
Immortality of the Soul. Vol. IV. 344

SEUN, or SIUN-KING (Philosopher).
Flourished about B. C. 270, China.
Man's Nature is Evil. Vol. IV. 127

SEVERUS, PUBLIUS CORNELIUS.
Flourished B. C. 24, Rome.
Proscription of Cicero. Vol. IV. 280

SÉVIGNÉ, MADAME DE.
See DE SÉVIGNÉ, MADAME.

SEWALL, J. M.
Born 1748, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1808.
Epilogue to "Cato." Vol. IV. 335

SEWARD, WILLIAM H.
Born 1801, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1872.
Last Words of John Quincy Adams. Vol. I. 266

SHACKELFORD, MISS ANNA P.
See DINNIES, MRS. A. P.

SHADWELL, THOMAS.
Born 1640, England.—Died 1692.
Innocent Impostors. Vol. IV. 263

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.
Born 1564, England.—Died 1616.
All the World's a Stage. Vol. I. 311
Beauty. Vol. I. 311
Fall of Cardinal Wolsey. Vol. IV. 99

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM—CONTINUED. PAGE
Queen Mab. Vol. II. . . . 308
St. Crispin's Day. Vol. II. . . . 18
The Spirit of Wine. Vol. VI. . . . 262

SHANLY, CHARLES DAWSON.
Born 1811, Ireland.—Died 1875, Florida, U. S. A.
Civil War. Vol. VI. . . . 140

SHARPE, R. S.
Born 1759, England.—Died 1835.
Conjugal Love. Vol. II. . . . 482

SHAW, THOMAS BUDD.
Born 1813, England.—Died 1862.
James Montgomery. Vol. II. . . . 185
John Keats. Vol. V. . . . 450
Thomas Babington Macaulay. Vol. V. . . . 346
Walter Savage Landor. Vol. II. . . . 113

SHEFFIELD, JOHN (Duke of Buckinghamshire).
Born 1649, England.—Died 1721.
Poetry. Vol. II. . . . 246

SHELBI, IBN WAZIR ASH-.
Flourished about 1190, Morocco.
An Ode. Vol. II. . . . 503

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.
Born 1792, England.—Died 1822.
I Fear thy Kisses. Vol. IV. . . . 441
Love's Philosophy. Vol. III. . . . 162
My Spirit. Vol. I. . . . 469
The Flight of Love. Vol. I. . . . 39
The Sensitive Plant. Vol. IV. . . . 301

SHENSTONE, WILLIAM.
Born 1714, England.—Died 1763.
Precedence. Vol. III. . . . 45
Rural Pleasures. Vol. IV. . . . 151
The Schoolmistress. Vol. VI. . . . 311

SHEPHERD, NATHANIEL GRAHAM.
Born 1835, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1869.
Only the Clothes She Wore. Vol. III. . . . 23
Roll-Call. Vol. VI. . . . 151

SHERIDAN, GENERAL PHILIP H. (U. S. Army).
Born 1831, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1888.
Grant and Lee. Vol. III. . . . 290

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY.
Born 1751, Ireland.—Died 1816.
Love for Love. Vol. II. . . . 104
Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. Vol. IV. . . . 197
To Delia. Vol. II. . . . 447
Wit of Sheridan. Vol. I. . . . 201

SHIRLEY, JAMES.
Born 1596, England.—Died 1666.
Death's Final Conquest. Vol. III. . . . 69
The Common Doom. Vol. I. . . . 307

SH'KIBU, IDS 'MI.
Flourished 1040, Japan.
Dying. Vol. I. . . . 504

SICULUS, DIODORUS (Historian of the World from the earliest ages to B. C. 60).
Born about B. C. 50, Argyrium, Sicily.
Egyptian Account of the Beginning of the World. Vol. I. . . . 26

SIDNEY (or SYDNEY), SIR PHILIP.
Born 1554, England.—Died 1586.
Ambition. Vol. III. . . . 308
Ballads. Vol. III. . . . 161
Health. Vol. II. . . . 16
Is Love Dead? Vol. IV. . . . 163
Poverty and Love. Vol. IV. . . . 149
Sleep. Vol. IV. . . . 229
Women. Vol. II. . . . 481

SIGERSON, DR. GEORGE. PAGE
Ireland; flourished 1870.
Till Winter Days are Over. Vol. IV. . . . 121

SIGNAIGO, J. AUGUSTINE.
Wrote 1870, United States of America.
On the Heights of Mission Ridge. Vol. VI. . . . 152

SIGOURNEY, LYDIA H.
Born 1791, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1865.
Last Words of an Indian Chief. Vol. II. . . . 180
The Flower of Love. Vol. II. . . . 104
The Rabbi's Jewels. Vol. I. . . . 162

SIMMONS, B.
Wrote about 1843, Ireland.—Died 1850.
Columbus. Vol. V. . . . 35

SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE.
Born 1806, South Carolina, U. S. A.—Died 1870.
The Charmed Maiden. Vol. I. . . . 63

SIMONIDES.
Born B. C. 556, Greece.—Died B. C. 467.
Danaë. Vol. III. . . . 274

SIMPSON, ALEXANDER, JR.
Born 1855, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
Duty of Bar Associations. Vol. V. . . . 495

SIMPSON, ELIZABETH (Mrs. Inchbald).
Born 1753, England.—Died 1821.
The Judge and the Culprit. Vol. I. . . . 84

SIMPSON, J.
Written 1886, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
My Home. Vol. VI. . . . 410

SISMONDI, J. C. L. SIMONDE DE.
Born 1773, Switzerland.—Died 1842.
Angelo Politiano. Vol. VI. . . . 214
Ariosto. Vol. VI. . . . 215
Selections from the Tragedy of "Inez de Castro." Vol. VI. 371

SKELTON, JOHN.
Born 1460, England.—Died 1529.
Merry Margaret. Vol. VI. . . . 184

SMART, ALEXANDER.
Wrote about 1860. England.
Madie's School. Vol. III. . . . 167

SMITH, CHARLES LESINGHAM.
Born 1812, England.
Sophronia and Olindo.* Vol. II. . . . 117

SMITH, CHARLOTTE.
Born 1749, England.—Died 1806.
The Close of Spring. Vol. VI. . . . 315

SMITH, ELIZABETH OAKES.
Born 1806, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1893.
The Resurrection. Vol. III. . . . 104
The Seen and the Unseen. Vol. II. . . . 184

SMITH, HARPER F.
Born 1844, Pennsylvania, U. S.
For Himself Alone. Vol. III. . . . 370

SMITH, HORACE.
Born 1779, England.—Died 1849.
Hymn to the Flowers. Vol. VI. . . . 305
The Baby's Début.[1] Vol. V. . . . 33
The Mummy. Vol. IV. . . . 55

SMITH, JAMES.
Born 1775, England.—Died 1839.
The Baby's Début.[1] Vol. V. . . . 33
The Upas in Marybone Lane. Vol. II. . . . 168

SMITH, CAPTAIN JOHN.
Born 1579, England.—Died 1631.
Pocahontas. Vol. II. . . . 255

[1] Written by James and Horace Smith.

SMITH, SAMUEL F. PAGE
Born 1808, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1895.
America. Vol. VI. 151

SMITH, MRS. SEBA.
Born 1792, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1868.
Ode to Chesapeake Bay. Vol. IV. 29
The Little Graves. Vol. IV. 170
Those Churches Old and Gray. Vol. IV. 278

SMITH, SYDNEY.
Born 1771, England.—Died 1845.
Ridicule. Vol. II. 174

SMITH, WILLIAM, LL.D.
Born 1814, England.
Thoughts for the Student.* Vol. I. 283

SMOLLETT, TOBIAS GEORGE.
Born 1721, Scotland.—Died 1771.
Blue-Eyed Ann. Vol. IV. 153
English and Scottish Life One Hundred and Forty Years Ago. Vol. I. 54

SMYRNÆUS, QUINTUS (or CALABER).
Flourished fourth century, Smyrna, Asia Minor.
Death of Achilles. Vol. III. 394

SMYTH, WILLIAM.
Born 1764, England. Died 1849.
The Widow's Son. Vol. II. 59

SOCRATES.
Born B. C. 468, Greece.—Died B. C. 399.
Defence before his Judges. Vol. VI. 10

SOLA, RABBI ABRAHAM DE.
Born 1825, England.
Selections from the Mishna.* Vol. VI. 384

SOLOMON, KING.
Born about B. C. 1033, Palestine.—Died about B. C. 975.
Love. Vol. IV. 63
Letter to King Hiram of Tyre. Vol. I. 40

SOLON.
Born Island of Salamis, about B. C. 638.—Died Island of Cyprus, about B. C. 558.
Maxims. Vol. IV. 463
Remembrance after Death. Vol. IV. 463
True Happiness. Vol. IV. 463

SOMERVILLE, WILLIAM.
Born 1677, England.—Died 1742.
The Wish. Vol. VI. 265

SOPHOCLES.
Born about B. C. 495, Colonus near Athens.—Died about B. C. 405.
Œdipus in Coloneus. Vol. III. 441

SOUTHERNE, THOMAS.
Born 1660, Ireland.—Died 1746.
Pursuing Beauty. Vol. I. 312

SOUTHEY, CAROLINE A. (Miss C. A. Bowles).
Born 1787, England.—Died 1854.
Beauty. Vol. III. 227
The Greenwood Shrift.[1] Vol. I. 391
The Night-Smelling Flower. Vol. III. 411
The Pauper's Death-bed. Vol. III. 223
The River. Vol. VI. 123
The Young Gray Head. Vol. III. 431

SOUTHEY, ROBERT.
Born 1774, England.—Died 1843.
Dying Directions of The Cid.* Vol. III. 501
James Thomson. Vol. IV. 32
Jonathan Swift. Vol. III. 407
Love. Vol. III. 273
The Desert-Thirst. Vol. I. 158
The Inchcape Rock. Vol. IV. 264

SOUTHEY, ROBERT—CONTINUED. PAGE
The Greenwood Shrift.[1] Vol. I. 391
The Scholar. Vol. I. 37
The Well of St. Keyne. Vol. II. 167

SOUTHWELL, ROBERT.
Born 1560, England.—Died 1595.
Delays. Vol. II. 176

SOUVESTRE, ÉMILE.
Born 1806, France.—Died 1854.
The Family of Michael Arout. Vol. VI. 316

SPARKS, JARED, LL.D.
Born 1789, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1866.
Washington's Moral Character. Vol. IV. 149

SPENCER, HERBERT.
Born 1820, England.
Family Government. Vol. III. 157

SPENCER, PETER.
The Roses. Vol. II. 345

SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT.
Born 1770, England.—Died 1834.
Beth-Gelert. Vol. I. 318
Too Late I Stayed. Vol. I. 276

SPENSER, EDMUND.
Born 1553, England.—Died 1599.
The Combat of St. George and the Dragon. Vol. II. 355

SPOFFORD, HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.
Born 1835, Maine, U. S. A.
A Sigh. Vol. VI. 416

SPRAGUE, CHARLES.
Born 1791, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1875.
The American Indian. Vol. II. 175
The Brothers. Vol. III. 69
The Family Meeting. Vol. V. 349
The Indians. Vol. III. 99

SPURGEON, REV. C. H.
Born 1834, England.—Died 1892.
Spirits. Vol. I. 290

SPURGEON, HOWARD.
Born 1861, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
Autumn. Vol. VI. 90

SQUIER, EPHRAIM GEORGE.
Born 1821, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1888.
Importance of Law.* Vol. VI. 445

STAINFORTH, F.
England.
Wit of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Vol. I. 201

STANHOPE, PHILIP DORMER (Earl of Chesterfield).
Born 1694, England.—Died 1773.
Ceremonies. Vol. III. 289
The Dignity of Manners. Vol. II. 410

STANLEY, HENRY M. (John Rowlands).
Born 1840, Wales; lived in U. S. A.
Through the Dark Continent. Vol. I. 278

STANSBURY, MRS.
Wrote about 1875.—Wisconsin, U. S. A.
How He Saved St. Michael's. Vol. IV. 52

STARK, CALEB.
Born 1801, New Hampshire, U. S. A.
The Modern Belle. Vol. V. 174

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE.
Born 1833, Connecticut, U. S. A.
Charlie. Vol. II. 406
Which is the Wind? Vol. IV. 102

[1] Written by Robert and Caroline Southey.

STEELE, SIR RICHARD. PAGE
Born 1671, Ireland.—Died 1729.
The Art of Story-Telling. Vol. V. 50

STEPHENS, ALEXANDER H.
Born 1812, Georgia, U. S. A.—Died 1883.
Origin of the American Flag.—Vol. IV. 389

STEPHENS, ANN S.
Born 1813, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1886.
The Old Apple Tree. Vol. III. 421

STERLING, JOHN.
Born 1806, Scotland.—Died 1844.
The Ages. Vol. III. 412

STERNE, LAURENCE.
Born 1713, Ireland.—Died 1768.
The Captive. Vol. IV. 129

STERRY, J. ASHBY.
Flourished 1880, England.
Punishment. Vol. IV. 110

STEVENSON, REV. J., D. D.
Wrote about 1838, England.
Adhyáya of the Sáma-Veda. Vol. IV. 182
The Sáma-Veda. Vol. IV. 178

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR.
Born 1850, Scotland.—Died Samoa, 1894.
It is not yours, O Mother! Vol. V. 498

STEWART, DUGALD.
Born 1753, Scotland.—Died 1828.
Fiction. Vol. IV. 148

ST. JOHN, CHARLES.
Wrote in 1846, England.
The Home of the Badger. Vol. V. 261

STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY.
Born 1825, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
The Pearl of the Philippines. Vol. IV. 234
The Stork and the Ruby. Vol. IV. 312

STONE, SAMUEL JOHN, A. M.
Wrote about 1866, England.
The Two Armies. Vol. I. 51

STORER, THOMAS.
Born about 1567, England.—Died 1604.
A Heavenly Nymph. Vol. VI. 415

STORY, JUDGE JOSEPH.
Born 1779, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1845.
Advice to Lawyers. Vol. II. 336
The Red Man. Vol. II. 12

STORY, ROBERT.
Born 1790, England.—Died 1859.
The Whistle. Vol. II. 182

STORY, WILLIAM W. (Sculptor).
Born 1819, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1895.
Perseverance.* Vol. I. 275

STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER.
Born 1812, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1896.
Only a Year. Vol. VI. 157
Repression. Vol. I. 360

STRANGFORD, LORD (Percy Clinton Sydney Smythe).
Born 1780, Ireland.—Died 1855.
Canzonet.* Vol. IV. 440

STREET, ALFRED B.
Born 1811, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1881.
The Lost Hunter. Vol. III. 233

STRODE, WILLIAM.
Born 1600, England.—Died 1644.
Kisses. Vol. III. 300
Music. Vol. I. 134

SUCKLING, SIR JOHN. PAGE
Born about 1608-9, England.—Died about 1642.
Course of Evil. Vol. V. 343
Send Me Back my Heart. Vol. IV. 229

SUE, MARIE JOSEPH EUGENE.
Born 1804, France.—Died 1857.
Execution of Criminals in Spain. Vol. I. 70

SULLIVAN, WILLIAM.
Born 1774, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1839.
Washington's Administration. Vol. VI. 329

SUMNER, CHARLES (Senator).
Born 1811, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1874.
Obedience to the Law Limited. Vol. I. 378

SURREY, EARL OF.
See HOWARD, HENRY.

SUZENO.
Persia.
Four Things. Vol. III. 115

SWAIN, CHARLES.
Born 1803, England.—Died 1874.
Imaginary Evils. Vol. V. 218
I Waited Till the Twilight. Vol. V. 134
Smile and Never Heed Me. Vol. V. 380
The Child's Prayer. Vol. V. 285
The Sun that Warms. Vol. II. 64
Village Courtship. Vol. II. 32
What's Your Opinion? Vol. II. 322

SWANWICK, MISS ANNA.
Wrote about 1843, England.
Death of Margaret.* Vol. VI. 254

SWEDENBORG, EMANUEL.
Born 1688, Sweden.—Died 1772.
Love is the Life of Man. Vol. I. 264

SWIFT, JONATHAN (Dean Swift).
Born 1667, Ireland.—Died 1745.
Good Manners. Vol. V. 353

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES.
Born 1837, England.
A Leavetaking. Vol. II. 335
Fed with Sorrow.* Vol. III. 373
Love. Vol. IV. 49

SYLVESTER, JOSHUA.
Born 1563, England.—Died 1618.
His Love Admits No Rival. Vol. V. 77
The Soul's Errand. Vol. VI. 309

TABB, JOHN B.
Born Maryland, U. S. A.; flourished 1880.
Morning and Night Bloom. Vol. III. 446

TACITUS, CAIUS CORNELIUS.
Born about 55, Italy.—Died about 117.
Nero's Persecution of the Christians, A. D. 64. Vol. IV. . . 202
The Death of Agrippina, the Mother of Nero. Vol. I. . . . 151

TAIT, JOHN.
Scotland; flourished about 1850.
The Banks of the Dee. Vol. III. 75

TAIT, WILLIAM.
Wrote about 1840, Scotland.
Genora.* Vol. V. 96
O Rabequista the Fiddler.* Vol. V. 155
The Curate; or, Hopes.* Vol. III. 301

TAKAMURA, SANGI.
Japan.—Died A. D. 852.
Message from the Sea. Vol. I. 502

TALFOURD, T. NOON.
Born 1795, England.—Died 1854.
Time. Vol. VI. 355

TALHAIARN. PAGE
Wrote about 1855, Wales.
War's Loud Alarms. Vol. VI. 284
Where are the Men? Vol. I. 390

TALLEYRAND, CHARLES MAURICE.
Born 1754, France.—Died 1838.
Maxims. Vol. VI. 213

TALMAGE, T. DE WITT, D. D.
Born 1832, New Jersey, U. S. A.
Children of the Poor. Vol. VI. 333

TANNAHILL, ROBERT.
Born 1774, Scotland.—Died 1810.
Fly We to some Desert Isle. Vol. III. 323

TAPPAN, WILLIAM B.
Born 1794, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1849.
Why should We Sigh? Vol. IV. 443

TASSO, TORQUATO.
Born 1544, Italy.—Died 1595.
Sophronia and Olindo. Vol. II. 117

TAYLOR, BAYARD.
Born 1825, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.—Died 1878.
Humboldt's Kosmos. Vol. VI. 46
Storm-Song. Vol. VI. 87

TAYLOR, B. FRANK.
Flourished about 1880, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
Baroushka. Vol. III. 166

TAYLOR, BEN F.
Born 1822, New York, U. S. A.—Died in Ohio, 1887.
The Isle of Long-Ago. Vol. II. 60
The Northern Lights. Vol. II. 381

TAYLOR, SIR HENRY.
Born about 1800, England.—Died 1886.
What Makes a Hero? Vol. III. 115

TAYLOR, J. E.
Born 1804, England.—Died 1871.
So Fair an Image.* Vol. V. 118

TAYLOR, JANE.
Born 1783, England.—Died 1824.
The Squire's Pew. Vol. VI. 189

TAYLOR, JEREMY, D. D.
Born 1613, England.—Died 1667.
Toleration. Vol. III. 76

TAYLOR, THOMAS.
Flourished about 1824, England.
Earth.* Vol. VI. 443

TAYLOR, TOM (Editor of Punch).
Born 1817, England.—Died 1880.
Abraham Lincoln. Vol. VI. 146

TEDLITZ, BARON.
Germany.
Napoleon's Midnight Review. Vol. I. 324

TEIH, MIH.
Flourished about B. C. 400, China.
Universal Mutual Love. Vol. III. 488

TEMPLE, SIR WILLIAM.
Born 1628, England.—Died 1699.
Self-instruction, Vol. V. 459

TEN-JI, Emperor.
Japan.—Died 671.
Selection. Vol. II. 58

TENNYSON, ALFRED (Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt)
Born 1809, England.—Died 1892.
By Prayer. Vol. II. 55
God Gives Us Love. Vol. II. 406
Locksley Hall. Vol. V. 208

TENNYSON, ALFRED—CONTINUED. PAGE
The Beggar-Maid. Vol. II. 246
The Captain. Vol. II. 433
The Charge of the Light Brigade. Vol. V. 259
The May Queen. Vol. IV. 394
The Reconciliation. Vol. I. 53

TENNYSON, FREDERICK (brother of Alfred Tennyson).
Born 1806, England.
The Bridal. Vol. I. 462

TERRY, ROSE (Mrs. Cooke).
Born 1827, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1892.
At Last. Vol. I. 401
The Two Villages. Vol. III. 370

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.
Born 1811, British India.—Died 1863.
A Tragic Story.* Vol. IV. 111
At the Church Gate. Vol. III. 455
Music at Mrs. Ponto's. Vol. II. 389
The Age of Wisdom. Vol. I. 52

THALES.
Born about B. C. 640, Ionia.—Died about B. C. 550.
Moral Maxims. Vol. IV. 463

THEOBALD, LEWIS.
Born 1688, England.—Died 1744.
A Fragment of a Sermon of John Huss. Vol. VI. 447

THEOCRITUS.
Flourished about B. C. 272, Syracuse.
Helen. Vol. IV. 260

THEOGONIS.
Flourished about B. C. 550, Greece.
Woman. Vol. VI. 458
Hope. Vol. VI. 458

THEOLIER, PHILIPPE.
France.
Former Days. Vol. II. 80

THIERRY, JACQUES NICOLAS AUGUSTIN.
Born 1795, France.—Died 1856.
Murder of Thomas à Becket. Vol. III. 379

THIERS, LOUIS ADOLPHE.
Born 1797, France.—Died 1877.
Character of Napoleon. Vol. VI. 181

THOM, WILLIAM.
Born 1799, Scotland.—Died 1850.
The Mitherless Bairn. Vol. VI. 61

THOMAS OF CELANO.
Born 1185, Italy.—Died 1255.
Dies Iræ. Vol. I. 91

THOMSON, JAMES.
Born 1700, Scotland.—Died 1748.
A Country Life. Vol. IV. 224
Hymn on the Seasons. Vol. IV. 471
Palemon and Lavinia. Vol. II. 385
Reward of Virtue. Vol. IV. 399
War. Vol. II. 173
Woods in Spring. Vol. II. 107

THORNBURY, GEORGE WALTER.
Born 1828, England.—Died 1876.
The Old Grenadier's Story. Vol. IV. 436

THORPE, BENJAMIN.
Born 1808, England.—Died 1870.
Cædmon. Vol. I. 93

THORPE, ROSE HARTWICK.
Born 1850, Indiana, U. S. A.
Curfew Must Not Ring To-night.[1] Vol. I. 423
The Mining Town. Vol. V. 331

1 Written on a slate at school at sixteen years of age.

THORPE, THOMAS J. PAGE
Born 1862, St. Johns, Newfoundland.
In Memoriam. Vol. VI. 446

THUCYDIDES.
Born B. C. 471, Greece.—Died about B. C. 401.
Speech of Archidamus against War with Athens. Vol. I. . 308

THURLOW, LORD EDWARD.
Born 1732, England.—Died 1806.
Beauty. Vol. VI. 292

TIBULLUS, ALBIUS.
Born about B. C. 54, Rome.—Died about B. C. 18.
Content. Vol. IV. 260

TIMROD, HENRY.
Born 1829, South Carolina, U. S. A.—Died 1867.
A Cry to Arms. Vol. VI. 145

TIMROD, WILLIAM H.
Born 1792, South Carolina, U. S. A.—Died 1838.
Time, the Old Traveller. Vol. II. 238

TOBIN, JOHN.
Born 1770, England.—Died 1804.
Adornment. Vol. IV. 265

TONNA, MRS. C. E. BROWN (Charlotte Elizabeth).
Born 1792, England.—Died 1846.
My Steed. Vol. VI. 81

TRAJAN, EMPEROR MARCUS ULPIUS NERVA.
Born 52, Spain.—Died 117.
Reply to Pliny's Letter. Vol. IV. 36

TREFUSIS, ELIZABETH.
England.—Died 1808.
A Mother's Lament. Vol. IV. 206

TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX.
Born 1807, Ireland.—Died 1886.
Harmosan. Vol. III. 37
The Falcon's Reward. Vol. IV. 478
The Present. Vol. III. 174

TROLLOPE, ANTHONY.
Born 1815, England.—Died 1882.
Novels. Vol. V. 254
The Struggles of Brown, Jones & Robinson. Vol. VI. . . . 417

TROWBRIDGE, J. T.
Born 1827, New York, U. S. A.
The Charcoal-Man. Vol. II. 334
The Vagabonds. Vol. II. 282

TRUMBULL, JOHN.
Born 1750, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1831.
The Belle. Vol. IV. 319

TRYPHIODORUS.
Born fifth century, Egypt.
Cassandra's Warning. Vol. IV. 176

TSURAYUKI, KI NO.
Flourished about 950, Japan.
Forgotten. Vol. I. 503

TSURKI, HARU-MICHI NO.
Japan.—Died 864.
Autumn. Vol. I. 503

TSZE LAOU-KEUN.
Born B. C. 604, China.—Died B. C. 523.
Teachings. Vol. VI. 468

TUCKER, MARWOOD.
Former Days.* Vol. II. 30

TUCKER, SAINT GEORGE.
Born 1752, Bermuda; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1827.
Days of my Youth. Vol. III. 369

TUPPER, MARTIN F. PAGE
Born 1810, England.—Died 1889.
All's for the Best. Vol. IV. 228

TURNER, ——.
Sæmund the Learned. Vol. VI. 357

TWAIN, MARK (Nom de plume).
See CLEMENS, SAMUEL L.

TYLER, ROYALL.
Born 1756, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1826.
Choice of a Wife. Vol. IV. 443

TYNDALL, PROFESSOR JOHN.
Born about 1820, Ireland.—Died 1893.
Heat a Mode of Motion. Vol. II. 376

TYRTÆUS.
Wrote about B. C. 685, Greece.
Martial Elegy. Vol. VI. 344

TYLER, DODD.
England.
Hymn on the Bath of Minerva.* Vol. IV. 191

TZETZE (grandson of Confucius).
Fifth century B. C., China.
Eulogy of Confucius. Vol. VI. 280

UDAIJIN, KAMAKURA NO.
Flourished A. D. 1303, Japan.
Pleasure of Earthly Life. Vol. I. 504

UDALL, NICHOLAS.
Born 1506, England.—Died 1564.
The Minion Wife. Vol. VI. 251

UHLAND, JOHANN LUDWIG.
Born 1787, Germany.—Died 1862.
The Goldsmith's Daughter. Vol. III. 444
The Landlady's Daughter. Vol. II. 418
The Last Serenade. Vol. I. 335
The Passage. Vol. III. 359

VAN DUSEN, WASHINGTON.
Born 1857, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
Immortelles. Vol. III. 89

VAN DYK, HARRY S.
Born 1798, England.—Died 1828.
The Eglantine.* Vol. IV. 279
The Too-Early-Opening Flower.* Vol. IV. 119

VAUGHAN, HENRY.
Born 1621, Wales.—Died 1695.
They are All Gone. Vol. VI. 284

VEDDER, DAVID.
Born 1790, Scotland.—Died 1854.
The Temple of Nature. Vol. III. 209

VEEL, MARY COLBORNE.
Flourished about 1880, New Zealand.
Saturday Night. Vol. VI. 447

VEGA, INCA GARCILASSO DE LA.
Born 1540, Cuzco, Peru.—Died 1616.
How the first Inca, Manco Capoc, Civilized the People of Peru. Vol. IV. 436

VERNE, JULES.
Born 1828, France.
The Suttee. Vol. II. 357

VICENTE, GIL.
Born 1485, Portugal.—Died 1557.
The Nightingale. Vol. VI. 368

VICTOR, MRS. M. V.
See FULLER, MISS META V.

VICTORIA, QUEEN (Victoria Alexandrina).
Born 1819, England.
Recollections from the Life of Dr. Norman MacLeod. Vol. III. 97

VILLEGAS, DON FRANCISCO QUEVEDO Y. PAGE
Born 1580, Spain.
The Ruins of Rome. Vol. VI. 50

VINCI, LEONARDO DA.
Born 1452, Italy.—Died 1519.
Perseverance. Vol. I. 275

VIRGIL (Publius Virgilius Maro).
Born B. C. 69, Andes, Italy.—Died B. C. 19.
Alexis. Vol. VI. 439
Pursuits of Men. Vol. II. 472
The Capture of Troy. Vol. VI. 413

VIVEKANANDA, SWAMI.
Born about 1865, India.
The Hindu Faith. Vol. I. 214

VOLNEY, COUNT DE (Constantine Francis).
Born 1757, France.—Died 1820.
The Past and Present. Vol. I. 480

VOLTAIRE, M. DE (François Marie Arout).
Born 1694, France.—Died 1778.
The Two Comforters. Vol. I. 370

VYASA, or DISTRIBUTOR (of "The Mahabharata").
India. According to Brahmins he lived in early ages of the world.
Compiler of the Vedas. Vol. IV. 177
The Brahmin's Lament (from Hindostanee). Vol. V. . . . 280

WAINAMOINEN.
Fabled ancient Poet, Finland.
The Kalevala. Vol. VI. 461

WALCH, GARNET.
Born 1848, Island of Tasmania.
Drifting. Vol. VI. 449

WALFORD, EDWARD, M. A.
Born 1823, England.
Charles Swain. Vol. II. 280
John Frederick Herring. Vol. I. 398

WALKER, MRS.
Wrote about 1850, Vermont, U. S. A.
The Hour. Vol. V. 382

WALLACE, GENERAL LEW.
Born 1827, Indiana, U. S. A.
An Arab Tradition of the Horse. Vol. VI. 437

WALLACE, LADY MAXWELL.
Wrote about 1855, England.
All Houses will be Open to You.* Vol. I. 444

WALLER, EDMUND.
Born 1605, England.—Died 1687.
A Girdle. Vol. IV. 163
Old Age and Death. Vol. II. 239

WALPOLE, HORACE.
Born 1717, England.—Died 1797.
Imitation of Cato's Speech in Lucan. Vol. I. 376

WALSH, WILLIAM.
Born 1663, England.—Died 1707-8.
Rivals. Vol. I. 328

WALTON, IZAAK.
Born 1593, England.—Died 1683.
The Angler's Wish. Vol. VI. 49

WARD, WILLIAM.
Wrote about 1865, United States of America.
The Two Graves, the Blue and the Gray. Vol. VI. 135

WARFIELD, CATHERINE A.
Born 1817, Mississippi, U. S. A.—Died 1877.
Bury her with her Shining Hair. Vol. IV. 439
The Palaces of Araby. Vol. I. 133

WARREN, SAMUEL. PAGE
Born 1807, England.—Died 1877.
Tittlebat Titmouse. Vol. VI. 322

WARTON, JOSEPH.
Born 1722, England.—Died 1800.
Fancy's Picture of War. Vol. VI. 87

WARTON, THOMAS.
Born 1728, England.—Died 1790.
A Hermitage. Vol. IV. 120

WASHBURN, GEORGE, D. D.
Constantinople; flourished 1893.
Nesseft, Omar.* Vol. III. 494

WASHINGTON, GEORGE.
Born 1732, Virginia, U. S. A.—Died 1799.
The Last Official Letter to General Putnam. Vol. II. . . . 391

WASTELL, SIMON (Publisher).
Born 1566, England.—Died about 1635.
Man's Mortality. Vol. IV. 44

WATI, DEWI SATIA.
Very ancient; Java.
Lament. Vol. VI. 462

WATSON, REV. JOHN SELBY, M. A.
Born about 1815, Great Britain.
A Roman Prayer in the Days of Tiberius Cæsar.* Vol. VI. 341
Catiline's Address to his Soldiers.* Vol. VI. 261
Character More Desirable than Wealth.* Vol. I. 69

WATSON, J. W.
Born 1824, New York, U. S. A.
Farmer Brown. Vol. VI. 283
The Battle of the Store. Vol. VI. 125

WATTS, ALARIC A.
Born 1799, England.—Died 1864.
Ten Years Ago. Vol. IV. 54
We Met when Life and Hope were New. Vol. II. 110

WATTS, ISAAC, D. D.
Born 1674, England.—Died 1748.
False Greatness. Vol. IV. 220
The Rose. Vol. I. 190

WAUGH, EDWIN.
Born 1818, England.—Died 1890.
Willy's Grave. Vol. IV. 184

WAYLAND, FRANCIS, LL.D.
Born 1796, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1865.
The Iliad. Vol. VI. 163

WEATHERLY, FREDERICK EDWARD, A. M.
Born 1848, England.
London Bridge. Vol. II. 125

WEBSTER, DANIEL.
Born 1782, New Hampshire, U. S. A.—Died 1852.
The Detection and Punishment of Crime. Vol. IV. 192
The Influence of Woman. Vol. V. 170

WEBSTER, JOHN.
Born about 1585, England.—Died about 1654.
The Madman's Song. Vol. VI. 282

WEEKS, ROBERT KELLEY.
Born 1840, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1876.
Man and Nature. Vol. VI. 266

WELBY, AMELIA B. (Miss Coppuck).
Born 1821, Maryland, U. S. A.—Died 1852.
The Golden Ringlet. Vol. I. 272

WELLS, GRACE S.
United States of America; wrote about 1880.
The Difference. Vol. V. 268

WEST, MRS. JANE. PAGE
Born 1758, England.—Died 1852.
Hymn to Jupiter.* Vol. III. 458

WESTALL, RICHARD, R. A.
Born 1765, England.—Died 1836.
The Pleasures of Vicissitude. Vol. I. 110

WESTERBAEN, JACOB.
Born 1599, Holland.—Died 1670.
The Eglantine. Vol. IV. 279

WETMORE, PROSPER M.
Born 1799, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1876.
Twelve Years have Flown. Vol. I. 109

WHEELER, ELLA.
See WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.

WHEWELL, WILLIAM, D. D.
Born 1795, England.—Died 1866.
Socrates.* Vol. VI. 9

WHIPPLE, EDWIN P.
Born 1819, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1886.
Origin of the English Drama. Vol. I. 407

WHISTON, WILLIAM.
Born 1667, England.—Died 1752.
The Temple.* Vol. I. 40

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE.
Born 1785, England.—Died 1806.
I am Pleased, and yet I'm Sad. Vol. I. 161
The Diffidence of Love. Vol. V. 46

WHITE, STEPHEN W.
Flourished 1880, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.
The Suttee.* Vol. II. 337

WHITEHEAD, PAUL.
Born 1710, England.—Died 1774.
Hunting Song. Vol. I. 424

WHITEHEAD, W.
Born 1715, England.—Died 1785
The Learned Lovers. Vol. VI. 88

WHITELAW, ALEXANDER.
Born 1798, Scotland.—Died 1846
Beginning the World. Vol. I. 206
The Two Comforters.* Vol. I. 370

WHITMAN, WALT.
Born 1819, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1892.
"O Captain! My Captain!" (Dirge for Lincoln.) Vol. VI. . 469

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.
Born 1807, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1892.
Barbara Frietchie. Vol. VI. 132
The Eternal Goodness. Vol. IV. 237

WILBOUR, CHARLES E.
Born 1833, Rhode Island, U. S. A.
The Convict and the Good Bishop.* Vol. V. 405

WILCOX, MRS. ELLA WHEELER.
Born 1845, Wisconsin, U. S. A.
More Light than Darkness. Vol. II. 423

WILDE, RICHARD HENRY.
Born 1789, Ireland; lived in U. S. A.—Died 1847.
My Life is Like the Summer Rose. Vol. V. 20

WILDE, LADY.
Born 1806, Ireland; lived in England.—Died 1896.
Opportunity.* Vol. I. 196
Suleima to her Lover* (from the Turkish). Vol. I. 341

WILDE, O.
Born about 1854, England.
Athanasia. Vol. IV. 204

WILKEN, FREDERICK. PAGE
Born 1777, Germany.—Died 1840.
Schah-Namah.* Vol. VI. 56

WILKINS, W.
England, flourished about 1870.
The Engineer's Story. Vol. II. 470

WILLARD, EMMA.
Born 1787, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1870.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. Vol. IV. 471

WILLIAM (ninth Count of Poictiers).
Born 1071, France.—Died 1127.
To His Lady-love. Vol. IV. 354

WILLIAMS, HELEN MARIA.
Born 1762, England.—Died 1827.
Devotion. Vol. III. 150

WILLIAMSON, WILLIAM CROSS.
Born 1831, Maine, U. S. A.
It Might Have Been. Vol. IV. 427

WILLIS, NATHANIEL P.
Born 1807, Maine, U. S. A.—Died 1867.
David's Grief for his Child. Vol. IV. 159
Parrhasius. Vol. V. 211
The Declaration. Vol. IV. 111
The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus. Vol. III. 386
The Leper. Vol. IV. 275

WILLS, W. HENRY.
Born 1810, England.—Died 1880.
A Suburban Romance. Vol. III. 473

WILMOT, JOHN (Earl of Rochester).
Born 1647, England.—Died 1680.
A Confession. Vol. IV. 239
Too Late. Vol. II. 366

WILSON, H. H. (Member of the Royal Asiatic Society).
Born 1786, England.—Died 1860.
The Rig-Veda.* Vol. IV. 177
The Vedas. Vol. IV. 172

WILSON, JOHN, D. D.
Born 1800, Scotland.—Died 1875.
Woman.* Vol. I. 482

WILSON, JOHN (Christopher North).
Born 1785, Scotland.—Died 1854.
A Sleeping Child. Vol. II. 165
Periodical Literature. Vol. VI. 364
The Evening Cloud. Vol. III. 315
The Rose and the Gauntlet. Vol. III. 314

WILSON, JOHN MACKAY.
Born 1804, Scotland.—Died 1835.
Grizel Cochrane. Vol. V. 87
The Henpecked Man. Vol. II. 65
The Provost of Starvieston. Vol. IV. 67

WILSON, SUSAN.
The Painter of Seville. Vol. II. 171

WINCHELSEA, ANNE, COUNTESS OF.
Born 1660, England.—Died 1720.
Life's Progress. Vol. V. 230

WINKWORTH, CATHERINE.
Wrote about 1855, England.—Died 1878.
Christ Entering Jerusalem. Vol. IV. 261

WINTER, WILLIAM.
Born 1836, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
The Last Scene. Vol. III. 225

WINTHROP, ROBERT C., LL.D.
Born 1809, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1894.
The Finite and the Infinite. Vol. I. 454

1820

WIRT, WILLIAM, LL.D. PAGE
Born 1772, Maryland, U. S. A.—Died 1834.
Patrick Henry's First Speech. Vol. III. 275
Patrick Henry on the Stamp Act. Vol. II. 392

WISEMAN, CARDINAL NICHOLAS, LL.D.
Born 1802, Spain.—Died 1865.
Fabiola. Vol. VI. 235

WITHER, GEORGE.
Born 1588, England.—Died 1667.
Philosophy and Love. Vol. IV. 50
The Great Man. Vol. I. 359

WITHERS, JAMES.
The Living and the Dead. Vol. I. 308

WOLCOTT, DR.
Born 1738, England.—Died 1819.
The Razor-seller. Vol. VI. 312

WOLFE, CHARLES.
Born 1791, Dublin.—Died 1823.
Go, Forget Me. Vol. III. 210
If I Had Thought. Vol. II. 164

WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCEY (Susan Coolidge).
Born about 1845, Ohio, U. S. A.
The World's Ministry. Vol. II. 76

WOOD, MRS. HENRY.
Born 1820, England.
Lady Isabel. Vol. VI. 25

WOODWORTH, SAMUEL.
Born 1785, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—Died 1842.
The Bucket. Vol. III. 472

WORDEN, A. T.
The Falling of the Apple. Vol. IV. 166

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.
Born 1770, England.—Died 1850.
A Portrait. Vol. IV. 190
I have Learned to Look on Nature. Vol. III. 44
Lucy. Vol. II. 115
Pleasures of Youth. Vol. III. 381
The Skater. Vol. II. 273

WORTLEY, LADY EMMELINE STUART.
Born 1806, England.—Died 1855.
Night and Morning. Vol. IV. 441
Woman's Power.* Vol. I. 162

WOTTON, SIR HENRY.
Born 1568, England.—Died 1639.
To the Queen of Bohemia. Vol. V. 223

WRIGHT, ELIZUR.
Born 1804, Connecticut, U. S. A.—Died 1885.
The Shepherd and the King.* Vol. I. 309

WRIGHT, JOHN.
Born 1776, United States of America.—Died 1854.
The Parrot.* Vol. I. 383

WRIGHT, THOMAS.
Born 1810, England.—Died 1877.
Æsop. Vol. V. 404
Mirabeau's Reply to the King's Demands.* Vol. III. 496

WRIGHT, WILLIAM B.
Born 1840, New York, U. S. A.—Died 1880.
Valor. Vol. IV. 150

WYAT (WYATT, WIAT), SIR THOMAS. PAGE
Born 1503, England.—Died 1542.
An Earnest Suit. Vol. III. 282
Good and Evil. Vol. III. 40

XENOPHANES.
Born about B. C. 580, Asia Minor.—Died B. C. 490.
Transmigration. Vol. VI. 461

XENOPHON.
Born about B. C. 445, Greece.—Died about B. C. 359.
Character more Desirable than Wealth. Vol. I. 69
The Last Days of Cyrus. Vol. I. 80

YAOU, or YAO (Emperor and Sage).
Flourished about B. C. 2357, China.
The Shoo-King—Canon of Yaou. Vol. IV. 57

YATES, EDMUND HODGSON.
Born 1831, England.—Died 1894.
All Saints. Vol. II. 488

YATES, JOHN H.
England.
The Model Church. Vol. IV. 322

YONGE, CHARLES DUKE.
Born about 1812, England.
Marcus Cato and the Stoics.* Vol. V. 175

YONGE, CHARLOTTE MARY.
Born 1823, England.
The Last Fight in the Coliseum, A. D. 404. Vol. VI. 67

YOSHITADA, SONE NO.
Date unknown, Japan.
The Course of Love. Vol. I. 503

YOUNG, CHARLOTTE.
Published in 1847, England.
The Poor Man's Flower. Vol. IV. 205

YOUNG, EDWARD.
Born 1684, England.—Died 1765.
Immortality. Vol. II. 332
Man. Vol. II. 346

YUNG, CHAOU.
China.—Died 1077.
A Quatrain. Vol. V. 202

ZARYAB, ALI IBN NAPI.
Flourished about 821, Baghdad.
Improves the Lute. Vol. II. 496

ZEDLITZ, BARON JOSEPH CHRISTIAN.
Born 1790, Austria.—Died 1862.
William Tell. Vol. III. 300

ZOROASTER (or ZARATHUSTRA SPITAMA).
Bactria—very ancient. Aristotle places him 6000 years before Plato, who was born B. C. 429.
Moral Maxims. Vol. VI. 337
Oracles. Vol. VI. 336
Particular Souls. Vol. VI. 336
The Adoration of God. Vol. VI. 90

ZUÑIGA, DON ALONZO DE ERCILLA Y.
Born 1533, Spain.—Died 1595.
Death of the Araucan Chief. Vol. VI. 186
Tresia Upbraids her Husband. Vol. III. 498

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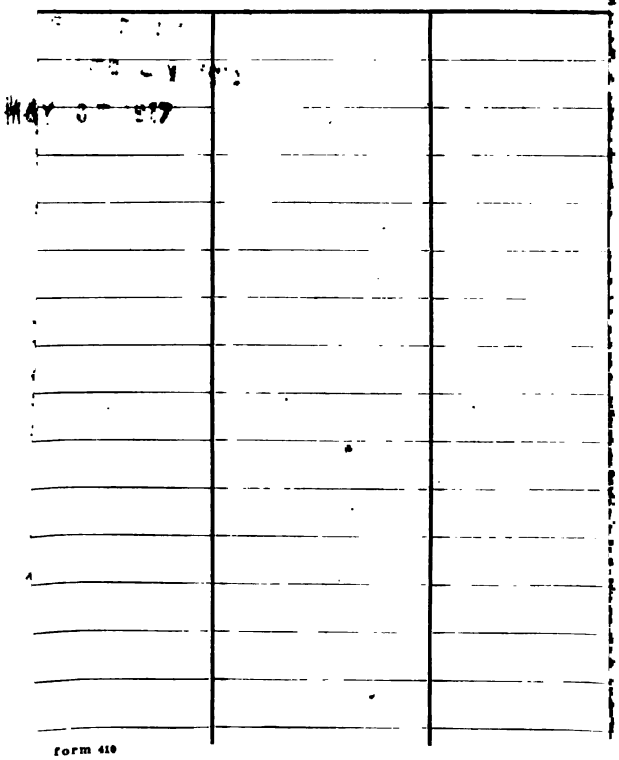

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